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THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF

READING LESSONS.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS IN THE BRITISH-AMERICAN PROVINCES.

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PREFACE.

THE present volume, completing the series of Reading Books, has been prepared for the use of the higher classes in public and private schools. The order of the subjects treated of in it follows naturally that introduced in the Fifth Book of Reading Lessons. Having mastered the introductions to the Physical and Historical Sciences found in that volume, the scholar is prepared to investigate the nature of those important and more abstruse systems of knowledge here presented to his view, as the Social and Mental Sciences. It has been the aim of the Editor to exhibit these sciences, so frequently regarded with superstitious awe and childish aversion, in an interesting but not a false light, by means of pleasing and easily understood extracts from the works of those who may be termed their representative men.

The second part of the book is taken up by a series of readings illustrating the Fine Arts, many of which are of a narrative character, and all eminently fitted to enlarge the mind and cultivate the taste. To these is added a collection of extracts from the best speeches of ancient and modern orators.

In the latter part of the volume, the scholar is introduced to the world of literature. While care has been taken that the later English writers should be well represented, the literature of other ages and countries has not been neglected,

examples of the style of the best known foreign and classical authors being interspersed throughout. It is to be noticed, however, that the translations of these writings are, with rare exceptions, the work of our best English authors. Under the department of Poetical Literature, the attention of teachers is specially called to the branches severally designated as Epic and Dramatic Poetry, in which the cosmopolitan character of the book is clearly exhibited. The poetical, as well as many of the prose selections, have been made with a view to their use as Readings and Recitations. The order adopted, wherever the subject admits of it, is chronological, and this, in addition to the brief biographical notices prefixed to all extracts from authors of note, makes the latter part of the volume valuable as an outline of European literature.

The general, and, in some respects, cosmopolitan character of this book cannot fail to commend itself to men of enlarged views on the subject of education in a country like our own. We cannot, indeed, unlock the literary storehouses of other lands and ages for the youthful student, but we may, by exhibiting to his view some of their treasures, incite him to acquire the keys for himself, and thus accomplish the chief aim of a conscientious teacher. The principle upon which this and the other books of the series have been compiled is, that the true value of an educational work or system does not lie in the amount of information which is, by its means, conveyed into the pupil's mind, but in the habits of correct and systematic thinking which it induces, and in the mental and moral elevation which it bestows, thus leading him to seek for himself the completeness of knowledge necessary for the formation of a well-educated man.

Toronto, 1867.

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FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

ALFRED TENNYSON, Poet Laureate, and confessedly the first of living poets: born 1810.

WHO loves not knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire:
She sets her forward countenance,
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain,—
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place,
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain; and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child;

For she is earthly of the mind;
But wisdom heavenly of the soul.
O friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCES.

While reviewing the seven Historical Sciences in the fifth book, we were necessarily led to consider man as a social being. It is evident from the nature and constitution of man, that he was originally intended for society by his Creator. His utter helplessness in youth and old age, his inability to cope with many of the lower animals upon equal terms, his want of natural clothing, and the difficulty of procuring his food, are many reasons why he should not be left alone to roam through forest and jingle, over prairie and swamp, with the other animals. But in his spiritual nature we find yet more important reasons. It is only in society that man can vindicate his claims as a rational being; that he can cultivate by intercourse with his fellows, the mind with which he is endowed; and that he can carry out the great projects it unfolds to him, which, unaided, it would be out of his power to accomplish. Still further, and a no less imperative reason, do we find in the region of man's affections, in what is called his *emotional nature*. The love of parent and child, of brother and sister, of friends and relatives, of home and country, are principles implanted in the human breast, and which can only be gratified in a state of society. It is evident, therefore, that man was made for society, and if we study the history of the world, we will find that with very, very few accidental exceptions, man has lived as a social being ever since he was placed upon the earth at the creation. This state of society gives rise to a series of rights and obligations, of duties and privileges, which it is the business of every member of a social union to know, to feel, and to act upon. Hence arise certain sciences, or systems of knowledge, concerning the interests of society, and our duties and privileges as members of it.

The most important of all the sciences is that which professes to teach us the rules of right living. It shows us that we are placed

in a state of society, not merely that we may provide for our own happiness, but also, that we may promote the happiness of the whole. Certain relations, such as those of parent and child, brother and sister, magistrate and citizen, sovereign and subject, arise out of this social condition of our race. Each of these relationships has its appropriate duties. There is, moreover, one great relationship in which we stand to each other as fellow-beings, and a still greater, in which we are placed towards that Infinite Being, who created and who preserves both them and us. That Infinite Being, whom we call God, has bestowed upon us five senses, by means of which we became conscious of the vast variety of objects and powers inhabiting the world we live in; such are sight, smell, taste, hearing, and touch. But He has also conferred upon us an internal and invisible sense called *conscience*, by which we are enabled to judge of actions, whether performed by ourselves or by others. This power, conscience, at once informs us what actions are right and what wrong, just as the sight makes known to us the colour, and touch the shape of objects. Conscience is universal—no nation or class of people is known that does not possess it to some extent; and hence all men are held accountable for any infraction of its laws or disregard of its precepts. How necessary is it, therefore, that a system of knowledge of this kind should be prepared, in order that men might learn from it what their duties are, and how they should be performed, in a clearer and fuller manner than the unassisted conscience teaches. The greatest system of the kind ever written is the Bible, whereby God himself condescends to teach man the true rules of right living. The name of the science which teaches the distinction between right and wrong in human action, and which investigates the character of the moral sense or conscience, is ethics, from a Greek word meaning *pertaining to manners*. Since, however, we are placed in different relations towards our fellow-men in society, the science may be made to consist of several departments, such as the ethics of the family, of citizens, of states between themselves, and of the individual toward the whole human race. No science equalling that of ethics in importance has as yet come under our notice.

In every society there must of necessity be two classes of people, the rulers and the ruled. Thus, in the small society called a family, the parents are supreme; in a school, the master or mistress; in a city, the mayor and corporation exercise authority; in a province or subordinate state, the governor and legislature. The same holds good with larger societies, such as an empire, a kingdom, or a republic. It is not only necessary that the subjects or citizens,

those who are governed, should be acquainted with their duties as taught by ethical sciences, but also, that rulers should learn how to exercise their authority aright, and for the welfare of the community committed to their charge. It is their duty to devise the best plan of government, whether it be a despotism, as most empires and some kingdoms are, a limited monarchy like Great Britain, or a republic as the United States. They must provide for the government of the country in all its particulars, by different classes of officers, such as legislators to make laws, judges to expound and apply them, and executive officers to carry them into effect. They must also protect those over whom they are set from violence and injury of every kind, by establishing police for internal safety, and military and naval forces to guard against danger from without. The manner of appointing these officers, the share which the people are to be allowed in the government of themselves, and all similar questions, are fully considered and discussed by the science of politics, so called from a Greek word which signifies *pertaining to a state or city.*

The great end of society is to minister to the happiness of all the members composing it, by securing to them the rights and privileges to which they are entitled. One of these rights is that of *property.* By so doing, society encourages the accumulation of property by individuals. Sometimes this property is in the shape of land which the owner cultivates, thus providing himself with a supply of vegetable food, or cattle which he rears for animal food; or from both these sources he may draw materials for clothing, such as cotton and wool. The land also may contain valuable timber, mines of coal and metal, stone quarries, hunting grounds or fisheries. The owners of such lands, having much more grain, cattle, wood, coal, metal, &c., than they have any need for, will be glad to exchange them for other materials. From this arises a system of barter or exchange; afterwards money is made use of as a convenient medium to suit all parties, and thus trade is fairly established. Three classes of traders spring up; the owners of land who produce the raw materials, the manufacturers who prepare these materials for use, and the merchants who buy and sell the manufactured commodities. Each of these individuals makes a profit upon what he sells or exchanges, and according to the extent of his business and his own wisdom and foresight, he accumulates property either in land, money, or goods, which property is called *wealth.* Now, there is a science which deals with wealth, examining into the various schemes for promoting it, and fixing upon the best means of so doing. This science aims at the advancement of national wealth,

which is of course built up of individual prosperity. It is its duty to show how a government can best promote the end in view, whether by encouraging certain classes, or by leaving all alone; it must deal with such questions as taxation direct and indirect, as levied upon the income of the individual, or upon the goods he buys; and it must not neglect the moral and intellectual conditions of the people, since upon these depends to a very great extent the prosperity of a country. It is the office of this science also, to devise means for carrying off a superabundant population, and for peopling uninhabited lands; such are the schemes of emigration and colonization. These are some of the many objects of the science of wealth or political economy, the latter word being derived from the Greek, and meaning *the law of the house* or *management*, since the term was first applied to the care exercised by a skilful and thrifty housewife over her domestic concerns.

There are two other subjects which are sometimes erected into separate sciences, but which may be fairly considered as included under ethics and politics; these are the law of nature and the law of nations. The law of nature is nothing more than the system of rights and obligations which God has granted to, and imposed upon each individual as a social, moral, intelligent being, and by which his conduct toward his fellow-men is to be shaped and judged. The law of nations deals with the relations between foreign countries in times of peace and war, and is frequently called international law. It is between nations what the law of nature is between individuals. All just legislation must be built upon the law of nature, which has its origin in Divine Wisdom.

All the sciences, which in this and the four previous lessons have come under our notice, belong, with the exception of pure mathematics and ethics, to the class called inductive. The word *inductive* means *leading into*, and is applied to those systems of knowledge which are built up from the observation and classification of facts, gradually ascending to general principles by means of these. Thus, by observing and examining all the stones I meet with, I form the conclusion that "no stones have life," which I could not have done had I not seen or felt stones and known what they were. This is induction. But pure mathematics, ethics, and some other sciences which we have yet to consider, are called deductive, or *leading from;* because, instead of facts being given us in order to find the general rule, the rule is given that we may find the facts from it. Thus, "twice two are four" is a general principle, which is true for all objects whatever they may be, and from it we deduce the fact that

if, on two separate occasions, two apples fall from a tree, four will be the number comprehending them. I have said that nearly all the sciences to which I have thus far directed your attention are inductive. Of the three social sciences, two are inductive and one deductive. The deductive science is ethics. By conscience and divine revelation we are furnished with general principles, and from these we deduce rules for daily conduct. But such is not the case with politics and political economy. These are built upon facts, which it is the duty of the politician and the economist to observe, compare, and make induction of general laws from. There is a separate science of recent date which deals altogether with the facts and figures upon which the two inductive social sciences are founded; this science is called statistics. The term statistics is a barbarous one, being composed of a Latin word meaning *standing* or *condition*, and a Greek termination that signifies pertaining to. The object of the science is to collect facts of every kind relating to social life, such as births, marriages, deaths, health, disease, wealth, commerce, agriculture, military and other resources, government, crime, education, religion, and everything tending to show the physical, intellectual, moral, and social condition of any class of men, or of the whole human family.

These, then, constitute social science:—Ethics, politics, political economy, and statistics. Some writers make the number of sciences more, others less, according to the point of view from which they regard them; these four are, however, sufficient, and yet not more than sufficient, to exhaust this important department. While it is the duty of every intelligent person to acquire some knowledge of the world in which he lives and of the history of his race, there is a still more imperative obligation laid upon all men to become acquainted with those systems of knowledge which so closely concern them as members of human societies.

Social Sciences.

1. Ethics.
2. Politics.
3. Political Economy.
4. Statistics.

THE LAW OF NATURE AND NATIONS.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, historian, philosopher, and Parliamentary orator: 1765-1832.

THE science which teaches the rights and duties of men and of States has, in modern times, been called "the law of nature and

nations." Under this comprehensive title are included the rules of morality as they prescribe the conduct of private men towards each other in all the various relations of human life; as they regulate both the obedience of citizens to the laws and the authority of the magistrate in forming laws and administering government; and as they modify the intercourse of independent commonwealths in peace, and prescribe limits to their hostility in war. This important science comprehends only that part of private ethics which is capable of being reduced to fixed and general rules. It considers only those general principles of jurisprudence and politics which the wisdom of the lawgiver adapts to the peculiar situation of his own country, and which the skill of the statesman applies to the more fluctuating and infinitely varying circumstances which affect its immediate welfare and safety. "For there are in nature certain founts of justice whence all civil laws are derived, but as streams; and like as waters do take tinctures and tastes from the soils through which they run, so do civil laws vary according to the regions and governments where they are planted, though they proceed from the same fountains." *

On the great questions of morality, of politics, and of municipal law, it is the object of this science to deliver only those fundamental truths of which the particular application is as extensive as the whole private and public conduct of men;—to discover those "fountains of justice" without pursuing the "streams" through the endless variety of their course. But another part of the subject is to be treated with greater fulness and minuteness of application; namely, that important branch of it which professes to regulate the relations and intercourse of states, and more especially (both on account of their greater perfection and their more immediate reference to use) the regulations of that intercourse as they are modified by the usages of the civilized nations of Christendom. Here this science no longer rests on general principles. That province of it which we now call the "law of nations," has, in many of its parts, acquired among European ones much of the precision and certainty of positive law; and the particulars of that law are chiefly to be found in the works of those writers who have treated the science of which I now speak. It is because they have classed, in a manner which seems peculiar to modern times, the duties of individuals with those of nations, and established their obligations on similar grounds, that the science has been called "the law of nature and nations."

* Bacon's "Advancement of Learning."

CHRISTIAN MORALITY.

DR ISAAC BARROW, a distinguished theologian and mathematician, and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge: 1630–1677.

ANOTHER peculiar excellency of our religion is, that it prescribes an accurate rule of life, most agreeable to reason and to our nature, most conducive to our welfare and content, tending to procure each man's private good, and to promote the public benefit of all, by the strict observance whereof we bring our human nature to a resemblance of the divine; and we shall also thereby obtain God's favour, oblige and benefit men, and procure to ourselves the conveniences of a sober life, and the pleasure of a good conscience. For, if we examine the precepts which respect our duty to God, what can be more just, pleasant, or beneficial to us, than are those duties of piety which our religion enjoins? What is more fit and reasonable than that we should most highly esteem and honour Him who is most excellent? that we should bear the sincerest affection for Him who is perfect goodness Himself, and most beneficial to us? that we should have the most awful dread of Him who is infinitely powerful, holy, and just? that we should be very grateful to Him from whom we received our being, with all the comforts and conveniences of it? that we should entirely trust and hope in Him who can and will do whatever we may in reason expect from His goodness, nor can He ever fail to perform His promises? that we should render all due obedience to Him, whose children, servants, and subjects we are? Can there be a higher privilege than to have liberty of access to Him, who will favourably hear, and is fully able to supply our wants? Can we desire to receive benefits on easier terms than the asking for them? Can a more gentle satisfaction for our offences be required than confessing of them, repentance, and strong resolutions to amend them? The practice of such a piety, of a service so reasonable, cannot but be of vast advantage to us, as it secures peace of conscience, a comfortable hope, a freedom from all terrors and scruples of mind, from all tormenting cares and anxieties.

And if we consider the precepts by which our religion regulates our carriage and behaviour towards our neighbours and brethren, what can be imagined so good and useful as those which the gospel affords? It enjoins sincerely and tenderly to love one another; earnestly to desire and delight in each other's good; heartily to sympathize with all the evils and sorrows of our brethren, readily affording them all the help and comfort we are

able; willingly to part with our substance, ease, and pleasure, for their benefit and relief; not confining this our charity to particular friends and relations, but in conformity to the boundless goodness of Almighty God, extending it to all. It requires us mutually to bear with one another's infirmities, mildly to resent and freely to remit all injuries; retaining no grudge, nor executing no revenge, but requiting our enemies with good wishes and good deeds. It commands us to be quiet in our stations, diligent in our callings, true in our words, upright in our dealings, observant of our relations, obedient and respectful to our superiors, meek and gentle to our inferiors, modest and lowly, ingenuous and condescending in our conversation, candid in our censures, and innocent, inoffensive, and obliging in our behaviour towards all persons. It enjoins us to root out of our hearts all envy and malice, all pride and haughtiness; to restrain our tongues from all slander, detraction, reviling, bitter and harsh language; not to injure, hurt, or needlessly trouble our neighbour. It engages us to prefer the public good before our own opinion, humour, advantage, or convenience. And would men observe and practise what this excellent doctrine teaches, how sociable, secure, and pleasant a life we might lead! what a paradise would this world then become, in comparison to what it now is!

ODE TO DUTY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the father of the Lake School of Poetry: 1770–1850.

STERN daughter of the voice of God!
O duty! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove—
Thou, who art victory and law,
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work, and know it not;
Long may the kindly impulse last!
But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed,
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet, being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control,
But in the quietness of thought;
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires,
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern law-giver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

THE STORY OF ALBERT BANE.

HENRY MACKENZIE, a Scottish lawyer and novelist, author of the "Man of Feeling," and editor of the "Lounger."—1745-1831.

WHEN I was last autumn at my friend Colonel Caustic's in the country, I saw there, on a visit to Miss Caustic, a young gentleman and his sister, children of a neighbour of the colonel's, with whose appearance and manner I was peculiarly pleased. "The history of their parents," said my friend, "is somewhat peculiar, and I love to tell it, as I do everything that is to the honour of our nature. Man is so poor a thing taken in the gross, that when I meet with an instance of nobleness in detail, I am fain to rest upon it long, and to recall it often; as, in coming hither over our barren hills, you would look with double delight on a spot of cultivation or of beauty.

"The father of those young folks, whose looks you were struck with, was a gentleman of considerable domains and extensive influence on the northern frontier of our country. In his youth he lived, as it was then more the fashion than it is now, at the seat of his ancestors, surrounded with Gothic grandeur, and compassed with feudal followers and dependents, all of whom could trace their connexion, at a period more or less remote, with the family of their chief. Every domestic in his house bore the family name, and looked on himself as in a certain degree partaking its dignity and sharing its fortunes. Of these, one was in a particular manner the favourite of his master. Albert Bane (the surname, you know, is

generally lost in a name descriptive of the individual) had been his companion from his infancy. Of an age so much more advanced as to enable him to be a sort of tutor to his youthful lord, Albert had early taught him the rural exercises and rural amusements, in which he himself was eminently skilled; he had attended him in the course of his education at home, of his travels abroad, and was still the constant companion of his excursions, and the associate of his sports.

"On one of these latter occasions, a favourite dog of Albert's, whom he had trained himself, and of whose qualities he was proud, happened to mar the sport which his master had expected, who, irritated at this disappointment, and having his gun ready cocked in his hand, fired at the animal, which, however, in the hurry of resentment, he missed. Albert, to whom Oscar was as a child, remonstrated against the rashness of the deed, in a manner rather too warm for his master, ruffled as he was with the accident, and conscious of his being in the wrong, to bear. In his passion he struck his faithful attendant; who suffered the indignity in silence, and retiring, rather in grief than in anger, left his native country that very night; and when he reached the nearest town, enlisted with a recruiting party of a regiment then on foreign service. It was in the beginning of the war with France which broke out in 1744, rendered remarkable for the rebellion which the policy of the French court excited, in which some of the first families of the Highlands were unfortunately engaged. Among those who joined the standard of Charles was the master of Albert.

"After the battle of Culloden, so fatal to that party, this gentleman, along with others who had escaped the slaughter of the field, sheltered themselves from the rage of the unsparing soldiery among the distant recesses of their country. To him, his native mountains offered an asylum, and thither he naturally fled for protection. Acquainted, in the pursuits of the chase, with every secret path and unworn track, he lived for a considerable time like the deer of his forest, close hid all day, and only venturing down at the fall of evening, to obtain from some of his cottagers, whose fidelity he could trust, a scanty and precarious support. I have often heard him, for he is one of my oldest acquaintances, describe the scene of his hiding-place, at a later period, when he could recollect it in its sublimity, without its horror. 'At times,' said he, 'when I ventured to the edge of the wood, among some of those inaccessible crags which you remember, a few miles from my house, I have heard, in the pauses of the breeze which rolled solemn through the

pines beneath me, the distant voices of the soldiers, shouting in answer to one another amidst their inhuman search. I have heard their shouts re-echoed from cliff to cliff, and seen reflected from the deep still lake below the gleam of those fires which consumed the cottages of my people. Sometimes shame and indignation well-nigh overcame my fear, and I have prepared to rush down the steep, unarmed as I was, and to die at once by the swords of my enemies; but the instinctive love of life prevailed, and starting as the roe bounded by me, I have again shrunk back to the shelter I had left.

"'One day,' continued he, 'the noise was nearer than usual; and, from the cave in which I lay, I heard the parties immediately below, so close upon me, that I could distinguish the words they spoke. After some time of horrible suspense, the voices grew weaker and more distant, and at last I heard them die away at the farther end of the wood. I rose and stole to the mouth of the cave, when suddenly a dog met me, and gave that short quick bark by which they indicate their prey. Amidst the terror of the circumstance, I was yet master enough of myself to discover that the dog was Oscar, and I own to you I felt his appearance like the retribution of justice and of heaven. "Stand," cried a threatening voice, and a soldier pressed through the thicket, with his bayonet charged. It was Albert! Shame, confusion, and remorse, stopped my utterance, and I stood motionless before him. "My master," said he, with the stifled voice of wonder and of fear, and threw himself at my feet. I had recovered my recollection. "You are revenged," said I, "and I am your prisoner." "Revenged! Alas! you have judged too hardly of me; I have not had one happy day since that fatal one on which I left my master; but I have lived, I hope, to see him. The party to which I belong are passed, for I lingered behind them among those woods and rocks which I remembered so well in happier days. There is, however, no time to be lost. In a few hours this wood will blaze, though they do not suspect that it shelters you. Take my dress, which may help your escape, and I will endeavour to dispose of yours. On the coast to the westward, we have learned there is a small party of your friends, which, by following the river's track till dusk, and then striking over the shoulder of the hill, you may join without much danger of discovery" I felt the disgrace of owing so much to him I had injured, and remonstrated against exposing him to such imminent danger of its being known that he had favoured my escape, which, from the temper of his commander, I knew would be instant death. Albert, in an agony of fear and dis-

tress, besought me to think only of my own safety. "Save us both," said he, "for if you die, I cannot live. Perhaps we may meet again; but whatever becomes of Albert, may the blessing of God be with his master."'

"Albert's prayer was heard. His master, by the exercise of talents, which, though he had always possessed, adversity only taught him to use, acquired abroad a station of equal honour and emolument; and when the proscriptions of party had ceased, returned home to his own country, where he found Albert advanced to the rank of a lieutenant in the army, to which his valour and merit had raised him, married to a lady by whom he had got some little fortune, and the father of an only daughter, for whom nature had done much, and to whose native endowments it was the chief study and delight of her parents to add everything that art could bestow. The gratitude of the chief was only equalled by the happiness of his follower, whose honest pride was not long after gratified by his daughter becoming the wife of that master whom his generous fidelity had saved. That master, by the clemency of more indulgent and liberal times, was again restored to the domain of his ancestors, and had the satisfaction of seeing the grandson of Albert enjoy the hereditary birthright of his race."

I accompanied Colonel Caustic on a visit to this gentleman's house, and was delighted to observe his grateful attention to his father-in law, as well as the unassuming happiness of the good old man, conscious of the perfect reward which his former fidelity had met with. Nor did it escape my notice, that the sweet boy and girl who had been our guests at the colonel's, had a favourite brown and white spaniel whom they caressed much after dinner, whose name was Oscar.

JOHN LITTLEJOHN.

CHARLES MACKAY, lyric poet and journalist; born 1812.

JOHN LITTLEJOHN was staunch and strong,
Upright and downright, scorning wrong;
He gave good weight, and paid his way;
He thought for himself, and he said his say.
Whenever a rascal strove to pass,
Instead of silver, a coin of brass,
He took his hammer, and said, with a frown,
"*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

John Littlejohn was firm and true;
You could not cheat him in "two and two."
When foolish arguers, might and main,
Darken'd and twisted the clear and plain,
He saw through the mazes of their speech,
The simple truth beyond their reach;
And, crushing their logic, said with a frown,
"*Your coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

John Littlejohn maintain'd the right,
Through storm and shine, in the world's despite;
When fools or quacks desired his vote,
Dosed him with arguments learn'd by rote,
Or by coaxing, threats, or promise, tried
To gain his support to the wrongful side,
"*Nay, nay,*" said John, with an angry frown,
"*Your coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

When told that kings had a right divine,
And that the people were herds of swine;
That nobles alone were fit to rule;
That the poor were unimproved by school;
That ceaseless toil was the proper fate
Of all but the wealthy and the great;
John shook his head, and said, with a frown,
"*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

When told that events might justify
A false and crooked policy;
That a decent hope of future good
Might excuse departure from rectitude;
That a *lie*, if white, was a small offence,
To be forgiven by men of sense;
"*Nay, nay,*" said John, with a sigh and a frown,
"*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

ON SECURITY.

JEREMY BENTHAM, a distinguished jurist, the author of several works on Law and Politics: 1748-1832.

THIS inestimable good is the distinctive mark of civilisation; it is entirely the work of the laws. Without law there is no security;

consequently no abundance, nor even certain subsistence; and the only equality which can exist in such a condition is the equality of misery.

In order rightly to estimate this great benefit of the laws, it is only necessary to consider the condition of savages. They struggle without ceasing against famine, which sometimes cuts off, in a few days, whole nations. Rivalry with respect to the means of subsistence produces among men the most cruel wars; and, like the most ferocious beasts, men pursue men, that they may feed on one another. The dread of horrible calamity destroys amongst them the gentlest sentiments of nature: pity connects itself with insensibility in putting the old persons to death, because they can no longer follow their prey.

Examine also what passes at those periods, during which civilised societies almost return into the savage state. I refer to a time of war, when the laws which give security are in part suspended. Every instant of its duration is fruitful in calamity: at every step which it imprints upon the globe, at every movement which it makes, the existing mass of riches—the foundation of abundance and subsistence—is decreased and disappears: the lowly cottage and the lofty palace are alike subject to its ravages; and often the anger or caprice of a moment consigns to destruction the slow productions of a world of labour.

The law does not say to a man, "Work, and I will reward you;" but it says to him, "Work, and by stopping the hand that would take them from you, I will insure to you the fruits of your labour, its natural and sufficient reward, which, without me, you could not preserve." If industry creates, it is the law which preserves; if at the first moment we owe everything to labour, at the second and every succeeding moment we owe everything to the law.

In order to form a clear idea of the whole extent which ought to be given to the principle of security, it is necessary to consider that man is not like the brutes, limited to the present time either in enjoyment or suffering, but that he is susceptible of pleasure and pain by anticipation; and that it is not enough to guard him against an actual loss, but we must also guarantee to him, as much as possible, his possessions against future losses. The idea of his security must be prolonged to him throughout the whole vista that his imagination can measure.

North America presents the most striking contrast of a state of society with and without law, and the security which it gives: savage nature is there placed by the side of civilization. The inte-

rior of this immense region presents only a frightful solitude; impenetrable forest or barren tracts, standing waters, noxious exhalations, ravenous reptiles—such is the land left to itself. The barbarous hordes who traverse these deserts, without fixed habitation, always occupied in the pursuit of their prey, and always filled with implacable rivalry, only meet to attack and to destroy each other; so that the wild beasts are not so dangerous to man as man himself. But upon the borders of these solitudes what a different prospect presents itself! One could almost believe that one saw, at one view, the two empires of good and evil. The forests have given place to cultivated fields; the morass is dried up, the land has become solid, is covered with meadows, pastures, domestic animals, smiling and healthy habitations; cities have risen up on regular plans; wide roads are traced between them; everything shows that men are seeking the means of drawing near to one another; they no longer dread or seek to murder each other. The seaports are filled with vessels receiving all the productions of the earth, and serving to exchange its riches. A countless multitude, living in peace and abundance upon the fruits of their labours, has succeeded to the nation of hunters, who were always struggling between war and famine. What has produced these wonders? What has renovated the surface of the earth? What has given to man this dominion over embellished, fruitful, and perfectionated nature? The benevolent genius is *security*. It is security which has wrought out this great metamorphosis. How rapid have been its operations! It is scarcely two centuries since William Penn reached these savage wilds with a colony of true conquerors; for they were men of peace, who sullied not their establishment by force, and who made themselves respected only by acts of benevolence and justice.

CAUSES OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IN ENGLAND.

François Pierre Guillaume Guizot, author of the "History of Civilization," and other historical works; Professor at the University of Paris: born, 1787.

To nations, as well as individuals, sufferings are often of use; it may be that England owes her liberties to the Norman conquest. When between the fifth and seventh centuries, the Goths invaded Spain, the Franks Gaul, and the Lombards Italy, what could be the result but anarchy and slavery? Wandering tribes, with no habit

of social life, no laws, no restraints, falling upon a frightened degraded people—spiritless, downcast, who had almost ceased to be a people; of course the result was, that the conquered became slaves of the conquerors. But this was not the case in England, when William conquered it, and transferred his empire there. Then it was one nation, (barbarous, it is true, but still a nation,) with habits of social life, laws and institutions, though rude and uncultivated, which subdued another nation, equally having laws and habits of its own, in many instances not dissimilar from those of their conquerors. Their primitive origin had been the same; therefore the conquest, though it brought many evils in its train, did not produce the entire dissolution of the two people, as it had done on the continent, nor the permanent subjection of one race to the other. The forced approximation of the two races produced many reasons for fraternizing.

This circumstance, in my opinion, has not been fairly recognized by English historians. Naturally, a people detests owing anything to that which, for a long time, was a source of unhappiness and mortification to it. But the oppression of the Normans has ceased for centuries; for many centuries both Saxons and Normans have alike disappeared, yet the remembrance of the twelfth century still exists, and can be traced at the present day in the opinions of the different parties. Tory writers pay little attention to the Anglo-Saxon institutions; Whigs, on the contrary, attach the utmost importance to them, and refer to them the origin of all their liberties. They say that, on the continent, the feudal system was unable to produce one free government; and they attribute to the Normans what of despotism and feudality exists in their government, whilst they regard the Saxons as the authors of their rights and guarantees. This is not a correct view. It is true, Saxon institutions were the primitive cradle of English liberties, but there are good reasons for doubting if they alone, without the help of the conquest, would have been able to found a free government in England. The conquest brought forth a new character; political freedom was the result of the situation in which the two nations were placed towards each other. Looking at Anglo-Saxon institutions alone, and their results towards the middle of the eleventh century, we see nothing very different from those of other countries.

From the fifth to the eleventh century, there was in Great Britain, as in Gaul, a continued struggle between free, monarchical, and aristocratic institutions, and there is nothing to indicate the approaching triumph of free institutions; on the contrary, evident

symptoms of their decline, as on the continent. Their local institutions differed little from those of the Franks. The country was divided into tythings, hundreds, and counties, in each of which meetings were held and presided over by the tything man, the chief of the hundred, and the earl or chief of the county, or by his deputy or sheriff. At these courts justice was administered, and all the civil transactions of the divisions were carried on there. These meetings, at first frequent, became by degrees more rare, till at last they had nearly disappeared. At the general county courts, which were never oftener than twice a year, all the freehold proprietors of the county were bound to attend, or pay the penalty (a fine); but the frequency and urgency of the summons proves how much they were neglected. It is therefore clear, that though the principle of free government—public deliberation—still existed, its vigour was much impaired.

However, aristocratic institutions, or the right of man over man, was a system much less dangerous to English liberty than it was in France; but the germ of this evil still existed, and was developed in England as in France, by gradual encroachments on individual liberty. There is no doubt that in England, before the conquest, a great number of freemen lived under the protection of one great lord, whose jurisdiction over his domains was often almost sovereign, and superseded the legal tribunals. In the reign of Edward the Confessor royalty suffered much, and from the same causes under which it sank in France, during the dynasty of the Carlovingians. The great vassals of the crown, Earl Godwin, Siward Duke of Northumberland, Leofric Duke of Mercia, and several others, were dangerous rivals of the king, and were on the point of converting their several domains, counties, and dukedoms, into independent sovereignties. Harold, usurping the crown from Edgar Atheling, the rightful heir, resembles very nearly Hugh Capet. The sovereignty was evidently tending to dismemberment, the national unity to dissolution. The Wittanagemot, or Champ de Mars, of the Anglo-Saxons, had originally consisted of the freemen and warriors; but, by degrees, the new element, territorial influence, crept in, which gradually changed its character, till it became merely the general assembly of thanes or landed proprietors. These were again divided into the large proprietors, who, from their strength and importance, or from being the companions and immediate vassals of the crown, were called royal thanes, and the lesser thanes. The former gradually became negligent about attending; confined themselves more and more to their own domains;

trusting in their great strength, they refused to exercise it for the benefit of the public; and, in fact, exercised all the rights of petty sovereigns. Since the middle of the tenth century, the Wittanagemot, after undergoing these successive changes, almost entirely disappeared. What is there in this different from the history of the Franks? Yet, notwithstanding these points of similarity, there were some essential differences, which led to different results. There was more unity in the population of Great Britain than in that of Gaul. The ancient inhabitants, the Britons, though perhaps not completely destroyed, were so entirely subjected that they were utterly unimportant. In a small compact kingdom like that of Great Britain, it was more difficult to shake existing institutions; in fact, most of the central establishments, such as county courts, corporations, &c., though much decayed and weakened, still preserved some little life and vigour in the provinces, in the middle of the eleventh century. The feudal system, too, was not nearly as advanced or as matured as it was on the continent. Nevertheless, I do not believe that these circumstances, though they might, and most probably would, have retarded the growth of aristocratic and monarchical principles, would have had strength entirely to check them, or to prevent the anarchy which would have been the result of the struggle. But the Norman conquest, by uniting the Anglo-Saxons more closely together, and by infusing more life into those laws and institutions, which guaranteed freedom, put a check to this downward tendency. It gave more unity, more system, to both parties. After the conquest, the Normans, being a small, though strong body, encamped in an enemy's country, surrounded by people jealous of their independence, and waiting but for the opportunity to regain it, were forced, for their own safety, to cling closely together; consequently, they observed strict justice towards each other, they established laws to which they adhered religiously, and had no quarrels amongst themselves. All the struggles that there were, were between the conquerors and the conquered. This was far from being the case among the Gauls. There the former inhabitants had been so completely degraded, that they were almost entirely annihilated by the invasion of the barbarian hordes; so that the conquerors there might settle anywhere with impunity, far from their neighbours, and might be quite independent of those of their own race; which, after a time, led to so many independent dukedoms and sovereignties. In England, too, the conquerors did not seize land here and land there, as they fancied, but they always made a pretence of justice, and seized those which had been confis-

cated by the rebellion of their owners. The great aim William and all the Normans had in view, was to establish the supremacy of the Normans over the Saxons, and that of the royal power over the Normans. Nearly six hundred vassals took the oath of allegiance to him; and as if to guard against their future independence, particularly those whom he enriched most, he scattered their domains in different counties. The territory was divided into sixty fiefs, which were given to knights who took the oath of fidelity. The Doomsday Book, the statistics of the fiefs and their owners, begun in 1081 by William's orders, and finished in 1086, is an existing monument of the orders and cohesion of the Norman aristocracy, twenty years after its establishment in England.

These same causes, these same necessities, of course produced analogous effects upon the Saxons. The spirit of nationality, which was beginning to die away before the conquest, revived under the weight of foreign oppression. It gave the whole population, a strong fierce race, one interest, one feeling, one object,—that of expelling the conquerors. For this purpose they united and held closely together; to defend themselves, the Normans united and held equally firm among themselves. They had found in Normandy their rallying-point round the feudal system; the Saxons placed theirs in their ancient institutions and laws. William's government was not entirely, at least not in forms, one of force. After the Battle of Hastings, the throne was offered to him in the name of the Saxons, and before his coronation he swore to govern the two people by equal laws. Ever since this time, the Saxons have never ceased claiming as their right their ancient laws, the laws of Edward the Confessor, which at various times they have recovered from their Norman kings, when they rose strong enough to wrest anything from them. They defended and claimed their property in virtue of titles anterior to the conquest, and their titles were recognised. They met in the different courts of the county, receiving justice from their equals, and for the purpose of taking their common interests into consideration there. Thus we see that while on the continent the conquest entirely destroyed both people, (the conquerors and the conquered,) in England, on the contrary, it only united each nation more firmly within itself in order to oppose the other. On the continent, the government and all political laws had all perished together; in England they were more cherished than ever. On the continent, all interests, aims, and objects were entirely individual; in England they were thoroughly national. On the continent, the feudal system rose out of the destruc-

tion of the central power and political unity; in England it tended to preserve them. The Roman Gauls, except in a very few cities, had almost disappeared, or were in the lowest state of serfdom; the Saxons always maintained their position as a people, and reclaimed and vindicated their liberties in right of their ancient laws. In a word, in England, the conquest, instead of dispersing and confounding everything, brought into being two strong opposing forces, one endeavouring to gain dominion, the other resolutely defending their liberties. For each party, public deliberation and agreement was necessary—this is the principle of all free governments.

SONNETS TO LIBERTY.

WORDSWORTH.

I.

It is not to be thought of, that the flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flow'd, "with pomp of waters unwithstood"
Road by which all might come and go that would,
And bear out freights of worth to foreign lands;
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish, and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake—the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we're sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

II.

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my country!—am I to be blamed?
But when I think of thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
But dearly must we prize thee—we who find
In thee a bulwark of the cause of men;

And I, by my affection, was beguiled.
What wonder if a poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child?

POOR RICHARD ON TAXES.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, a prominent leader in the American Revolution; distinguished for his scientific researches; author of Poor Richard's Almanac and other works: 1706-1790.

COURTEOUS READER,—I have heard, that nothing gives an author so much pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, "Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not those heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up, and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; 'for a word to the wise is enough,' as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind; and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," says he, "the taxes are, indeed, very heavy; and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; 'God helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright,' as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we

spend in sleep, forgetting that 'the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave,' as Poor Richard says.

"'If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be,' as Poor Richard says, 'the greatest prodigality;' since, as he elsewhere tells us, 'Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.' Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose, so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. 'Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,' as Poor Richard says.

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry need not wish; and he that lives upon hope will die fasting.' 'There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands;' or if I have, they are smartly taxed. 'He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour,' as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve, for 'at the working man's house hunger looks in, but dare not enter.' Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for 'industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.' What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left a legacy? 'diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.' Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows,' as Poor Richard says; and further, 'Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.' If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you, then, your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. 'Handle your tools without mittens;' remember that 'the cat in gloves catches no mice,' as Poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for 'constant dropping

wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks.'

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says, 'Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.' Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for 'a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock; whereas industry gives comfort and plenty and respect. 'Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, every one bids me good morrow.'

"But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,—

'I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.'

"And again, 'Three removes are as bad as a fire;' and again, 'Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;' and again, 'If you would have your business done, go; if not, send;' and again,

'He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.'

"And again, 'The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands:' and again, 'Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;' and again, 'Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.' Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, 'In the affairs of this world, men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it.' But a man's own care is profitable, for, 'If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.' 'A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost,' being overtaken and slain by the enemy: all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail."

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

SIR WILLIAM JONES, a distinguished scholar, and Judge in the Supreme Court in Bengal: 1746-1794.

What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement, or labour'd mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, proud navies ride,
Not starr'd and spangled Courts,
Where low-brow'd Baseness wafts perfume to Pride!
No! Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights; and, knowing, dare maintain!

TRIAL BY JURY.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, Judge in the Court of Common Pleas, and author of "Commentaries on the Laws of England:" 1723-1787.

THE Trial by Jury ever has been, and I trust ever will be, looked upon as the glory of the English law. It is the most transcendent privilege which any subject can enjoy or wish for,—that he cannot be affected either in his property, his liberty, or his person, but by the unanimous consent of twelve of his neighbours and equals—a constitution that I may venture to affirm has, under Providence, secured the just liberties of this nation for a long succession of ages.

Great as this eulogium may seem, it is no more than this admirable constitution, when traced to its principles, will be found in sober reason to deserve. The impartial administration of justice, which secures both our persons and our properties, is the great end of civil society. But if that be entirely entrusted to the magistracy, a select body of men, and those generally selected by the prince or such as enjoy the highest offices in the state, their decisions, in spite of their own natural integrity, will have frequently an involuntary bias towards those of their own rank and dignity: it is not to be expected from human nature that *the few* should be always attentive

to the interests and good of *the many*. On the other hand, if the power of judicature were placed at random in the hands of the multitude, their decisions would be wild and capricious, and a new rule of action would be every day established in our courts. It is wisely, therefore, ordered that the principles and axioms of law, which are general propositions, flowing from abstracted reason, and not accommodated to times or to men, should be deposited in the breasts of the judges, to be occasionally applied to such facts as come properly ascertained before them. For here partiality can have little scope: the law is well known, and is the same for all ranks and degrees; it follows as a regular conclusion from the premises of fact pre-established. But in settling and adjusting a question of fact, when intrusted to any single magistrate, partiality and injustice have an ample field to range in, either by boldly asserting that to be proved which is not so,—or, more artfully, by suppressing some circumstances, stretching and warping others, and distinguishing away the remainder. Here, therefore, a competent number of sensible and upright jurymen, chosen by lot from among those of the middle rank, will be found the best investigators of truth, and the surest guardians of public justice. For the most powerful individual in the state will be cautious of committing any flagrant invasion of another's right when he knows that the fact of his oppression must be examined and decided by twelve indifferent men not appointed till the hour of trial, and that when once the fact is ascertained the law must of course redress it. This, therefore, preserves in the hands of the people that share which they ought to have in the administration of public justice, and prevents the encroachments of more powerful and wealthy citizens. Every new tribunal erected for the decision of facts without the intervention of a jury, whether composed of Justices of the Peace, Commissioners of the Revenue, Judges, or of a Court of Conscience, or any other standing magistrates, is a step towards establishing aristocracy, the most oppressive of absolute governments. The feudal system, which, for the sake of military subordination, pursued an aristocratical plan in all its arrangements of property, had been intolerable in times of peace, had it not been wisely counterpoised by that privilege so universally diffused through every part of it—the trial by the feudal peers. And in every country on the continent, as the trial by the peers has been gradually disused, so the nobles have increased in power, till the state has been torn to pieces by rival factions, and oligarchy has, in effect, been established, though under the shadow of regal government,—unless where the miserable com-

mons have taken shelter under absolute monarchy, as the lighter evil of the two. It is, therefore, upon the whole, a duty which every man owes to his country, his friends, his posterity, and himself, to maintain to the utmost of his power this valuable constitution in all its rights; to restore it to its ancient dignity if at all impaired by the different value of property, or otherwise deviated from its first institution; to amend it wherever it is defective; and, above all, to guard with the most jealous circumspection against the introduction of new and arbitrary modes of trial, which, under a variety of plausible pretences, may in time imperceptibly undermine this best preservative of English liberty.

LAW.

STEVENS.

Law is law—law is law; and as in such and so forth and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance, people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many desperate cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow; law is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it: it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

We shall now mention a cause, called "Bullum *versus* Boatum:" it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows:—

There were two farmers: farmer A. and farmer B. Farmer A. was seized or possessed of a bull: farmer B. was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now, the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay, twisted rope-fashion, or, as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band; as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, went up town to dinner: farmer A.'s bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came down town to look for a dinner; and observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat: ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hay-band. The boat being eaten from its moorings floated down the river, with the bull in it: it struck against a rock; beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard: whereupon the owner of

the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull: the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull, for running away with the boat. And thus notice of trial was given, Bullum *versus* Boatum, Boatum *versus* Bullum.

Now the counsel for the bull began with saying: "My lord, and you gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls, before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat, than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be nonsuited; because, in his declaration, he had not specified what colour he was of; for thus wisely, and thus learnedly, spoke the counsel! —"My lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour: and, if he was not of any colour, what colour could the bull be of?" I overruled this motion myself, by observing, that the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour; besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for the law can colour anything. This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award both bull and boat were acquitted; it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away: upon which, I gave it as my opinion, that, as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued; and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose: How, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos-mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled, by Boatum's attorney declaring, that for his client he would swear anything.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record, in true law Latin; which set forth, in their declaration, that they were carried away either by the tide of flood, or the tide of ebb. The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows: *Aquæ bailiffi est magistratus in choisi super omnibus fishibus qui habuerunt finnos et scalos, claws, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in*

freshibus, vel saltibus riveris, lakis, pondis, canalibus, et well boatis; sive oysteri, prawni, whitini, shrimpi, turbutus solus; that is, not turbots alone, but turbots and soles both together. But now comes the nicety of the law; the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but it being proved, that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonsuited; but such was the lenity of the court, that upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again *de novo*.

THE UNCONSCIOUS CO-OPERATION OF MEN.

RICHARD WHATELY, Archbishop of Dublin, author of works on Political Economy, Logic, &c.: born 1787.

MOST useful indeed to society, and much to be honoured, are those who possess the rare moral and intellectual endowment of an enlightened public spirit; but if none did service to the public except in proportion as they possessed this, society, I fear, would fare but ill. Public spirit, either in the form of patriotism which looks to the good of a community, or in that of philanthropy which seeks the good of the whole human race, implies, not merely *benevolent feeling* stronger than, in fact, we commonly meet with, but also powers of *abstraction* beyond what the mass of mankind *can* possess. As it is, many of the most important objects are accomplished by the joint agency of persons who never think of them, nor have any idea of acting in concert; and that, with a certainty, completeness, and regularity, which probably the most diligent benevolence, under the guidance of the greatest human wisdom, could never have attained.

For instance, let any one propose to himself the problem of supplying with daily provisions of all kinds such a city as our metropolis, containing above a million of inhabitants. Let him imagine himself a head-commissary, entrusted with the office of furnishing to this enormous host their daily rations. Any considerable failure in the supply, even for a single day, might produce the most frightful distress; since the spot on which they are cantoned produces absolutely nothing. Some, indeed, of the articles consumed admit of being reserved in public or private stores for a considerable time; but many, including most articles of animal food, and many

of vegetable, are of the most perishable nature. As a deficient supply of these, even for a few days, would occasion great inconvenience, so a redundancy of them would produce a corresponding waste. Moreover, in a district of such vast extent, as this "province" (as it has been aptly called) "covered with houses," it is essential that the supplies should be so distributed among the different quarters, as to be brought almost to the doors of the inhabitants, at least within such a distance, that they may, without an inconvenient waste of time and labour, procure their daily shares.

Moreover, whereas the supply of provisions for an army or garrison is comparatively *uniform in kind;* here the greatest possible *variety* is required, suitable to the wants of various classes of consumers.

Again, this immense population is extremely fluctuating in numbers; and the increase or diminution depends on causes, of which, though some may, others cannot be distinctly foreseen. The difference of several weeks in the arrival, for instance, of one of the great commercial fleets, or in the assembly or dissolution of a parliament, which cause a great variation in the population, it is often impossible to foresee.

Lastly, and above all, the daily supplies of each article must be so nicely adjusted to the stock from which it is drawn—to the scanty or more or less abundant harvest—importation or other source of supply—to the interval which is to elapse before a fresh stock can be furnished, and to the probable abundance of the new supply, that as little distress as possible may be undergone; that on the one hand the population may not unnecessarily be put upon short allowance of any article, and that on the other hand they may be preserved from the more dreadful risk of famine, which would ensue from their continuing a free consumption when the store was insufficient to hold out.

Now let any one consider this problem in all its bearings, reflecting on the enormous and fluctuating number of persons to be fed—the immense quantity, and the variety of the provisions to be furnished, the importance of a convenient distribution of them, and the necessity of husbanding them discreetly; and then let him reflect on the anxious toil which such a task would impose on a board of the most experienced and intelligent commissioners, who, after all, would be able to discharge their office but very inadequately.

Yet this object is accomplished far better than it could be by any effort of human wisdom, through the agency of men, who think

each of nothing beyond his own immediate interest—who, with that object in view, perform their respective parts with cheerful zeal—and combine unconsciously to employ the wisest means for effecting an object, the vastness of which it would bewilder them even to contemplate.

Early and long familiarity is apt to generate a careless, I might almost say a stupid, indifference to many objects, which if new to us would excite a great and a just admiration: and many are inclined even to hold cheap a stranger, who expresses wonder at what seems to us very natural and simple, merely because we have been used to it; while in fact perhaps our apathy is a more just subject of contempt than his astonishment. Moyhanger, a New-Zealander who was brought to England, was struck with especial wonder in his visit to London, at the mystery, as it appeared to him, how such an immense population could be fed, as he saw neither cattle nor crops. Many of the Londoners who would perhaps have laughed at the savage's admiration, would probably have been found never to have even thought of the mechanism which is here at work.

It is really wonderful to consider with what ease and regularity this important end is accomplished, day after day, and year after year, through the sagacity and vigilance of private interest operating on the numerous class of wholesale and more especially retail dealers. Each of these watches attentively the demands of his neighbourhood, or of the market he frequents, for such commodities as he deals in. The apprehension, on the one hand, of not realising all the profit he might, and on the other hand, of having his goods left on his hand, either by his laying in too large a stock or by his rivals underselling him—these acting like antagonistic muscles, regulate the extent of his dealings, and the prices at which he buys and sells. An abundant supply causes him to lower his prices, and thus enables the public to enjoy that abundance; while *he* is guided only by the apprehension of being undersold; and on the other hand, an actual or apprehended scarcity causes him to demand a higher price, or to keep back his goods in expectation of a rise.

For doing this, corn-dealers in particular are often exposed to odium, as if they were the cause of the scarcity, while in reality they are performing the important service of husbanding the supply in proportion to its deficiency, and thus warding off the calamity of famine; in the same manner as the commander of a garrison or a ship regulates the allowance according to the stock, and the time it is to last. But the dealers deserve neither censure for the scarcity which they are ignorantly supposed to produce, nor credit for the

important public service which they in reality perform. They are merely occupied in gaining a fair livelihood. And in the pursuit of this object, without any comprehensive wisdom, or any need of it, they co-operate unknowingly, in conducting a system which, we may safely say, no human wisdom directed to that end could have conducted so well; the system by which this enormous population is fed from day to day.

I have said, "no *human* wisdom;" for *wisdom* there surely is, in this adaptation of the means to the result actually produced. In this instance, as well as in a multitude of others, from which I selected it for illustration's sake, there are the same marks of contrivance and design, with a view to a beneficial end, as we are accustomed to admire (when our attention is drawn to them by the study of Natural Theology) in the anatomical structure of the body, and in the instincts of the brute-creation. The pulsations of the heart, the ramifications of vessels in the lungs—the direction of the arteries and of the veins—the valves which prevent the retrograde motion of the blood—all these exhibit a wonderful *combination* of mechanical means towards the end manifestly designed, the circulating system. But I know not whether it does not even still more excite our admiration of the beneficent wisdom of Providence, to contemplate, not corporeal particles, but rational free agents, co-operating in systems no less manifestly indicating design, yet no design of theirs; and though acted on, not by gravitation and impulse like inert matter, but by motives addressed to the will, yet advancing as regularly and as effectually the accomplishment of an object they never contemplated, as if they were merely the passive wheels of a machine. If one may without presumption speak of a more or less in reference to the works of infinite Wisdom, I would say, that the branch of Natural Theology with which we are now concerned, presents to the reflective mind views even more striking than any other. The heavens do indeed "declare the glory of God;" and the human body is "fearfully and wonderfully made;" but man considered not merely as an organised being, but as a rational agent, and as a member of Society, is perhaps the most wonderfully contrived, and to us the most interesting specimen of divine wisdom that we have any knowledge of.

REQUISITES OF PRODUCTION.

JOHN STUART MILL, the most distinguished living writer on political economy; born 1806.

THE requisites of production are two; labour, and appropriate natural objects.

Labour is either bodily or mental; or, to express the distinction more comprehensively, either muscular or nervous; and it is necessary to include in the idea, not solely the exertion itself, but all feelings of a disagreeable kind, all bodily inconvenience or mental annoyance connected with the employment of one's thoughts or muscles, or both, in a particular occupation. Of the other requisite—appropriate natural objects—it is to be remarked that some objects exist or grow up spontaneously, of a kind suited to the supply of human wants. There are caves and hollow trees capable of affording shelter; fruit, roots, wild honey, and other natural products on which human life can be supported; but even here a considerable quantity of labour is generally required, not for the purpose of creating, but of finding and appropriating them. In all but these few and (except in the very commencement of human society) unimportant cases, the objects supplied by nature are only instrumental to human wants, after having undergone some degree of transformation by human exertion. Even the wild animals of the forest and of the sea, from which the hunting and fishing tribes derive their sustenance,—though the labour of which they are the subject is chiefly that required for appropriating them—must yet, before they are used as food, be killed, divided into fragments, and subjected in almost all cases to some culinary process, which are operations requiring a certain degree of human labour. The amount of transformation which natural substances undergo before being brought into the shape in which they are directly applied to human use, varies from this or a still less degree of alteration in the nature and appearance of the object, to a change so total that no trace is perceptible of the original shape and structure. There is little resemblance between a piece of a mineral substance found in the earth, and a plough, an axe, or a saw. There is less resemblance between porcelain and the decomposing granite of which it is made, or between sand mixed with a-weed, and glass. The difference is greater still between the fleece of a sheep, or a handful of cotton seeds, and a web of muslin or broad-cloth; and the sheep and seeds themselves are not spontaneous growths, but results of previous labour and care. In

these several cases the ultimate product is so extremely dissimilar to the substance supplied by nature, that in the custom of language nature is represented as only furnishing materials.

Nature, however, does more than supply materials; she also supplies powers. The matter of the globe is not an inert recipient of forms and properties impressed by human hands; it has active energies by which it co-operates with, and may even be used as a substitute for labour. In the early ages, people converted their corn into flour by pounding it between two stones; they next hit on a contrivance which enabled them, by turning a handle, to make one of the stones revolve upon the other; and this process, a little improved, is still the common practice of the East. The muscular exertion, however, which it required was very severe and exhausting, insomuch that it was often selected as a punishment for slaves who had offended their masters. When the time came at which the labour and sufferings of slaves were thought worth economizing, the greater part of this bodily exertion was rendered unnecessary, by contriving that the upper stone should be made to revolve upon the lower, not by human strength, but by the force of the wind or of falling water. In this case natural agents, the wind or the gravitation of the water, are made to do a portion of the work previously done by labour.

Cases like this, in which a certain amount of labour has been dispensed with, its work being devolved upon some natural agent, are apt to suggest an erroneous notion of the comparative functions of labour and natural powers; as if the co-operation of those powers with human industry were limited to the cases in which they are made to perform what would otherwise be done by labour; as if, in the case of things made (as the phrase is) by hand, nature furnished only passive materials. This is an illusion. The powers of nature are as actively operative in the one case as in the other. A workman takes a stalk of the flax or hemp plant, splits it into separate fibres, twines together several of these fibres with his fingers, aided by a simple instrument called a spindle; having thus formed a thread, he lays many such threads side by side, and places other similar threads directly across them, so that each passes alternately over and under those which are at right angles to it—this part of the process being facilitated by an instrument called a shuttle. He has now produced a web of cloth, either linen or sack-cloth, according to the material. He is said to have done this by hand, no natural force being supposed to have acted in concert with him. But by what force is each step of this operation rendered possible,

and the web, when produced, held together? By the tenacity, or force of cohesion, of the fibres: which is one of the forces of nature, and which we can measure exactly against other mechanical forces, and ascertain how much of any of them it suffices to neutralise or counterbalance.

If we examine any other case of what is called the action of man upon nature, we shall find in like manner that the powers of nature, or, in other words, the properties of matter, do all the work, when once objects are put into the right position. This one operation, of putting things into fit places for being acted upon by their own internal forces, and by those residing in other natural objects, is all that man does, or can do, with matter. He only moves one thing to or from another. He moves a seed into the ground, and the natural forces of vegetation produce in succession a root, a stem, leaves, flowers, and fruit. He moves an axe through a tree, and it falls by the natural force of gravitation; he moves a saw through it, in a particular manner, and the physical properties by which a softer substance gives way before a harder, make it separate into planks, which he arranges in certain positions, with nails driven through them, or adhesive matter between them, and produces a table, or a house. He moves a spark to fuel, and it ignites, and by the force generated in combustion it cooks the food, melts or softens the iron, converts into beer or sugar the malt or cane-juice, which he has previously moved to the spot. He has no other means of acting on matter than by moving it. Motion, and resistance to motion, are the only things which his muscles are constructed for. By muscular contraction he can create a pressure on an outward object, which, if sufficiently powerful, will set it in motion, or if it be already moving, will check or modify or altogether arrest its motion, and he can do no more. But this is enough to have given all the command which mankind have acquired over natural forces immeasurably more powerful than themselves; a command which, great as it is already, is without doubt destined to become indefinitely greater. He exerts this power either by availing himself of natural forces in existence, or by arranging objects in those mixtures and combinations by which natural forces are generated; as when by putting a lighted match to fuel, and water into a boiler over it, he generates the expansive force of steam, a power which has been made so largely available for the attainment of human purposes.

Labour, then, in the physical world, is always and solely employed in putting objects in motion; the properties of matter, the laws of nature, do the rest. The skill and ingenuity of human

beings are chiefly exercised in discovering movements, practicable by their powers, and capable of bringing about the effects which they desire. But, while movement is the only effect which man can immediately and directly produce by his muscles, it is not necessary that he should produce directly by them all the movements which he requires. The first and most obvious substitute is the muscular action of cattle: by degrees the powers of inanimate nature are made to aid in this too, as by making the wind, or water, things already in motion, communicate a part of their motion to the wheels, which before that invention were made to revolve by muscular force. This service is extorted from the powers of wind and water by a set of actions, consisting, like the former, in moving certain objects into certain positions, in which they constitute what is termed a machine; but the muscular action necessary for this is not constantly renewed, but performed once for all, and there is on the whole a great economy of labour.

ON THE DIVISION OF LABOUR.

ADAM SMITH, the father of the science of Political Economy, Professor in the University of Glasgow, 1725—90.

THE effects of the division of labour in the general business of society will be easily understood by taking an example from a very trifling manufacture—namely, the trade of a pin-maker. This business is divided into a number of branches, of which the greater part are peculiar trades. One man draws out the wire; another straightens it; a third cuts it; a fourth points it; a fifth grinds it at the top for receiving the head; to make the head requires two or three distinct operations; to put it on is a distinct business; to whiten the pins is another; and it is even a separate trade to put them into the paper.

Pin-making being thus divided into distinct operations, a small manufactory consisting of ten persons, and but indifferently accommodated with the necessary machinery, can produce forty-eight thousand pins in a day. Each person may therefore be considered as making four thousand eight hundred pins in a day; but had they wrought separately and independently, the best workman among them could not have made twenty, and perhaps not one, pin a day.

A great part of the machines made use of in manufactures in which labour is most subdivided were originally the inventions of common workmen, who, being each of them employed in some very

simple operation, naturally turned their thoughts towards finding out easier and readier methods of performing it.

In the first fire-engines, a boy was constantly employed to open and shut alternately the communication between the boiler and the cylinder, according as the piston either ascended or descended. One of these boys, who loved to play with his companions, observed that by tying a string from the handle of the valve which opened this communication to another part of the machine, the valve would open and shut without his assistance, and leave him at liberty to divert himself with his playfellows. One of the greatest improvements that have been made upon this machine since it was first invented was in this manner the discovery of a boy, who wanted to save his own labour.

The woollen coat which covers the day-labourer, coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must join their different arts to complete even this homely production.

How much commerce and navigation, how many shipbuilders, sailors, sailmakers, and ropemakers must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world!

To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the bricklayer, must all join their different arts in order to produce them.

Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture—the coarse linen shirt he wears; his shoes; the bed he lies on, and all the parts which compose it; the kitchen grate at which he prepares his victuals; the coals dug for that purpose from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him perhaps by a long sea and long land-carriage; all the other utensils of the kitchen and furniture of his table; the different hands employed in preparing his bread and beer; the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention;—if we examine all

these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that, without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

THOMAS HOOD, the most popular of English humorous poets: 1798–1845.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It 's oh to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where a woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam—
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt—
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of death—
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep:
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages?—A bed of straw,
A crust of bread and rags.
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band—
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work,
In the dull December light!
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright!—

While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh but for one short hour—
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!

A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THE ORIGIN OF MONEY.

WHATELEY'S Political Economy.

I DO not design to enter at present on the multifarious and important inquiries which pertain to the subject of money. It will suffice for our present purpose to state, that by money I mean any commodity in general request which is received in exchange for other commodities, not for the purpose of being directly used by the party receiving it, (for *that* is barter,) but for the purpose of being again parted with in exchange for something else. It is not the very commodity which the party wants, or expects hereafter to want; but it is a security or pledge that he may obtain that commodity whenever he wants it from those who have it to spare. The herdsman who needed, or expected hereafter to need, a supply of corn, might, if he could not otherwise arrange an exchange, be willing to part with some of his cattle for cloth of which he had no need, in the expectation of being able to exchange that again for corn, with some one who either needed the cloth or would accept it in the same manner as he had done. The cloth would serve the purpose of money till it should reach the hands of one who designed to keep it for his own use. And there are some parts of Africa, it appears, where pieces of cloth, of a certain definite size and quality, constitute the current coin, if I may so speak, of the country. In other parts, again, of Africa, wedges of salt are said to be applied to the same purpose.

But the herdsman would probably prefer receiving in this manner instead of any articles of food or clothing which he did not himself need, some *ornamental* article in general request, such as a bracelet or necklace, of gold, silver, or valued shells or stones; not only as less bulky and less perishable, but because these could be *used* by him in the only way they *can* be used—viz., for the purpose of display, till he should have occasion to part with them, and could then be parted without any inconvenience. Accordingly the prevailing tendency has always been to adopt as a medium of exchange, in preference to all others, articles of an ornamental character, prized for their beauty and rarity, such as the silver and gold, which have long been much the most extensively used for this purpose—the cowry shells, admired for making necklaces, and very generally used as money throughout an extensive region in Africa—the porcelaine shells, employed in like manner in some parts of the East Indies, and the wampum of some of the native American Indians, which consists of a kind of bugles wrought out of shells, and used both as an ornament and as money.

Articles of this kind, as traffic increased, would come to be collected and stored up in much greater quantities than their original destination for purposes of ornament could have called for; but it is from *that*, no doubt, that they must originally have been in demand, since it is inconceivable that all the members of any one community, much less various nations, should in the first instance have made a formal agreement arbitrarily to attach a value to something which had not been before at all regarded by them. It is said that at this day among some half civilised nations the women adorn themselves with strings of gold coins. But silver plate, and gold or gilt ornaments are, I believe, in use, and that to a very large amount, among all nations who employ those metals as money. Some years ago I remember hearing an estimate of the gold annually consumed in gilding alone, in the one town of Birmingham, as amounting to one thousand pounds weight, or about £50,000 worth.

When their property was secured, and when exchanges were facilitated by the intervention of money, the use of this medium would re-act on the division of labour, and extend it, because then any one who could produce any commodity in general request would be sure of employing himself beneficially in producing it, even though the particular persons who wanted that commodity could not supply him in return with the precise articles he had need of. They would now be able to purchase it of him for that in exchange for which he might procure from others what he wanted.

THE BANKING SYSTEM.

J. Hamilton Fyfe, the author of many popular books illustrating social progress.

The extension of our foreign trade naturally stimulated mercantile and industrial activity at home. The woollen and linen manufactures took a wider range. Tin and lead were raised and smelted in larger quantities. Money became more plentiful, and people were more anxious to invest their capital at interest instead of hoarding it in strong-boxes at home. The increase of wealth, and the complicated operations of trade, led to a new occupation. Merchants found it more convenient to place their funds in the hands of an agent, and to give an order upon him for any sum they owed, than to carry the money about with them, and to pay for whatever they purchased in hard cash. The jewellers, who were in the habit of dealing in the precious metals, and who had cellars expressly intended for storing bullion, naturally adopted this new branch of business, and added banking to their other avocations of money changing and money lending. It was in this way, for instance, that George Heriot amassed the fortune which he afterwards devoted so nobly to the foundation of the well-known hospital which bears his name. From private bankers the next advance was to a national bank. The Bank of Venice, the first of its kind, dated from the thirteenth century; and the Bank of St George, at Genoa, was nearly as old. It was not, however, till 1607, that Amsterdam possessed a similar establishment; and the Bank of England was founded in 1694. William Paterson, a Scotch merchant of eminent talent and sagacity, who was afterwards the author of the ill-fated Darien scheme, drew up the plan of this institution. His sole reward was, that, being a shareholder in the concern, he was quietly elbowed out of it as soon as it began to pay. The scheme was entirely successful. The whole capital of £1,200,000 was subscribed in ten days, although, as Macaulay observes, it was as difficult then to raise such a sum at eight per cent., as it now would be to raise £30,000,000 at four per cent. The capital was quadrupled early in the last century; it was doubled again before the middle of it, and it now amounts to over £11,000,000. The average paper currency is £20,000,000 a year; and the Bank generally possesses bullion in its cellars to the amount of about £16,500,000, in addition to other securities valued at £30,000,000.

JACQUES LAFITTE.

Rev. Dr TWEEDIE, author of many popular books illustrating the triumphs of industry and perseverance.

JACQUES LAFITTE was born at Bayonne on October 24, 1767. His father was a carpenter in that town, of honest reputation, but, chiefly owing to the largeness of his family, which consisted of ten children, exceedingly poor. In consequence of this, he does not seem to have been able to send his children to school; at all events, it is certain that Jacques received no education but what he was able to take up, as opportunity offered, at his own hand. That a boy, with such an unfavourable beginning, should rise to be the first banker and financier in France, and that, too, during such a trying period as the Empire and the Restoration, must be regarded as a circumstance implying the existence of extraordinary qualities, cultivated and applied with equally extraordinary wisdom and care. Nor can he be said to have acquired anything like a start in life in his native place, or even such experience in business as might prove a foundation for his future achievements. His only apprenticeship there was that of an errand-boy in the office of a notary.

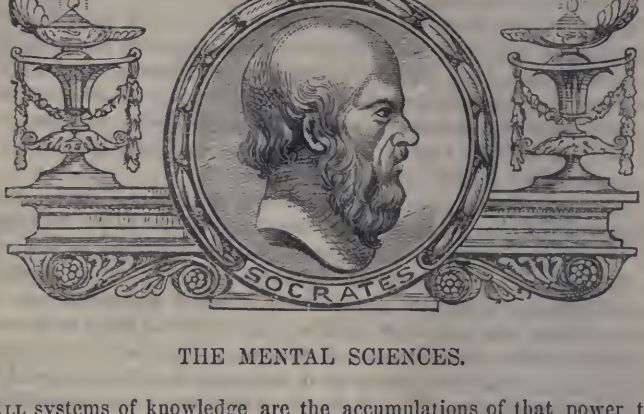
When he was about twenty years of age, he repaired to the metropolis, hoping to find better scope for his talents, and the means of supporting himself, and possibly of doing something for his family at home. The incident connected with his arrival at Paris, and his first engagement there, although very well known, is too interesting and significant to be omitted in this notice.

He had travelled all night on his way from Bayonne, and arrived in Paris early in the day, breakfastless and penniless. He was wearied and worn-out by travel and hunger, and was utterly without the means of procuring any relief. His whole stock-in-trade was a letter of introduction to a Monsieur Perregeaux, a first-class banker. No doubt, he was blessed with a good appearance, and, what was better still, a trust in Providence, and a steadfast resolution to get on. On arriving at Paris, his first business was to ascertain where the office of the banker was situated, and then to make his way to it as he best could. He was so fortunate as to find M. Perregeaux on his first call: he presented his letter, and, with tremulous anxiety, waited the result. That result was unfavourable. The poor young man turned from the door in silent disappointment. He knew not whither he was to bend his steps; he knew not where he was to obtain a meal. His one hope had failed him; and now he was emphatically in that gay and heartless capital—heartless, like all capitals, to the friendless and the poor—

without a home and without a friend. As he was passing through the court-yard, some small object on the ground attracted his eye. It was nothing more than a common pin, which nevertheless he stooped to pick up, and stuck it in his sleeve. This seemingly indifferent act was not indifferent in the view of the rich banker, who happened to observe it, as he looked accidentally from the window. He saw in the act the pledge and the germ of carefulness and thrift, and that respect for littles which lies at the basis of all true industry and all enlightened finance. The consequence was, that he called him back, and gave him a trial in some very subordinate department of his establishment.

This was all that was necessary for such a person as Lafitte. He only required to get a footing, however humble—to be put on trial, in short—in order to his achieving for himself a position of respect and confidence in relation to his employer. In addition to his moral and intellectual qualities, he had a fine outward appearance, and a frank, manly, and courteous manner. And this last is by no means to be despised by young men. It is not a substitute for more sterling qualifications, but neither is it incompatible with them, and it undoubtedly tends in no small degree to facilitate their recognition, and to clear, in a general way, the path of the young man towards ultimate success.

Accordingly, we find that young Lafitte soon secured the confidence of the banker, and rose rapidly in his esteem. He found that that carefulness which was manifested by the picking up of the pin was associated with sterling principle, generous instincts, and even great breadth and grasp of mind. He found also that he was gifted with the faculty of close application to his duties, systematic arrangement of his work, and, together with the power of controlling his own thoughts, an openness of mind to receive the suggestions of others, and a readiness to turn them to good account. Although he had only entered the establishment of M. Perregeaux as a supernumerary clerk, at a salary of £48 per annum, he had not been there two years when he was appointed book-keeper to the whole establishment. This was in 1789. In 1792, again, he was made cashier; in 1800, chief clerk and manager; junior partner in 1804; and, on the death of Perregeaux in 1809, he became sole partner of the concern. Thus, in the course of twenty years, or rather less, this youth, who had arrived in Paris without a *sou* in his pocket, and without a friend to look to, rose through all the intermediate steps, beginning as a mere supernumerary, until he had attained to the highest and most influential commercial position in France.



THE MENTAL SCIENCES.

All systems of knowledge are the accumulations of that power to which your attention has already been directed, the human mind. If there is found any order or beauty in the arrangement of information under such systems, these result from the constitution of the mind that made the arrangement. Every thought that passes through our minds is formed after a certain model, is constituted in accordance with the laws which the mind imposes upon it. Thus, when we think "Alexander the Great was a conqueror," we form what is termed a judgment, consisting of a subject, *Alexander the Great*, a predicate or attribute, *a conqueror*, and a copula or connecting link, *was*. Again, when we reason thus—

All stones are heavy.
Flint is a stone;
Therefore, flint is heavy,

we pursue a mode of argument called a *syllogism*, from a Greek word which means *reckoning together*. Finally, although this is generally placed first, we divide all the objects of thought into several classes. Now, what is one object in nature may be a whole class of objects in thought; as, for instance, we may think of a piece of gold as a substance, as yellow, as our own, as one ounce in weight, as seen at a certain time and in a certain place, and so on. Each of these is a separate object of thought, and would be classified as substance, quality, relation, quantity, &c. There are many

other ways in which the objects of thought or *conception*, as they are called, may be regarded. It appears, therefore, that thought consists of three elements, namely, conception, judgment, and reasoning. These three elements are the objects of the Science of Logic, which deals with the laws that govern thought. The word logic is from the Greek, and signifies *pertaining to reason*, or *discourse*, for it is by speech that our reasoning powers are manifested.

In order to think at all, it is necessary that we should have something to think about. If we examine our thoughts, we will find that they are occupied principally with the objects that appear, and the circumstances that take place in the world. These make impressions upon our senses; and our minds, which are not enclosed in the brain, but are present in every part of our organism, perceive or become conscious of them. The impression, we call *sensation*, and the act of perceiving, *perception*. But if our knowledge of things depended upon these alone, we should not, at any one time, have more thoughts in our minds than were excited by present facts and phenomena. This, however, we know not to be the case, since, if it were so, there could be no such thing as learning; and the reason why it is not so is, that we possess a faculty called *memory*. In addition to sensation, perception, and memory, we have a faculty of *conception* or *imagination*, whereby we can call up before our minds things that we have never perceived; and others, perhaps, that never existed. There are many other faculties, such as comparison, analysis, composition, abstraction, and judgment; all these belong to what is called the understanding, and are the faculties most in use among men in general. It is asserted, however, by some philosophers, or *lovers* of *wisdom*, as the term means, and denied as strenuously by others, that there is in man a higher principle than that of understanding, namely, reason, whereby he receives ideas and trains of thought not suggested by the external world at all. These ideas and train of thought refer to three great subjects, about which we can otherwise gain little certain information, and which are the Soul, the Universe, and God. When philosophers say that we can know little upon these subjects with certainty, otherwise than by reason, they do not mean to set aside our observations upon the workings of our own minds, and the emotions of the soul, nor to call in question the testimony of our senses to all that we perceive in the external world, or of our minds, to what they infer from it; nor yet is it their intention to disparage the revelation which God has made to man; but they look upon reason as the only source of demonstrative know-

ledge, or, in other words, of knowledge that may be proved as conclusively as an exercise in arithmetic, or a problem in the higher mathematics. They distinguish, therefore, between the knowledge we have of these three great subjects by means of our senses, by calling it *empirical*, from a Greek word which signifies *pertaining to experience*, and that which is brought to us by reason, which they call *rational*, a Latin word that means *pertaining to reason*.

After these explanations, you will understand the two points of view from which the following sciences are to be regarded. We have, first, the science of the Soul, or Psychology, a Greek word meaning simply *a discourse about the soul*. Empirical psychology, is that division which treats of the faculties of the mind alluded to above, and all the powers and emotions which go to make up the spiritual nature of man; everything in this half is gained by observation or experience. But rational psychology says, What is the soul? Is it one and simple, or does it consist of many parts? Can it be increased or diminished? Such are a few of the questions which rational psychology puts to itself and attempts to solve, —questions, you will perceive, that no amount of observation could throw any light upon.

The next science is that of the Universe, or Cosmology, from a Greek word signifying *a discourse about the world*. That part of the science which is included under the physical sciences is empirical cosmology, since these sciences are built up from observations made by the senses. There is, however, a science of rational cosmology, which seeks to discover the origin of the world and of the universe which contains it, to know whether these are eternal, and whether their component parts can be annihilated or not. It also inquires into the nature of what we call *matter and force*, as distinguished from mind, and takes up all these questions concerning material things which cannot be solved by the exercise of any lower power than that of the supposed reason.

The third and the greatest subject of philosophy is God, the Infinite Being, creating, preserving, and governing all things. The science, which aims at a knowledge of One whose humblest attribute so far transcends the most exalted conceptions of the human mind, is called Theology; also from the Greek, and meaning *a discourse about God*. Empirical theology is that knowledge of God which we gain by means of natural theology, or the evidences of a wise, almighty, and beneficent First Cause, visible in the works of nature and of Revelation, the method by which He has deigned to make Himself known to our rebellious race. Rational theology

is a science which we can suppose little or no necessity for, now that Revelation dispenses with reason's shadowy light, although in the time of the Greek and Roman philosophers, who had no Word of God to shine upon their path, such a science was not only legitimate, but worthy of all respect.

The three sciences of Rational Psychology, Rational Cosmology, and Rational Theology, are generally ranked under the one head of metaphysics, a word which I shall proceed to explain. When the celebrated philosopher Aristotle, who flourished about three hundred and fifty years before Christ, had completed a treatise upon physics, or the physical sciences as he understood them, he added thereto a small collection of writings upon the first principles of all things, such as you have found the three rational sciences to be concerned with. These detached writings have no particular title; and, accordingly, when almost three hundred years later Andronicus of Rhodes set himself to work to arrange the productions of the great philosopher, he placed this small collection next in order to the physics, calling them *meta-ta-physica*, or *after the physics*, whence we derive that bone of contention among the learned, and bugbear to ignorant people, the word metaphysics.

Under the general title of the mental sciences is frequently ranked one which we have considered in our last lesson, the science of ethics or morals. Since the terms social and mental by no means exclude one another, forming what is called an illogical division, the fact of ethics belonging to both divisions is not to be wondered at. It is unnecessary to say more upon a subject which has already received a considerable share of our attention.

The last of the mental sciences, and the one with which our lessons upon systems of knowledge conclude, is that which deals with the painful or pleasurable sensations we experience in gazing upon works of nature and art. Thus, a beautiful landscape or painting, the harmonious sound of a musical performance, or a group of statuary, excite in the well-instructed breast feelings of admiration and reverence akin to devotion, while other objects in which an element called "taste" seems to be wanting, are looked upon with indifference or disgust. With such emotions, with that which excites those of a pleasurable nature, and which we call beauty, with the fine arts and kindred subjects, the science of æsthetics is concerned. Æsthetics is a Greek word, and means literally *pertaining to sensation or perception*, although it is now understood as applying, exclusively, to the perception of beauty in nature and art, and the sensations excited in man by that perception.

The Mental Sciences.

1. Logic.
2. Metaphysics.
   - Empirical Psychology. / Rational Psychology.
   - Empirical Cosmology. / Rational Cosmology.
   - Empirical Theology. / Rational Theology.
3. Ethics.
4. Æsthetics.

All the sciences are included under the one title of Philosophy, a Greek word meaning *the love of wisdom.* If we would aspire to any position of importance among our fellow-men, we must learn to study our own mind. The mind is the instrument with which we acquire all knowledge; and it is, therefore, of the highest importance, that that instrument should be in good condition. The mower, who gathers in the golden harvest, looks well to his scythe, that it be right and sharp, lest he throw away his strength to no purpose; so if we would reap a plentiful crop of knowledge, our minds must be completely furnished for their task, and be kept bright, sharp, and shining by constant use.

You have now before you a complete map of the great domain of science. It is, however, only an outline map. You yourselves must fill up its broad blank spaces with facts and figures, names and dates, reasons and arguments, the accumulation of past years and centuries. Who knows but that in time to come your own name may shine forth upon the page of some one of its divisions as a benefactor of the human race, and a contributor to the completeness of these systems of knowledge which we have so pleasantly surveyed together?

ELEMENTS OF LOGIC.

LEONARD EULER, a Swiss, Professor of Mathematics at Berlin and St Petersburgh: 1707–1783.

(From his Letters to a German Princess.)

THE senses only represent to us objects which have an actual existence outside of us, and all ideas of sensation refer to these objects; but from these ideas of sensation the mind forms many others, which are indeed derived from these, but do not represent things actually existing. For instance, when I see the full moon, and fix my attention simply upon its shape, I form the idea of roundness; but I dare not say that roundness exists by itself. The moon, indeed, is round,

but the round figure has no existence apart from the moon. It is the same with regard to all other figures; and when I see a triangular or square table, I can have the idea of a triangle or of a square, although such a figure never exists by itself, or apart from a real object shaped in such a manner. Ideas of numbers have a similar origin: having seen two or three persons or other objects, the mind forms the idea of two or of three, which is no longer combined with that of persons. Having already arrived at the idea of three, the mind can proceed further, and form for itself ideas of larger numbers, of four, five, six, ten, a hundred, a thousand, &c., without having ever seen exactly so many things together.

It is in such a case that the mind displays a new faculty called *abstraction*, which is exercised when the mind fixes its attention solely upon one quantity or quality of the object which it separates from it, and considers as if no longer attached to that object. For instance, when I touch a hot stone, and fix my attention simply upon the heat, I form the idea of heat, which is no longer attached to the stone. That idea of heat is formed by *abstraction*, since it is separated from the stone, and because the mind might have obtained the same idea by touching a piece of hot wood, or by plunging the hand into hot water. It is thus that the mind, by means of abstraction, forms a thousand other ideas of the quantities and properties of objects, separating them from the objects themselves; as when I see a red coat, and fix my whole attention upon the colour, I form the idea of red apart from that of the coat; and it is easily seen that a red flower, or any other body of the same colour, could not fail to lead to the same idea.

Ideas thus acquired by abstraction are called *notions*, in order to distinguish them from ideas of sensation, which represent things actually existing.

There is still another kind of notions formed also by abstraction, and which furnish the mind with the most important subjects for the exercise of its powers; these are the ideas of *genus* and *species*. When I see a pear-tree, a cherry-tree, an apple-tree, an oak, a fir, &c., all these ideas are different, yet I remark several things which are common to them, such as the trunk, the branches, and the roots; I stop short at these things, which the different ideas have in common, and I call that object in which these qualities are found *a tree*. The idea of tree, therefore, which I have formed in this manner, is a *general notion*, and comprehends the sensible ideas of pear-tree, apple-tree, and, in general, of every tree which really exists. But the *tree* which corresponds to my general idea of tree

exists nowhere: it is not a pear-tree, for then the apple-trees would not be comprised in it! for the same reason it is not a cherry-tree, nor a plum-tree, nor an oak; in a word, it only exists in my mind: it is only an idea, but an idea which is realised in an infinity of objects. Thus, when I say *cherry-tree*, it is already a general notion, comprising all cherry-trees wherever existing. This notion is not restricted to a cherry-tree in my garden, because then every similar tree would be excluded from it.

In relation to such general notions, every object actually existing which is comprised under it is called an *individual;* and the general idea, for instance, of *cherry-tree*, is called a *species* or a *genus*. These two words signify nearly the same thing; but the genus is the most general, and includes several species. Thus the notion of a tree may be regarded as a genus, since it includes the notions not only of pear-trees, apple-trees, oaks, firs, &c., which are species, but also the idea or notion of sweet, sour, and other kinds of cherry-trees, which are species, each containing a number of *individuals* actually existing.

This manner of forming general ideas is also accomplished by abstraction, and it is in it principally that the mind displays its activity and performs the operations whence we derive all our knowledge. Without these general notions, we should be little better than the brutes.

. . . . . .

Your highness has just seen how necessary language is to men, not only for communicating their thoughts and feelings, but for the cultivation of their own minds, for the extension of their own knowledge. If Adam had been left alone in Paradise, he would have remained in the most profound ignorance without the help of language. Language would have been necessary to him, not so much to mark by certain signs the individual objects which would have struck his senses, as to mark the general notions he would have formed from them by abstraction, so that these signs might in his mind have held the place of the notions themselves.

These signs or words, then, represent general notions, each of which is applicable to an infinitude of objects; as, for instance, the idea of heat is applicable to all individual objects which are hot, and the idea or general notion of a tree accords with all the individuals found in a garden or a forest, whether they are cherry-trees, apple-trees, oaks, or firs.

Hence, your highness may understand how one language may be more perfect than another: a language is always more perfect when

it is able to express a greater number of general notions formed by abstraction. It is with reference to these notions that we must judge of the perfection of a language. Formerly, the Russian language had no word to indicate what we call *justice*. This was undoubtedly a great defect, because the idea of justice is very important in a great number of judgments and reasonings, and because one would hardly be able to think the same thing without a word attached to it. This defect has therefore been supplied by introducing a Russian word which now signifies justice.

But these general notions, formed by abstraction, furnish us with all our judgments and reasonings. A *judgment* is nothing more than the affirmation or negation that a notion agrees or does not agree; and a judgment enunciated or expressed in words is what is called a *proposition*. For instance, we make a proposition when we say, *All men are mortal*. Here there are two notions—the first, of man in general, and the other that of mortality—which include all that is mortal. The judgment consists in pronouncing and affirming that *the notion of mortality agrees with all men*. It is a judgment, and, in so far as it is enunciated in words, it is a proposition; and, since it affirms, it is an affirmative proposition. If it denied, it would be a negative proposition, as this· *No man is just*. These two propositions, which suffice for examples, are also *universal*, because the first affirms of all men that they are mortal, and the other denies of all men that they are just.

There are also *particular* propositions, both affirmative and negative, as: *Some men are learned;* and, *Some men are not wise*. Here what is affirmed and denied does not refer to all men, but only to some. Hence we find four kinds of propositions. The first is that of affirmative and universal propositions, of which the form in general is—

All A is B.

The second kind contains negative and universal propositions, the form of which in general is—

No A is B.

The third kind is that of affirmative but particular propositions, contained in this form—

Some A is B.

And the fourth is that of propositions negative and particular, of which the form is—

Some A is not B.

All these propositions include essentially two notions, A and B, which are called the *terms* of the propositions. The first notion, of

which something is affirmed or denied, is called the *subject;* and the other notion, which is said to agree or not to agree with the first, is called the *predicate.* Thus, in the proposition, *All men are mortal,* the word *men* is the subject, and the word *mortal* the predicate. These words are much used in logic, which teaches us the rules of correct reasoning.

MODERN LOGIC.

Anon.

An Eton stripling, training for the law,
A dunce at syntax, but a dab at taw,
One happy Christmas, laid upon the shelf
His cap, his gown, and store of learned pelf,
With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home.

Arrived, and pass'd the usual "How d'ye do's,"
Inquiries of old friends, and college news,
"Well, Tom—the road what saw you worth discerning?
And how goes study, boy—what is't you're learning?"
"Oh, logic, sir—but not the worn-out rules
Of Locke and Bacon—antiquated fools!
'Tis wit and wranglers' logic—thus d' ye see,
I 'll prove to you, as clear as A, B, C,
That an eel-pie's a pigeon:—to deny it,
Were to swear black 's white." "Indeed!" "Let 's try it.
An eel-pie is a pie of fish." "Well, agreed."
"A fish-pie may be a Jack-pie."—"Yes, proceed."
"A Jack-pie must be John-pie—thus 'tis done,
For every John-pie is a pi-geon!"
"Bravo!" Sir Peter cries, "logic for ever!
That beats my grandmother, and she was clever!
But hold, my boy, it surely would be hard
That wit and learning should have no reward!
To-morrow for a stroll the park we'll cross,
And then I 'll give you"—"What?"—"My chestnut-horse."
"A horse!" cries Tom, "blood, pedigree, and paces—
Oh, what a dash I 'll cut at Epsom Races!"

He went to bed, and wept for downright sorrow,
To think the night must pass before the morrow;
Dream'd of his boots, his cap, his spurs, and leather-breeches,
Of leaping five-barr'd gates and crossing ditches:
Left his warm bed an hour before the lark,
Dragg'd his old uncle fasting through the park:—
Each craggy hill and dale in vain they cross,
To find out something like a chestnut-horse;
But no such animal the meadows cropp'd:
At length, beneath a tree, Sir Peter stopp'd;
He took a bough—shook it—and down fell
A fine horse-chestnut in its prickly shell.
"There, Tom,—take that." "Well, sir, and what beside?"
"Why, since you're booted—saddle it, and ride!"
"Ride what?—a chestnut!" "Ay—come, get across—
I tell you, Tom, that chestnut is a horse,
And all the horse you'll get—for I can show,
As clear as sunshine, that 'tis really so—
Not by the musty, fusty, worn-out rules
Of Locke and Bacon—addle-headed fools!
All maxims but the wranglers' I disown,
And stick to one sound argument,—*your own.*
Since you have proved to me, I don't deny
That a pie-John is the same as a John-pie!
What follows, then, but as a thing of course,
That a horse-chestnut is a chestnut-horse?"

PSYCHOLOGY—THE DESIRE OF KNOWLEDGE.

DUGALD STEWART, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and one of the brightest ornaments of the Scottish School of Philosophy: 1753-1828.

THE principle of curiosity appears in children at a very early period, and is commonly proportioned to the degree of intellectual capacity they possess. The direction, too, which it takes is regulated by nature according to the order of our wants and necessities; being confined, in the first instance, exclusively to those properties of material objects, and those laws of the material world, an acquaintance with which is essential to the preservation of our animal existence. Hence the instinctive eagerness with which children handle and examine everything which is presented to them; an

employment which we are commonly apt to consider as a mere exercise of their animal powers, but which, if we reflect on the limited province of sight prior to experience, and on the early period of life at which we are able to judge by the eye of the distances and of the tangible qualities of bodies, will appear plainly to be the most useful occupation in which they could be engaged, if it were in the power of a philosopher to have the regulation of their attention from the hour of their birth. In more advanced years, curiosity displays itself in one way or another in every individual, and gives rise to an infinite diversity in their pursuits, engrossing the attention of one man about physical causes, of another about mathematical truths, of a third about historical facts, of a fourth about the objects of natural history, of a fifth about the transactions of private families, or about the politics and news of the day.

Whether this diversity be owing to natural predisposition, or to early education, it is of little consequence to determine, as, upon either supposition, a preparation is made for it in the original constitution of the mind, combined with the circumstances of our external situation. Its final cause is also sufficiently obvious, as it is this which gives rise in the case of individuals to a limitation of attention and study, and lays the foundation of all the advantages which society derives from the division and subdivision of intellectual labour.

These advantages are so great, that some philosophers have attempted to resolve the desire of knowledge into self-love. But to this theory the same objection may be stated which was already made to the attempts of some philosophers to account, in a similar way, for the origin of our appetites; that all of these are active principles, manifestly directed by nature to particular specific objects, as their ultimate ends; that, as the object of hunger is not happiness but food, so the object of curiosity is not happiness but knowledge. To this analogy Cicero has very beautifully alluded, when he calls knowledge the natural food of the understanding. We can, indeed, conceive a being prompted merely by the cool desire of happiness to accumulate information; but in a creature like man, endowed with a variety of other active principles, the stock of his knowledge would probably have been scanty, unless self-love had been aided in this particular by the principle of curiosity.

Although, however, the desire of knowledge is not resolvable into self-love, it is not in itself an object of *moral approbation*. A person may indeed employ his intellectual powers with a view to

his own moral improvement, or to the happiness of society, and so far he acts from a laudable principle. But to prosecute study merely from the desire of knowledge is neither virtuous nor vicious. When not suffered to interfere with our duties it is morally innocent. The virtue or vice does not lie in the desire, but in the proper or improper regulation of it. The ancient astronomer who, when accused of indifference with respect to public transactions, answered that his country was in the heavens, acted criminally, inasmuch as he suffered his desire of knowledge to interfere with the duties which he owed to mankind.

At the same time, it must be admitted that the desire of knowledge (and the same observation is applicable to our other desires) is of a more dignified nature than those appetites which are common to us with the brutes. A thirst for science has always been considered as a mark of a liberal and elevated mind; and it generally co-operates with the moral faculty in forming us to those habits of self-government which enable us to keep our animal appetites in due subjection.

There is another circumstance which renders this desire peculiarly estimable, that it is always accompanied with a strong desire to communicate our knowledge to others; insomuch, that it has been doubted if the principle of curiosity would be sufficiently powerful to animate the intellectual exertions of any man in a long course of persevering study, if he had no prospect of being ever able to impart his acquisitions to his friends and to the public.

A strong curiosity properly directed may be justly considered as one of the most important elements in philosophical genius; and accordingly there is no circumstance of greater consequence in education than to keep the curiosity always awake, and to turn it to useful pursuits. I cannot help, therefore, disapproving greatly of a very common practice in this country, that of communicating to children general and superficial views of science and history by means of popular introductions. In this way we rob their future studies of all that interest which can render study agreeable, and reduce the mind, in the pursuits of science, to the same state of listlessness and languor as when we toil through the pages of a tedious novel, after being made acquainted with the final catastrophe.

COSMOLOGY—NOTHING IN THE UNIVERSE ANNIHILATED.

Dr Thomas Dick, a Scottish minister, author of many scientific and theological books : 1774-1857.

In so far as our knowledge of the universe extends, there does not appear a single instance of annihilation throughout the material system. There is no reason to believe, that, throughout all the worlds which are dispersed through the immensity of space, a single atom has ever yet been or ever will be annihilated. From a variety of observations, it appears highly probable that the work of creation is still going forward in the distant regions of the universe, and that the Creator is replenishing the voids of space with new worlds and new orders of intelligent beings; and it is reasonable to believe, from the incessant agency of Divine Omnipotence, that new systems will be continually emerging into existence while eternal ages are rolling. But no instance has yet occurred of any system or portion or matter, either in heaven or earth, having been reduced to annihilation. *Changes* are indeed incessantly taking place, in countless variety, throughout every department of nature. The spots of the Sun, the belts of Jupiter, the surface of the Moon, the rings of Saturn, and several portions of the starry heavens, are frequently changing or varying their aspects. On the earth, mountains are crumbling down, the caverns of the ocean are filling up, islands are emerging from the bottom of the sea, and again sinking into the abyss; the ocean is frequently shifting its boundaries, and trees, plants, and waving grain, now adorn many tracts which were once overwhelmed with the foaming billows. Earthquakes have produced frequent devastations, volcanoes have overwhelmed fruitful fields with torrents of burning lava, and even the solid strata within the bowels of the earth have been bent and disrupted by the operation of some tremendous power. The invisible atmosphere is likewise the scene of perpetual changes and revolutions by the mixture and decomposition of gases, the respiration of animals, the process of evaporation, the action of winds, and the agencies of light, heat, and the electric and magnetic fluids. The vegetable kingdom is either progressively advancing to maturity, or falling into decay. Between the plants and the seeds of vegetables there is not the most distant similarity. A small seed, only one-tenth of an inch in diameter, after rotting for a while in the earth, shoots forth a stem ten thousand times greater in size than the germ from which it sprung, the branches of which afford an ample shelter for the fowls of heaven. The tribes of animated nature are likewise in a state of progressive change, either

from infancy to maturity and old age, or from one state of existence to another. The caterpillar is first an egg, next a crawling worm, then a nympha or chrysalis, and afterwards a butterfly adorned with the most gaudy colours. The May-bug beetle burrows in the earth, where it drops its egg, from which its young creeps out in the shape of a maggot, which casts its skin every year, and, in the fourth year, it bursts from the earth, unfolds its wings, and sails in rapture "through the soft air." The animal and vegetable tribes are blended by a variety of wonderful and incessant changes. Animal productions afford food and nourishment to the vegetable tribes, and the various parts of animals are compounded of matter derived from the vegetable kingdom. The wool of the sheep, the horns of the cow, the teeth of the lion, the feathers of the peacock, and the skin of the deer; nay, even our hands and feet, our eyes and ears, with which we handle and walk, see and hear, and the crimson fluid that circulates in our veins, are derived from plants and herbs which once grew in the fields, which demonstrates the literal truth of the ancient saying, "All flesh is grass."

Still, however, amidst these various and unceasing changes and transformations, no example of annihilation has yet occurred to the eye of the most penetrating observer. When a piece of coal undergoes the process of combustion, its previous *form* disappears, and its component parts are dissolved, but the elementary particles of which it was composed still remain in existence. Part of it is changed into caloric, part into gas, and part into tar, smoke, and ashes, which are soon formed into other combinations. When vegetables die, or are decomposed by heat or cold, they are resolved into their primitive elements, caloric, light, hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon, which immediately enter into new combinations, and assist in carrying forward the designs of Providence in other departments of nature. But such incessant changes, so far from militating against the idea of the future existence of man, are, in reality, presumptive proofs of his immortal destination; for if, amidst the perpetual transformations, changes, and revolutions that are going forward throughout universal nature in all its departments, no particle of matter is ever lost or reduced to nothing, it is in the highest degree improbable that the thinking principle in man will be destroyed by the change which takes place at the moment of his dissolution. That change, however great and interesting to the individual, may be not more wonderful nor more mysterious than the changes which take place in the different states of existence to which a caterpillar is destined. This animal, as already stated, is first an *egg*, and how different

does its form appear when it comes forth a crawling worm? After living some time in the caterpillar state, it begins to languish and apparently dies; it is encased in a tomb, and appears devoid of life and enjoyment. After a certain period it acquires new life and vigour, bursts its confinement, appears in a more glorious form, mounts upward on expanded wings, and traverses the regions of the air. And is it not reasonable, from analogy, to believe that man in his present state is only the *rudiment* of what he shall be hereafter in a more expansive sphere of existence; and that, when the body is dissolved in death, the soul takes its ethereal flight into a celestial region, puts on immortality, and becomes "all eye, all ear, all ethereal and divine feeling?"

NATURAL THEOLOGY—THE ARGUMENT CUMULATIVE.

WILLIAM PALEY, Archdeacon of Carlisle, author of "Natural Theology," "Evidences of Christianity," &c.: 1743-1805.

WERE there no example in the world of contrivance except that of the *eye*, it would be alone sufficient to support the conclusion which we draw from it, as to the necessity of an intelligent Creator. It could never be got rid of, because it could not be accounted for by any other supposition, which did not contradict all the principles we possess of knowledge:, the principles according to which things do, as often as they can be brought to the test of experience, turn out to be true or false. Its coats and humours, constructed as the lenses of a telescope are constructed, for the refraction of rays of light to a point, which forms the proper office of the organ: the provision in its muscles for turning its pupil to the object, similar to that which is given to the telescope by screws, and upon which power of direction in the eye, the exercise of its office as an optical instrument depends: the further provision for its defence, for its constant lubricity and moisture, which we see in its socket and its lids; in its gland for the secretion of the matter of tears, its outlet or communication with the nose for carrying off the liquid after the eye is washed with it; the provisions compose altogether an apparatus, a system of parts, a preparation of means, so manifest in their design, so exquisite in their contrivance, so successful in their issue, so precious, and so infinitely beneficial in their use, as, in my opinion, to bear down all doubt that can be raised on the subject. And what I wish, under the title of the present chapter, to observe, is, that if other parts of nature were inaccessible to our inquiries, or even if other parts of nature presented nothing to our examination but

disorder and confusion, the validity of this example would remain the same. If there were but one watch in the world, it would not be less certain that it had a maker. If we had never in our lives seen any but one single kind of hydraulic machine, yet, if of that one kind we understood the mechanism and use, we should be as perfectly assured that it proceeded from the hand, and thought, and skill of a workman, as if we visited a museum of the arts, and saw collected there twenty different kinds of machines for drawing water, or a thousand different kinds for other purposes. Of this point, each machine is a proof independently of all the rest. So it is with the evidences of a divine agency. The proof is not a conclusion which lies at the end of a chain of reasoning, of which chain each instance of contrivance is only a link, and of which, if one link fail, the whole falls; but it is an argument separately supplied by every separate example. An error in stating an example affects only that example. The argument is cumulative in the fullest sense of that term. The eye proves it without the ear, the ear without the eye. The proof in each example is complete; for when the design of the part, and the conduciveness of its structure to that design is shown, the mind may set itself at rest; no future consideration can detract anything from the force of the example.

A HYMN FOR THE HARVEST.

(*Illustrated London News.*)

FATHER, who loves for ever!
Of good the constant Giver!
Almighty and all-wise!
Thy power all things sustaining,
Thy providence still reigning
O'er human destinies.
Thy parent arm is o'er us,
Thy bounty is before us,
Thy goodness still supplies,
Thy mercy never dies.

Adorable of Nature,
And every human creature,
Since time and earth began;
Truth's cynosure unmoving,
Life's centre heart of loving,
A universal one;
Thou savest, and Thou guidest,
Preparest and providest,
For every living thing
Beneath Thy shielding wing.

The little seedling knoweth,
Thy vital warmth, and groweth
In darkness all intense;
And not a blossom springeth,
And not an insect wringeth
In ecstacy of sense;
And not a creature calleth,
And not a sparrow falleth,
Nor spirit goeth hence,
But in Thy providence.

Though men forget Thee daily,
Pursue their pleasures gaily,
And turn their hearts away;
Thy glory coldly hidden,
The grace and truth forbidden
To shed a cheering ray;
Yet mercy never faileth
But still on earth prevaileth
Above our broken day,
To save us when we pray.

When many evils bound us,
And famine was around us,
And Death was standing by;
We turned to Thee to hear us,
We looked to Thee to cheer us
Amid our misery;
To Thee our prayers were given
From hearts woe-wrung and riven
By the stern agony
Of penitential sigh.

The spring arose all cheering,
The kindly rains appearing,
The earth awoke in glee;
The bud was kindly showing,
The blossom richly blowing,
On plant, and shrub, and tree;
The harvest's glory brighten'd,
Our doubts and fears were lighten'd,
And faithful hearts could see
Fresh mercy still in Thee.

On every side surrounding,
On every side abounding,
Lo! cornfields bright as gold;
The sheaves clasp one another,
Each, as a living brother,
Embracing to uphold;
The reaper's song is singing,
The harvest cheer is ringing,
Amid the copses old,
And echoes round the wold.

Awake, O bright creation,
And join in adoration!
Spread forth eternal bow,—
Thy promise arch extending,
Above the brown ears bending,
Like worshippers below;
Ye beech-trees richly bearing
The russet mast, and wearing
The ripe autumnal glow,
Your adoration show.

Mount, skylark, from the clover,
And sing the harvest over
Amid the saffron sky;
Chant each departing swallow,
From rugged crag and hollow,
A hymn before ye fly!
Trill, mavis in the thicket,
Chirp loudly, merry cricket,
Your shrill incessant cry
In gratitude on high.

Great God of our creation!
Bright Lord of our salvation!
Director of our ways!
Spirit that ever lightens,
The lowly heart it brightens
With its celestial blaze!
We now rejoice before Thee,
In thankfulness adore Thee,
And in Thy smile would raise
An humble hymn of praise.

SYSTEMS OF PHILOSOPHY.

JOHN DANIEL MORELL, author of "History of Philosophy," &c.

THE most vivid and striking facts of our consciousness are unquestionably those which we term sensations. To them the mind is sure at first to bend its attention, and as the progress of investigation goes on, it discovers an immense multitude of notions over and above our simple perceptions, the germ of which must undoubtedly be traced to the sensational faculty. Physical science, for example, in all its branches, and every kind of knowledge, indeed, that is connected with the objects of the external world, arise directly from the analysis, classification, and general investigation of those numberless materials, which come through the channel of our sensations. So far the progress of what we shall term the sensational philosophy is

perfectly legitimate and correct, and has given rise from time to time to splendid results. Many philosophers, however, absorbed in the multitude, the variety, and the grandeur of the fruits of physical science, have lost sight of everything else—have made the senses the sole fountains of human knowledge, and built up a whole metaphysical system upon the basis of external nature. Such, in fact, was the philosophy of the French Encyclopedists, and such, *in tendency*, was the philosophy of Locke.

A precisely contrary direction, on the other hand, has arisen from a too close and partial analysis of *self*. In this analysis our volitions, or desires, and the subjective laws of our reason and intelligence, were very properly and plainly separated from the whole region of sensation; but after a time, when attention became entirely concentrated upon the inherent powers of the individual mind, the external world itself was made to depend upon its subjective laws, and there resulted a whole philosophical system based upon the one notion of *self*, with its native and exhaustless energies. Such is idealism,—true and beautiful in its results, so long as it investigates what are, properly speaking, the innate faculties of the human mind, but false and delusive when it would go a step too far, and draw from within what a more accurate philosophy shows to arise from an objective world around us. Such, in its fullest extent, was the philosophy of Berkeley in England, and of Fichte in Germany; such, in its tendency, was Kantism; and such, in its first and better movement, was the system with which Dr Reid honoured and enlightened his country.

That the philosophic spirit, however, should remain content with the struggles of two opposite schools, both giving opposite conclusions, and both running into extravagant results, was a thing in its nature impossible. The contradictions thus thrown up to view naturally gave rise to a critical philosophy, the object of which is to examine the grounds and pretensions of every other system, to check the progress and arraign the conclusions of dogmatism, and to get nearer the True by denying and overturning the False. The philosophy which thus aims at detecting falsehood without attempting to build up any system of truth, we term *Scepticism:* not that contemptible species of scepticism which, as practised by some, is nothing more than a secret abhorrence of human reason and a disguised misanthropy, but that which honestly aims after truth by means of exposing error wherever it may lurk. As in the case of sensationalism and idealism, therefore, so also in scepticism there is a good side and a bad; the one seeking to establish truth, by

separating from it all untruth, the other seeking to lay truth as well as error alike prostrate at the foot of an obstinate and irrational unbelief. Such, then, is the natural result of the struggle between an extreme sensationalism on the one hand, and an extreme idealism on the other.

That scepticism, however, should be the culminating point of the philosophic spirit, and that the human mind should rest satisfied with the ultimate conclusion, that the highest wisdom is to doubt, were altogether inconceivable. Sceptical philosophy may be invaluable as an *instrument*, which helps us on the road to truth by dissipating fond delusions; but the mind can only repose at last in *positive*, or, as we may term them, *dogmatical* results. What, then, is the next step to which the human mind advanced after sensationalism, idealism, and scepticism had exhausted their resources and left it in doubt? The resource, we answer, in which the mind last of all takes refuge, is *Mysticism*. Reason and reflection have apparently put forth all their power, and ended in uncertainty. The mystic thereupon rises to view, and says to the rest of the philosophers around him,—Ye have all alike mistaken the road, ye have sought for truth from a totally incorrect source, and entirely overlooked the one divine element within you, from which alone it can be derived. Reason is imperfect, it halts and stumbles at every step, when it would penetrate into the deeper recesses of pure and absolute truth. But look within you; is there not a spiritual nature there, that allies you with the spiritual world? is there not an enthusiasm which arises in all its energy, when reason grows calm and silent? is there not a light that envelops all the faculties, if you will only give yourself up to your better feelings, and listen to the voice of the God that speaks and stirs within? To this source, then, the mystic looks for a knowledge that far transcends the feeble results of our reflective faculty, and in which he would lay the basis of the highest and truest philosophy.

In mysticism, however, as well as in the other systems I have adduced, there is undoubtedly a mixture of truth and error. It is quite possible, amidst the cold abstractions of reason, to lose sight of that inward impulse which shows itself in the flashes of genius, in the spontaneous efforts of the imagination, and in the ardent aspirations of man's religious faculty. Every part of our intellectual life, we must remember, develops itself in its free and spontaneous, as well as it does in its conscious and reflective movements; and often the efforts of our spontaneous being have in them greater freshness and vigour than those of our calmer and more reflective.

The benefit, then, which we owe to mysticism is, that it recalls our attention again and again to the *spontaneous* working of our highest faculties; that it points out to us the lofty emotions to which this working often gives rise; that it withdraws us from absorbing our whole attention in logical forms and processes, and points out to us the real and veritable existence of a spiritual world with which we are all closely connected, to whose laws we are all subjected, and without which our higher reason, our instinctive faith, and our fondest aspirations, would be mockery and delusion.

On the other hand, mysticism is perhaps the readiest of all philosophies to fall into abuse, and to run into endless extravagances. Once let the enthusiastic element absorb the reflective, or an implicit faith be reposed in our inner sensibility, and no bounds are sufficient to mark out the delusions to which we become subject, and the wild extravagances to which the mind will resign itself. Once establish the principle, that implicit credence must be given to *feeling* in its varied impulses, and every strong inward suggestion may become the whispering of some celestial spirit, every vivid idea the appearance of some vision from another world, and the natural impulses of an energetic soul become soon transformed into the ravings of religious fanaticism. Such is mysticism in its nature and origin, and such also both in its healthy and its deleterious results.

In reviewing the progress of these four philosophical tendencies, we cannot fail to make the observation, that they all owe their origin to some correct idea, and all succeed in eliciting some fragments of truth that would otherwise, in all probability, have been either neglected or concealed. This consideration lies at the foundation of another school of philosophy, which may follow one or other of these four directions, as the case may be, to a certain extent; but which, seeing in them all only the different movements of the human reason as it progresses towards the unfolding of truth, rejects in each one that which may appear extravagant or incorrect, and builds up the residuum of truth, from whatever source derived, into a new and more complete system. Such is briefly the birth and the aim of Eclecticism, a school of philosophy which, though modest in its pretensions, and tolerant in its tone, is singularly extensive in its researches, and safe in its results.

GLAUKON AND SOCRATES.

PLATO, the greatest of Greek philosophers, and disciple of Socrates: B.C. 430–347.

(Translated by WILLIAM WHEWELL, author of the "Philosophy and History of the Inductive Sciences," &c., 1795–1865.)

WHEN Glaukon, the son of Ariston, not yet twenty years old, was obstinately bent on making a speech to the people of Athens, and could not be stopped by his other friends and relations, even though he was dragged from the speaker's bench by main force, and well laughed at, Socrates did what they could not do; and by talking with him, checked this ambitious attempt. "So, Glaukon," said he, "it appears that you intend to take a leading part in the affairs of the State."—"I do, Socrates," he replied.—"And certainly," said Socrates, "if there be any brilliant position among men, *that* is one. For if you attain this object, you may do what you like—serve your friends, raise your family, exalt your country's power, become famous in Athens, in Greece, and perhaps even among the barbarians, so that when they see you, they will look at you as a wonder, as was the case with Themistocles."

This kind of talk took Glaukon's fancy, and he stayed to listen. Socrates then went on: "Of course, in order that the city may thus honour you, you must promote the benefit of the city."—"Of course," Glaukon said.—"And now," says Socrates, "do not be a niggard of your confidence, but tell me, of all love, what is the first point in which you will promote the city's benefit." And when Glaukon hesitated at this, as having to consider in what point he should begin his performances, Socrates said: "Of course, if you were to have to benefit the family of a friend, the first thing you would think of would be to make him richer; and, in like manner, perhaps, you would try to make the city richer."—"Just so," said he.—"Then, of course, you would increase the revenues of the city."—"Probably," said he.—"Good. Tell me, now, what *are* the revenues of the city, and what they arise from. Of course, you have considered these points with a view of making the resources which are scanty become copious, and of finding some substitute for those which fail."—"In fact," said Glaukon, "those are points which I have not considered."—"Well, if that be the case," said Socrates, tell me at least what are the expenses of the city; for, of course, your plan is to retrench anything that is superfluous in these."—"But, indeed," said he, "I have not given my attention

to this matter."—"Well, then," said Socrates, "we will put off for the present this undertaking of making the city richer; for how can a person undertake such a matter without knowing the income and the outgoings?"

Glaukon, of course, must by this time have had some misgivings, at having his fitness as a prime minister tested by such questioning as this. However, he does not yield at once. "But, Socrates," he says, "there is a way of making the city richer by taking wealth from our enemies."—"Doubtless there is," said Socrates, "if you are stronger than they; but if that is not so, you may by attacking them lose even the wealth you have."—"Of course, that is so," says Glaukon.—"Well, then," says Socrates, "in order to avoid this mistake, you must know the strength of the city and of its rivals. Tell us first the amount of our infantry, and of our naval force, and then that of our opponents."—"Oh, I cannot tell you that off-hand and without reference."—"Well, but if you have made memoranda on these subjects, fetch them. I should like to hear."—"No; in fact," he said, "I have no written memoranda on this subject."—"So; then we must at any rate not begin with war: and, indeed, it is not unlikely that you have deferred this as too weighty a matter for the very beginning of your statesmanship. Tell us, then, about our frontier fortresses, and our garrisons there, that we may introduce improvement and economy by suppressing the superfluous ones." Here Glaukon *has* an opinion, probably the popular one of the day. "I would," he says, "suppress them all. I know that they keep guard so ill there, that the produce of the country is stolen." Socrates suggests that the abolition of guards altogether would not remedy this, and asks Glaukon whether he knows by personal examination that they keep guard ill. "No," he says, "but I guess it." Socrates then suggests that it will be best to defer this point also, and to act when we do not *guess*, but *know*. Glaukon assents that this may be the better way. Socrates then proceeds to propound to Glaukon, in the same manner, the revenue which Athens derived from the silver mines, and the causes of its decrease; the supply of corn, of which there was a large import into Attica; and Glaukon is obliged to allow that these are affairs of formidable magnitude. But yet, Socrates urges, "No one can manage even one household without knowing and attending to such matters. Now, as it must be more difficult to provide for ten thousand houses than for one," he remarks, that "it might be best for him to begin with one;" and suggests, "as a proper case, to make the experiment upon the household of

Glaukon's uncle, Charmides, for he really needs help."—"Yes," says Glaukon, "and I would manage my uncle's household, but he will not let me." And then Socrates comes in with an overwhelming retort: "And so," he says, "though you cannot persuade your uncle to allow you to manage for *him*, you still think you can persuade the whole body of the Athenians, your uncle among the rest, to allow you to manage for *them*." And he then adds the moral of the conversation: What a dangerous thing it is to meddle, either in word or in act, with what one does not know.

THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, a distinguished Cambridge scholar and poet-laureate: 1715–1785.

A GRECIAN youth of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philosophic care,
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boast his matchless skill,
To curb the steed and guide the wheel,
And as he pass'd the gazing throng
With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they express'd
Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length, quite vain, he needs would show
His master what his art could do;
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus' sacred shade.
The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs startled at the sight,
The muses drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmost shades retire!

Howe'er, the youth with forward air
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car.
The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring,
And gathering crowds with eager eyes
And shouts pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;
And now, along the indented plain,
The self-same track he marks again;

Pursues with care the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement seized the circling crowd,
The youths with emulation glow'd,
Even bearded sages hail'd the boy,
And all, but Plato, gazed with joy;
For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field,
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye:
"Alas! unhappy youth," he cried,
"Expect no praise from me, (and sigh'd)—
With indignation I survey
Such skill and judgment thrown away.
The time profusely squander'd there
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at less expense
Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,
And raised thee from a coachman's fate,
To govern men and guide the state."

THE SENSES SUITED TO MAN'S CONDITION.

JOHN LOCKE, the celebrated author of the Essay on "The Human Understanding," and founder of modern sensational philosophy: 1632–1704.

HAD we senses acute enough to discern the minute particles of bodies, and the real constitution on which their sensible qualities depend, I doubt not but that they would produce quite different ideas in us; and that which is now the yellow colour of gold would then disappear, and instead of it we should see an admirable texture of parts of a certain size and figure. This microscopes plainly discover to us; for what to our naked eyes produces a certain colour, is, by thus augmenting the acuteness of our senses, discovered to be quite a different thing, and the thus altering, as it were, the proportion of the bulk of the minute parts of a coloured object to our usual sight, produces different ideas from what it did before. Thus, sand or pounded glass, which is opaque, and white to the naked eye, is pellucid in a microscope; and a hair, seen in this way, loses its former colour, and is in a great measure pellucid, with a mixture of some bright, sparkling colours, such as appear from the refraction of diamonds and other pellucid bodies. Blood, to the

naked eye, appears all red; but by a good microscope, wherein its lesser parts appear, shows only some few globules of red, swimming in a pellucid liquor; and how these red globules would appear, if glasses could be found that could yet magnify them a thousand or ten thousand times more, is uncertain.

The infinitely-wise Contriver of us, and all things about us, hath fitted our senses, faculties, and organs, to the conveniences of life, and the business we have to do here. We are able, by our senses, to know and distinguish things, and to examine them so far as to apply them to our uses and several ways to accommodate the exigencies of this life. We have insight enough into their admirable contrivances and wonderful effects, to admire and magnify the wisdom, power, and goodness of their Author. Such a knowledge as this, which is suited to our present condition, we want not faculties to attain. But it appears not that God intended we should have a perfect, clear, and adequate knowledge of them: that, perhaps, is not in the comprehension of any finite being. We are furnished with faculties (dull and weak as they are) to discover enough in the creatures to lead us to the knowledge of the Creator and the knowledge of our duty, and we are fitted well enough with abilities to provide for the conveniences of living: these are our business in this world. But were our senses altered, and made quicker and acuter, the appearance and outward scheme of things would have quite another face to us, and, I am apt to think, would be inconsistent with our being, or at least wellbeing, in this part of the universe which we inhabit. He that considers how little our constitution is able to bear a remove into parts of this air, not much higher than that we commonly breathe in, will have reason to be satisfied that in this globe of earth allotted for our mansion, the all-wise Architect has suited our organs, and the bodies that are to affect them, one to another. If our sense of hearing were but one thousand times quicker than it is, how would a perpetual noise distract us! And we should, in the quietest retirement, be less able to sleep or meditate than in the middle of a sea-fight. Nay, if that most instructive of our senses, seeing, were in any man a thousand or a hundred thousand times more acute than it is by the best microscope, things several millions of times less than the smallest object of his sight now would then be visible to his naked eyes, and so would he come nearer to the discovery of the texture and motion of the minute parts of corporeal things, and in many of them, probably, get ideas of their internal constitutions. But then he would be in a quite different world from other people; nothing would appear the same

to him and to others; the visible ideas of everything would be different. So that I doubt whether he and the rest of men could discourse concerning the objects of sight, or have any communication about colours, their appearances being so wholly different. And, perhaps, such a quickness and tenderness of sight could not endure bright sunshine, or so much as open daylight, nor take in but a very small part of any object at once, and that, too, only at a very near distance. And if, by the help of such microscopical eyes, (if I may so call them,) a man could penetrate farther than ordinary into the secret composition and radical texture of bodies, he would not make any great advantage by the change, if such an acute sight would not serve to conduct him to the market and exchange—if he could not see things he was to avoid at a convenient distance, nor distinguish things he had to do with by those sensible qualities others do. He that was sharp-sighted enough to see the configuration of the minute particles of the spring of a clock, and observe upon what peculiar structure and impulse its elastic motion depends, would no doubt discover something very admirable; but if eyes so framed could not view at once the hand and the characters of the hour-plate, and thereby at a distance see what o'clock it was, their owner could not be much benefited by that acuteness, which, while it discovered the secret contrivance of the parts of the machine, made him lose its use.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF HUDIBRAS.

SAMUEL BUTLER, the author of "Hudibras," a mock-heroic poem: 1612–1680.

HE was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side,
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute;
He 'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man 's no horse;
He 'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl—
A calf, an alderman—a goose, a justice—
And rooks, committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination:

All this, by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
He had hard words, ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by:
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You 'd think he talk'd like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleased to show 't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich—
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learn'd pedants much affect:
It was a party-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin,
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he talk'd three parts in one,
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel.

REVOLUTION IN SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

IMMANUEL KANT, the founder of modern German philosophy: 1724–1804.

IN the earliest times of which history affords us any record, *mathematics* had already entered on the sure course of science among that wonderful nation, the Greeks. Still, it is not to be supposed that it was as easy for this science to strike into, or rather to construct for itself, that royal road, as it was for logic, in which reason has only to deal with itself. On the contrary, I believe that it must have remained long—chiefly among the Egyptians—in the stage of blind groping after its true aims and destination, and that it was revolutionized by the happy idea of one man, who struck out and determined for all time the path which this science must follow, and which admits of an indefinite advancement. The history of this intellectual revolution—much more important in its results than

the discovery of the passage round the celebrated Cape of Good Hope—and of its author, has not been preserved. But Diogenes Laertius, in naming the supposed discoverer of some of the simplest elements of geometrical demonstration—elements which, according to the ordinary opinion, do not even require to be proved—makes it apparent that the change introduced by the first indication of this new path must have seemed of the utmost importance to the mathematicians of that age, and it has since been secured against the chance of oblivion. A new light must have flashed on the mind of the first man (*Thales*, or whatever may have been his name) who demonstrated the properties of the *isosceles* triangle; for he found that it was not sufficient to meditate on the figure as it lay before his eyes, or the conception of it as it existed in his mind, and thus endeavour to get at the knowledge of its properties, but that it was necessary to produce these properties, as it were, by a positive *a priori* construction; and that, in order to arrive with certainty at *a priori* cognition, he must not attribute to the object any other properties than those which necessarily followed from that which he had himself, in accordance with his conception, placed in the object.

A much longer period elapsed before *Physics* entered on the highway of science; for it is only about a century and a half since the wise Bacon gave a new direction to physical studies, or rather —as others were already on the right track—imparted fresh vigour to the pursuit of this new direction. Here, too, as in the case of mathematics, we find evidence of a rapid intellectual revolution. In the remarks which follow, I shall confine myself to the *empirical* side of natural science.

When Galileo experimented with balls of a definite weight on the inclined plane; when Torricelli caused the air to sustain a weight which he had calculated beforehand to be equal to that of a definite column of water; or when Stahl, at a later period, converted metals into lime, and re-converted lime into metal, by the addition and subtraction of certain elements, a light broke upon all natural philosophers. They learned that reason only perceives that which it produces after its own design—that it must not be content to follow, as it were, in the leading-strings of nature, but must proceed in advance with principles of judgment according to unvarying laws, and compel nature to reply to its questions; for accidental observation, made according to no preconceived plan, cannot be united under a necessary law. But it is this that reason seeks for and requires. It is only the principles of reason which can give to concordant phenomena the validity of laws; and it is

only when experiment is directed by these rational principles, that it can have any real utility. Reason must approach nature with the view, indeed, of receiving information from it—not, however, in the character of a pupil who listens to all that his master chooses to tell him, but in that of a judge, who compels the witnesses to reply to those questions which he himself thinks fit to propose. To this single idea must the revolution be ascribed, by which, after groping in the dark for so many centuries, natural science was at length conducted into the path of certain progress.

We come now to *metaphysics*, a purely speculative science, which occupies a completely isolated position, and is entirely independent of the teachings of experience. It deals with mere conceptions—not, like mathematics, with conceptions applied to intuition—and in it reason is the pupil of itself alone. It is the oldest of the sciences, and would still survive, even if all the rest were swallowed in the abyss of an all-destroying barbarism. But it has not yet had the good fortune to attain to the sure scientific method. This will be apparent, if we apply the tests which we proposed at the outset. We find that reason perpetually comes to a stand when it attempts to gain *a priori* the perception even of those laws which the most common experience confirms. We find it compelled to retrace its steps in innumerable instances, and to abandon the path on which it had entered, because this does not lead to the desired result. We find, too, that those who are engaged in metaphysical pursuits are far from being able to agree among themselves, but that, on the contrary, this science appears to furnish an arena specially adapted for the display of skill, or the exercise of strength in mock-contests—a field in which no combatant ever yet succeeded in gaining an inch of ground, in which, at least, no victory was ever yet crowned with permanent possession.

This leads us to inquire why it is that, in metaphysics, the sure path of science has not hitherto been found. Shall we suppose that it is impossible to discover it? Why, then, should nature have visited our reason with restless aspirations after it, as if it were one of our weightiest concerns? Nay, more, how little cause should we have to place confidence in our reason, if it abandons us in a matter about which, most of all, we desire to know the truth, and not only so, but even allures us to the pursuit of vain phantoms, only to betray us in the end? Or, if the path has only hitherto been missed, what indications do we possess to guide us in a renewed investigation, and to enable us to hope for greater success than has fallen to the lot of our predecessors?

It appears to me that the examples of mathematics and natural philosophy, which, as we have seen, were brought into their present condition by a sudden revolution, are sufficiently remarkable to fix our attention on the essential circumstances of the change which has proved so advantageous to them, and to induce us to make the experiment of imitating them, so far as the anology which, as rational sciences, they bring to metaphysics may permit.

A FUTURE STATE.

DUGALD STEWART.

It may perhaps be asked why the evidences of a future state were not made more striking and indubitable; why human reason was left so much in the dark on a subject so interesting to our happiness; and why even that revelation which has brought life and immortality to light, has not afforded us a clearer view of the occupations and enjoyments of futurity. To these questions it would be presumptuous to attempt a direct reply. But surely we may be permitted to observe, that the evidence of a future state may be easily conceived to have been so irresistibly strong, and the prospect of our future destination so clearly presented to our view, that the world would no longer have answered the purpose of a state of probation; nor would the business of life have afforded any object of sufficient magnitude to interest our passions, and call forth our actions.

> "A sense of higher life would only damp
> The school-boy's task, and spoil his playful hours:
> Nor could the child of reason, feeble man,
> With vigour through this infant being drudge,
> Did brighter worlds their unimagined bliss
> Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve the mind."
>
> —THOMSON.

This idea is illustrated, with his usual taste and judgment, and with somewhat more than his usual originality of thought, by Dr Blair, in his discourse on our imperfect knowledge of a future state; and it has been placed in a singularly happy point of view by Bernardin de St Pierre, in his ingenious and eloquent work, entitled, "Studies of Nature."

"I recollect," says M. de St Pierre, "that on my return to France, in a vessel which had been on voyage to India, as soon as the sailors had perfectly distinguished the land of their native coun-

try, they became in a great measure incapable of attending to the business of the ship. Some looked at it wistfully without the power of minding any other object; others dressed themselves in their best clothes, as if they had been going that moment to disembark; some talked to themselves, and others wept. As we approached, the disorder of their mind increased. As they had been absent several years, there was no end to their admiration of the verdure of the hills, of the foliage of the trees, and even of the rocks which skirted the shore, covered over with sea-weed and mosses. The church spires of the villages where they were born, which they distinguished at a distance up the country, and which they named one after another, filled them with transports of delight. But when the vessel entered the port, and when they saw on the quays their friends, their fathers, their mothers, their wives, and their children, stretching out their arms to them with tears of joy, and calling them by their names, it was no longer possible to retain a single man on board. They all sprang ashore, and it became necessary, according to the custom of the port, to employ another set of mariners to bring the vessel to her moorings.

"What then would be the case were we indulged with a sensible discovery of those regions inhabited by those who are most dear to us, and who alone are worthy of our most sublime affections? All the laborious and vain solicitudes of a present life would come to an end. The exit from this world to the other being in every man's power, the gulf would be quickly shot; but nature has involved it in obscurity, and has planted doubt and apprehension to guard the passage."

HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

JAMES BEATTIE, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Aberdeen, and author of "The Minstrel:" 1735–1803.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas then, by the cave of a mountain reclined,
A hermit his nightly complaint thus began:
Though mournful his numbers, his heart was resign'd;
He thought as a sage, but he felt as a man:—

"Ah, why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?

For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
Yet, if pity inspire thee, ah, cease not thy lay!
Mourn, sweetest complainer! man calls thee to mourn:
Oh, soothe him, whose pleasures, like thine, pass away;
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguish'd her crescent displays;
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high,
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again!
But man's faded glory, no change shall renew;
Ah, fool! to exult in glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you,
For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save;
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
Oh! when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?

"'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
Oh! pity, great Father of light, then I cried,
Thy creature who fain would not wander from Thee!
Lo! humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride,
From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free.

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn;
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn:
See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

WORDS NOT THE SOLE CAUSE OF ERROR.

VICTOR COUSIN, the head of the French Eclectic School of Philosophy: born 1791.

I CONCLUDE by designating to you another proposition, or rather another pretension of Locke, which it is important to confine within just limits. Everywhere Locke attributes to words the greatest part of our errors; and if you expound the master by the pupils, you will find in all the writers of the school of Locke that all disputes are disputes of words; that science is nothing but a language, and consequently that a well-constructed science is a well-constructed language. I declare my opposition to the exaggerations of these assertions. No doubt words have a great influence, no doubt they have much to do with our errors, and we should strive to make the best language possible. Who questions it? But the question is to know whether every error is derived from language, and whether science is merely a well-constructed language. No; the causes of our errors are very different; they are both more extended and more profound. Levity, presumption, indolence, precipitation, pride, a multitude of moral causes influence our judgments. The vices of language may be added to natural causes and aggravate them, but they do not constitute them. If you look more closely, you will see that the greater part of disputes, which seem at first disputes of words, are at bottom disputes of things. Humanity is too serious to become excited, and often sheds its best blood for the sake of words. Wars do not turn upon verbal disputes: I say as much of other quarrels, of theological quarrels, and of scientific quarrels, the profundity and importance of which are misconceived when they are resolved into pure wars of words. Assuredly every science should seek a well-constructed language; but to suppose that there are well-constructed sciences because there are well-constructed languages, is to take the effect for the cause. The contrary is true: sciences have well-constructed languages when they are themselves well constructed. The mathematics have a well-constructed language. Why? Because in mathematics the ideas are perfectly determined; the simplicity, the rigour, and the precision of ideas have produced rigour, precision, and simplicity of signs. Precise ideas cannot be expressed in confused language; and if in the infancy of a language it were so for a while, soon the precision, the rigour, and the fixedness of the ideas would dissipate the vagueness and the obscurity of the language. The excellence of physical and chemical sciences evidently comes from well-made experiments.

Facts having been observed and described with fidelity, reason has been able to apply itself to these facts with certainty, and to deduce from them legitimate consequences and applications. Hence has sprung, and should have sprung, a good system of signs. Make the contrary supposition; suppose badly-made experiments: the more strict the reasoning, founded upon these false data, shall be, the more errors will it draw from them, the greater reach and extent will it communicate to the errors. Suppose that the theories which result from these imperfect and vicious experiments were represented by the most simple, the most analogous, the best determined signs; of what importance will the goodness of the signs be, if that which is concealed under this excellent language is a chimera or an error? Take medicine. The complaint is made that this science has advanced so little. What do you think must be done to bring it up from the regions of hypothesis, and to elevate it to the rank of a science? Do you think that at first you could, by a well-constructed language, reform physiology and medicine? Or do you not think that the true method is experiment, and with experiment the severe employment of reasoning? A good system of signs would of itself follow; it would not come before, or it would uselessly come. It is the same in philosophy. It has been unceasingly repeated that the structure of the human mind is entire in that of language, and that philosophy would be finished the day in which a philosophical language should be achieved; and starting thence an endeavour has been made to arrange a certain philosophical language more or less clear, easy, elegant, and it has been believed that philosophy was achieved. It was not; it was far from being achieved. This prejudice has even retarded it by separating experiment from it. Philosophical science, like every science of observation and reasoning, lives by well-made observation and strict reasonings. There, and not elsewhere, is the whole future of philosophy.

ÆSTHETICS—THE NATURE OF TASTE, OR A SENSE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

FRANCIS JEFFREY, Lord-Advocate of Scotland, for some time editor of the *Edinburgh Review*: 1773–1850.

THERE are few parts of our nature which have given more trouble to philosophers, or appeared more simple to the unreflecting, than the perceptions we have of beauty, and the circumstances under which these are presented to us. If we ask one of the latter (and

larger) class, what beauty is, we shall most probably be answered, that it is what makes things pleasant to look at; and if we remind him that many other things are called and perceived to be beautiful, besides objects of sight, and ask how, or by what faculty he supposes that we distinguish such objects, we must generally be satisfied with hearing that it has pleased God to make us capable of such a perception. The science of mind may not appear to be much advanced by these responses; and yet, if it could be made out, as some have alleged, that our perception of beauty was a simple sensation, like our perception of colour, and that the faculty of taste was an original and distinct sense, like that of seeing or hearing; this would be truly the only account that could be given, either of the sense or of its object; and all that we could do, in investigating the nature of the latter, would be to ascertain and enumerate the circumstances under which it was found to indicate itself to its appropriate organ. All that we can say of colour, if we consider it very strictly, is, that it is that property in objects by which they make themselves known to the faculty of sight; and the faculty of sight can scarcely be defined in any other way than as that by which we are enabled to discover the existence of colour. When we attempt to proceed further, and, on being asked to define what green or red is, say that green is the colour of grass, and red of roses or of blood, it is plain that we do not in any respect explain the nature of those colours, but only *give instances* of their occurrence; and that one who had never seen the objects referred to could learn nothing whatever from these pretended definitions. Complex ideas, on the other hand, and compound emotions, may always be defined, and explained to a certain extent, by enumerating the parts of which they are made up, or resolving them into the elements of which they are composed: and we may thus acquire, not only a substantial, though limited, knowledge of their nature, but a practical power in their regulation or production.

It becomes of importance, therefore, in the very outset of this inquiry, to consider whether our sense of beauty be really a simple sensation, like some of those we have enumerated, or a compound or derivative feeling, the sources or elements of which may be investigated and ascertained. If it be the former, we have then only to refer it to the peculiar sense or faculty of which it is the object; and to determine by repeated observations, under what circumstances that sense is called into action; but if it be the latter, we shall have to proceed, by a joint process of observation and reflection, to ascertain what are the primary feelings to which it may be referred, and by what peculiar modification of them it is produced and distinguished. We are not quite prepared, as yet, to

exhaust the whole of this important discussion, to which we shall be obliged to return in the sequel of our inquiry; but it is necessary, in order to explain and to set forth, in their natural order, the difficulties with which the subject is surrounded, to state here, in a very few words, one or two of the most obvious, and, as we think, decisive objections against the notion of beauty being a simple sensation, or the object of a separate and peculiar faculty.

The first, and perhaps the most considerable, is the want of agreement as to the presence and existence of beauty in particular objects, among men whose organisation is perfect, and who are plainly possessed of the faculty, whatever it may be, by which beauty is discerned. Now, no such thing happens, we imagine, or can be conceived to happen, in the case of any other simple sensation, or the exercise of any other distinct faculty. Where one man sees light, all men who have eyes see light also. All men allow grass to be green, and sugar to be sweet, and ice to be cold; and the unavoidable inference from any apparent disagreement in such matters necessarily is, that the party is insane, or entirely destitute of the sense or organ concerned in the perception. With regard to beauty, however, it is obvious, at first sight, that the case is entirely different. One man sees it perpetually, where to another it is quite invisible, or even where its reverse seems to be conspicuous. Nor is this owing to the insensibility of either of the parties; for the same contrariety exists where both are keenly alive to the influences of the beauty they respectively discern. A Chinese or African lover would probably see nothing at all attractive in a belle of London or Paris; and, undoubtedly, an *elegans formarum spectator* from either of those cities would discover nothing but deformity in the Venus of the Hottentots. A little distance in time often produces the same effects as distance in place; the gardens, the furniture, the dress, which appeared beautiful in the eyes of our grandfathers, are odious and ridiculous in ours. Nay, the difference in rank, education, or employment, gives rise to the same diversity of sensation. The little shopkeeper sees a beauty in his road-side box, and in the staring tile-roof, wooden lions, and chopped box-wood, which strike horror into the soul of the student of the picturesque; while *he* is transported in surveying the fragments of ancient sculpture, which are nothing but ugly masses of mouldering stone, in the judgment of the admirer of neatness. It is needless, however, to multiply instances, since the fact admits of no contradiction. But how can we believe that beauty is the object of a peculiar sense or faculty, when persons undoubtedly possessed of the faculty, and even in an eminent degree, can dis-

cover nothing of it in objects where it is distinctly felt and perceived by others with the same use of the faculty?

All tastes, then, are equally just and true, in so far as concerns the individual whose taste is in question; and what a man feels distinctly to be beautiful, *is beautiful* to him, whatever other people may think of it. For a man himself, there is no taste that is either bad or false; and the only difference worthy of being attended to, is that between a great deal and a very little. Some who have cold affections, sluggish imaginations, and no habits of observation, can with difficulty discern beauty in anything; while others, who are full of kindness and sensibility, and who have been accustomed to attend to all the objects around them, feel it almost in everything. It is no matter what other people may think of the objects of their admiration; nor ought it to be any concern of theirs that the public would be astonished or offended, if they were called upon to join in that admiration. So long as no such call is made, this anticipated discrepancy of feeling need give *them* no uneasiness; and the suspicion of it should produce no contempt in any other persons. It is a strange aberration indeed of vanity that makes us despise persons for being happy, for having sources of enjoyment in which we cannot share! and yet, this is the true source of the ridicule which is so generally poured upon individuals who seek only to enjoy their peculiar tastes unmolested; for, if there be any truth in the theory we have been expounding, no taste is bad for any other reason than because it is peculiar, as the objects in which it delights must actually serve to suggest to the individual those common emotions and universal affections upon which the sense of beauty is everywhere founded. The misfortune is, however, that we are apt to consider all persons who make known their peculiar relishes, and especially all who create any objects for their gratification, as in some measure dictating to the public, and setting up an idol for general adoration; and hence this intolerant interference with almost all peculiar perception of beauty, and the unsparing derision that pursues all deviations from acknowledged standards. This intolerance, we admit, is often provoked by something of a spirit of proselytism and arrogance, in those who mistake their own casual associations for natural or universal relations; and the consequence is, that mortified vanity ultimately dries up, even for them, the fountain of their peculiar enjoyment, and disenchants, by a new association of general contempt or ridicule, the scenes that had been consecrated by some innocent but accidental emotion.

IMAGINATION.

JOHN RUSKIN, author of "Modern Painters," "Seven Lamps of Architecture," &c.: born 1819.

IF we were to be asked abruptly, and required to answer briefly, what qualities chiefly distinguish great artists from feeble artists, we should answer, I suppose, first their sensibility and tenderness; secondly, their imagination; and thirdly, their industry. Some of us might, perhaps, doubt the justice of attaching so much importance to this last character, because we have all known clever men who were indolent, and dull men who were industrious. But though you may have known clever men who were indolent, you never knew a great man who was so; and during such investigation as I have been able to give to the lives of the artists whose works are in all points noblest, no fact ever looms so large upon me—no law remains so steadfast in the universality of its application—as the fact and law that they are all great workers; nothing concerning them is matter of more astonishment, than the quantity they have accomplished in the given length of their life; and when I hear a young man spoken of, as giving promise of high genius, the first question I ask about him is always—Does he work?

But though this quality of industry is essential to an artist, it does not in anywise make an artist; many people are busy, whose doings are little worth. Neither does sensibility make an artist; since, as I hope, many can feel both strongly and nobly, who yet care nothing about art. But the gifts which distinctively mark the artist—without which he must be feeble in life, forgotten in death, *with* which he may become one of the shakers of the earth, and one of the signal-lights in heaven—are those of sympathy and imagination! I will not occupy your time, nor incur the risk of your dissent, by endeavouring to give any close definition of this last word. We all have a general and sufficient idea of imagination, and of its work with our hands and in our hearts; we understand it, I suppose, as the imagining or picturing of new things in our thoughts; and we always show an involuntary respect for this power, whenever we can recognise it, acknowledging it to be a greater power than manipulation, or calculation, or observation, or any other human faculty. If we see an old woman spinning at the fireside, and distributing her thread dexterously from the distaff, we respect her for her manipulation; if we ask her how much she expects to make in a year, and she answers quickly, we respect her for her calculation; if she is watching at the same time that none of her

grandchildren fall into the fire, we respect her for her observation, —yet for all this she may still be a commonplace old woman enough. But if she is all the time telling her grandchildren a fairy tale out of her head, we praise her for her imagination, and say she must be a rather remarkable old woman.

Precisely, in like manner, if an architect does his working-drawing well, we praise him for his manipulation; if he keeps closely within his contract, we praise him for his honest arithmetic; if he looks well to the laying of his beams, so that nobody shall drop through the floor, we praise him for his observation. But he must, somehow, tell us a fairy tale out of his head besides all this, else we cannot praise him for his imagination, nor speak of him as we did of the old woman, as being in any wise out of the common way, a rather remarkable architect.

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

MARK AKENSIDE, author of "Pleasures of the Imagination:" 1721-1770.

O BLEST of heaven! whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the siren! not the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm the enliven'd soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn,
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;

And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure unreproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only; for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight; her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien;
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations; if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous power;
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of man; we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: He tells the heart,
He meant, He made us to behold and love
What He beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like Him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With His conceptions, act upon His plan,
And form to His, the relish of their souls.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

HERODOTUS, the "Father of History," the first of Greek classical prose writers, a persevering traveller and diligent observer, but very credulous historian: born B.C. 484; the date of his death is uncertain.

(From Russell's "Ancient and Modern Egypt.")

HERODOTUS, it is well known, ascribes the largest of the pyramids to Cheops, a tyrannical and profligate sovereign. "He barred the avenues to every temple, and forbade the Egyptians to offer sacrifice to the gods; after which, he compelled the people at large to perform the work of slaves. Some he condemned to hew stones out of the Arabian mountains, and drag them to the banks of the Nile; others were stationed to receive the same in vessels and transport them to the edge of the Libyan desert. In this service a hundred thousand men were employed, who were relieved every three months. Ten years were spent in the hard labour of forming the road on which these stones were to be drawn—a work, in my estimation, of no less difficulty and fatigue than the erection of the pyramid itself. This causeway is five stadia in length, forty cubits wide, and its greatest height thirty-two cubits; the whole being composed of polished marble, adorned with the figures of animals. Ten years, as I have observed, were consumed in forming this pavement, in preparing the hill on which the pyramids were raised, and in excavating chambers under the ground. The burial-place which he intended for himself, he contrived to insulate

within the building, by introducing the waters of the Nile. The pyramid itself was a work of twenty years; it is of a square form, every side being eight plethra in length, and as many in height. The stones are very skilfully cemented, and none of them of less dimensions than thirty feet.

"The ascent of the pyramid was regularly graduated by what some call steps, and others altars. Having finished the first tier, they elevated the stones to the second by the aid of machines constructed of short pieces of wood; from the second, by a similar engine, they were raised to the third; and so on to the summit. Thus there were as many machines as there were courses in the structure of the pyramid, though there might have been only one, which, being easily manageable, could be raised from one layer to the next in succession; both modes were mentioned to me, and I know not which of them deserves most credit. The summit of the pyramid was first finished and coated, and the process was continued downward till the whole was completed. Upon the exteriors were recorded, in Egyptian characters, the various sums expended in the progress of the work, for the radishes, onions, and garlic consumed by the artificers. This, as I well remember, my interpreter informed me amounted to no less a sum than one thousand six hundred talents. If this be true, how much more must it have cost for iron tools, food, and clothes for the workmen! particularly when we consider the length of time they were employed in the building itself, besides what was spent on the quarrying and carriage of the stones, and the construction of the subterraneous apartments.

"According to the account given to me by the Egyptians, this Cheops reigned fifty years. He was succeeded on the throne by his brother Cephrenes, who pursued a policy similar in all respects. He also built a pyramid, but it was not so large as his brother's, for I measured them both. It has no subterraneous chambers, nor any channel for the admission of the Nile, which, in the other pyramid, is made to surround an island where the body of Cheops is said to be deposited. Thus, for the space of one hundred and six years the Egyptians were exposed to every species of oppression and calamity, not having had during this long period permission to worship in their temples. Their aversion to the memory of both these monarchs is so great that they have the utmost reluctance to mention even their names. They call their pyramids by the name of Philitis, who, at the epoch in question, fed his cattle in that part of Egypt."

GRECIAN ARCHITECTURE.

WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D., the author of many excellent text-books on the Greek and Latin languages, history and literature, &c. : born 1814.

ARCHITECTURE first claims our attention in tracing the history of Grecian art, since it attained a high degree of excellence at a much earlier period than either sculpture or painting. Architecture has its origin in nature and in religion. The necessity of a habitation for man, and the attempt to erect habitations suitable for the gods, are the two causes from which the art derives its existence. In Greece, however, as in most other countries, architecture was chiefly indebted to religion for its development; and hence its history, as a fine art, is closely connected with that of the temple. But before speaking of the Grecian temples, it is necessary to say a few words respecting the earlier buildings of the Greeks.

The oldest works erected by Grecian hands are those gigantic walls which are still found at Tiryns and Mycenæ, and other cities of Greece. They consist of enormous blocks of stone put together without cement of any kind, though they differ from one another in the mode of their construction. In the most ancient specimens, the stones are of irregular polygonal shapes, and no attempt is made to fit them into one another, the gaps being filled up with smaller stones: of this we have an example in the walls of the citadel of Tiryns. In other cases the stones, though they are still of irregular polygonal shapes, are skilfully hewn and fitted to one another, and their faces are cut so as to give the whole wall a smooth appearance. A specimen of this kind is seen in the walls of Larissa, the citadel of Argos. In the third species the stones are more or less regular, and are laid in horizontal courses. The walls of Mycenæ present one of the best examples of this structure. These gigantic walls are generally known by the name of Cyclopean, because posterity could not believe them to be the works of man. Modern writers assign them to the Pelasgians; but we know nothing of their origin, though we may safely believe them to belong to the earlier periods of Greek history. In the Homeric poems we find the cities of Greece surrounded with massive walls; and the poet speaks of the chief cities of the Argive kingdom as "the walled Tiryns," and "Mycenæ the well-built city."

The only other remains which can be regarded as contemporary with these massive walls are those subterraneous dome-shaped edifices, usually supposed to have been the treasuries of the heroic kings.

This, however, seems doubtful, and many modern writers maintain them to have been the family-vaults of the ancient heroes by whom they were erected. The best preserved monument of this kind is the one at Mycenæ, where we find so many remains of the earliest Grecian art. This building, generally called the Treasury of Atreus, is entirely underground. It contains two chambers, the one upon entrance being a large vault about fifty feet in width, and forty in height, giving access to a small chamber excavated in the solid rock. The building is constructed of horizontal courses of masonry, which gradually approach and unite at the top in a closing stone. Its principle is that of a wall resisting a superincumbent weight, and deriving strength and coherence from the weight itself, which is in reality the principle of the arch. The doorway of the monument was formerly adorned with pilasters and other ornaments in marble of different colours. It appears to have been lined in the interior with bronze plates, the holes for the nails of which are still visible in horizontal rows.

The temples of the gods were originally small in size and mean in appearance. The most ancient were nothing but hollow trees, in which the images of the gods were placed, since the temple in early times was simply the habitation of the deity, and not a place for worshippers. As the nation grew in knowledge and in civilization, the desire naturally arose of improving and embellishing the habitations of their deities. The tree was first exchanged for a wooden house. The form of the temple was undoubtedly borrowed from the common dwellings of men. Among the Greeks of Asia Minor, we still find an exact conformity of style and arrangement between the wooden huts now occupied by the peasantry, and the splendid temples of antiquity. The wooden habitation of the god gave way in turn to a temple of stone. In the erection of these sacred edifices, architecture made great and rapid progress; and even as early as the sixth century, B.C., there were many magnificent temples erected in various parts of Hellas. The form of the temples was very simple, being either oblong or round; and their grandeur was owing to the beautiful combination of columns which adorned the interior as well as the outside. These columns either surrounded the building entirely, or were arranged in porticoes on one or more of its fronts; and according to their number and distribution temples have been classified, both by ancient and modern writers on architecture. Columns were originally used simply to support the roof of the building; and, amidst all the elaborations of a later age, this object was always kept in view.

Hence we find the column supporting a horizontal mass, technically called the entablature. Both the column and the entablature are again divided into three distinct parts. The former consists of the base, the shaft, and the capital; the latter of the architrave, the frieze, and the cornice. The architrave is the chief beam, resting on the summit of the row of columns; the frieze rises above the architrave, and is frequently adorned by figures in relief; and above the frieze projects the cornice, forming a handsome finish to the entablature.

According to certain differences in the proportion and embellishment of the columns and entablature, Grecian architecture was divided into three orders, called respectively the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian. The Doric order is the most ancient, and is marked by the characteristics of the people from whom it derives its name. It is simple, massive, and majestic. The column is characterised by the absence of a base, by the thickness and rapid diminution of the shaft, and by the simplicity and massiveness of the capital. In the entablature the architrave is in one surface, and quite plain. The frieze is ornamented by triglyphs, so called from the three flat bands into which they are divided by the intervening channels: while the metopes, or the vacant spaces between the triglyphs, are also adorned with sculptures in high relief. The cornice projects far, and on its under side are cut several sets of drops, called mutules.

The Ionic order is distinguished by simple gracefulness, and by a much richer style of ornament than the Doric. The shaft of the column is much more slender, and rests upon a base; while the capital is adorned by spiral volutes. The architrave is in three faces, the one slightly projecting beyond the other; there is a small cornice between the architrave and the frieze, and all three members of the entablature are more or less ornamented with mouldings.

The Corinthian order is only a later form of the Ionic. It is especially characterised by its beautiful capital, which is said to have been suggested to the mind of the celebrated sculptor Callimachus by the sight of a basket, covered with a tile, and overgrown by the leaves of an acanthus, on which it had accidentally been placed. The earliest known example of its use, throughout a building, is in the monument of Lysicrates, commonly called the Lantern of Demosthenes, which was built in B.C. 335.

Passing over the earlier Greek temples, we find at the beginning of the sixth century, B.C., several magnificent buildings of this kind

mentioned by the ancient writers. Of these, two of the most celebrated were the temple of Artemis (Diana) at Ephesus, and the temple of Hera (Juno) at Samos. The former was erected on a gigantic scale, and from its size and magnificence was regarded as one of the wonders of the world. It was commenced about B.C. 600, under the superintendence of the architects Chersiphron, and his son Metagenes, of Cnossus in Crete, but it occupied many years in building. The material employed was white marble, and the order of architecture adopted was the Ionic. Its length was 425 feet, its breadth 220 feet; the columns were 60 feet in height, and 127 in number; and the blocks of marble composing the architrave were 30 feet in length. This wonder of the world was burnt down by Herostratus, in order to immortalise himself, on the same night that Alexander the Great was born (B.C. 366): but it was afterwards rebuilt with still greater magnificence by the contributions of all the states of Asia Minor.

The temple of Hera (Juno) at Samos, was begun about the same time as the one at Ephesus; but it appears to have been finished much earlier, since it was the largest temple with which Herodotus was acquainted. It was 346 feet in length and 189 in breadth, and was originally built in the Doric style, but the existing remains belong to the Ionic order. The architects were Rhœcus, and his son Theodorus, both natives of Samos.

ATHENIAN ARCHITECTURE DURING THE AGE OF PERICLES.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, novelist, poet, orator, and politician: born 1805.

THEN rapidly progressed those glorious fabrics which seemed, as Plutarch gracefully expresses it, endowed with the bloom of a perennial youth. Still the houses of private citizens remained simple and unadorned, still the streets were narrow and irregular; and even centuries after, a stranger entering Athens would not at first have recognised the claims of the mistress of Grecian art. But to the homeliness of her common thoroughfares and private mansions, the magnificence of her public edifices now made a dazzling contrast. The Acropolis, that towered above the homes and thoroughfares of men—a spot too sacred for human habitation—became, to use the proverbial phrase, "a city of gods." The citizen was everywhere to be reminded of the majesty of the STATE—his patriotism

was to be increased by the pride in her beauty—his taste to be elevated by the spectacle of her splendour.

Thus flocked to Athens all who, throughout Greece, were eminent in art. Sculptors and architects vied with each other in adorning the young empress of the seas; then rose the masterpieces of Phidias, of Callicrates, of Mnesicles, which, either in their broken remains, or in the feeble copies of imitators less inspired, still command so intense a wonder, and furnish models so immortal. And if, so to speak, their bones and relics excite our awe and envy, as testifying of a lovelier and grander race, which the deluge of time has swept away, what, in that day, must have been their brilliant effect—unmutilated in their fair proportions—fresh in all their lineaments and hues? For their beauty was not limited to the symmetry of arch and column, nor their materials confined to the marbles of Pentelicus and Paros. Even the exterior of the temples glowed with the richest harmony of colours, and was decorated with the purest gold; an atmosphere peculiarly favourable both to the display and preservation of art, permitted to external pediments and friezes all the minuteness of ornament, all the brilliancy of colours, such as in the interior of Italian churches may yet be seen; vitiated, in the last, by a gaudy and barbarous taste.

Nor did the Athenians spare any cost upon the works that were, like the tombs and tripods of their heroes, to be the monuments of a nation to distant ages, and to transmit the most irrefragable proof "that the power of ancient Greece was not an idle legend." The whole democracy were animated with the passion of Pericles; and when Phidias recommended marble as a cheaper material than ivory for the great statue of Minerva, it was for that reason that ivory was preferred by the unanimous voice of the assembly. Thus, whether it were extravagance or magnificence, the blame in one case, the admiration in another, rests not more with the minister than the populace. It was, indeed, the great characteristic of those works that they were entirely the creation of the people; without the people Pericles could not have built a temple or engaged a sculptor. The miracles of that day resulted from the enthusiasm of a population yet young—full of the first ardour for the beautiful—dedicating to the State, as to a mistress, the trophies honourably won, or the treasures injuriously extorted—and uniting the resources of a nation with the energy of an individual, because the toil, the cost, were borne by those who succeeded to the enjoyment and arrogated the glory.

THE COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the most distinguished and popular of American poets: born 1807.

IT is now past midnight. The moon is full and bright, and the shadows lie so dark and massive in the street that they seem a part of the walls that cast them. I have just returned from the Coliseum, whose ruins are so marvellously ruinous by moonlight. No stranger at Rome omits this midnight visit; for though there is something unpleasant in having one's admiration forestalled, and being as it were romantic aforethought, yet the charm is so powerful, the scene so surpassingly beautiful and sublime,—the hour, the silence, and the colossal ruin have such a mastery over the soul—that you are disarmed when most upon your guard, and betrayed into an enthusiasm which, perhaps, you had silently resolved you would not feel.

On my way to the Coliseum I crossed the Capitoline Hill, and descended into the Roman Forum by the broad staircase that leads to the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus. Close upon my right hand stood the three remaining columns of the temple of the Thunderer, and the beautiful Ionic portico of the temple of Concord—their base in shadow, and the bright moonbeam striking aslant upon the broken entablature above. Before me rose the Phocian Column—an isolated shaft, like a thin vapour hanging in the air scarce visible; and far to the left the ruins of the temple of Antonio and Faustina, and the three colossal arches of the temple of Peace—dim, shadowy, indistinct—seemed to melt away and mingle with the sky. I crossed the Forum to the foot of the Palatine, and, ascending the Via Sacra, passed beneath the Arch of Titus. From this point I saw below me the gigantic outline of the Coliseum, like a cloud resting upon the earth. As I ascended the hill-side it grew more broad and high, more definite in its form, and yet more grand in its dimensions, till, from the vale in which it stands, encompassed by three of the seven hills of Rome—the Palatine, the Cœlian, and the Esquiline—the majestic ruin in all its solitary grandeur "swelled vast to heaven."

A single sentinel was pacing to and fro beneath the arched gateway which leads to the interior, and his measured footsteps were the only sounds that broke the breathless silence of the night. What a contrast with the scene which that same midnight hour presented when, in Domitian's time, the eager populace began to

gather at the gates, impatient for the morning sports! Nor was the contrast within less striking. Silence, and the quiet moonbeams, and the broad deep shadows of the ruined wall! Where were the senators of Rome, her matrons, and her virgins? Where the ferocious populace that rent the air with shouts, when, in the hundred holy days that marked the dedication of this imperial slaughter-house, five thousand wild beasts from the Libyan deserts and the forests of Anatolia made the arena sick with blood? Where were the Christian martyrs that died with prayers upon their lips, amid the jeers and imprecations of their fellow-men? Where the barbarian gladiators, brought forth to the festival of blood, and "butchered to make a Roman holiday?" The awful silence answered, "They are mine!" The dust beneath me answered, "They are mine!"

I crossed to the opposite extremity of the amphitheatre. A lamp was burning in the little chapel, which has been formed from what was once a den for the wild beasts of the Roman festivals. Upon the steps sat the old beadsman, the only tenant of the Coliseum, who guides the stranger by night through the long galleries of this vast pile of ruins. I followed him up a narrow wooden staircase, and entered one of the long and majestic corridors, which in ancient times ran entirely round the amphitheatre. Huge columns of solid mason-work, that seem the labour of Titans, support the flattened arches above; and though the iron clumps are gone which once fastened the hewn stones together, yet the columns stand majestic and unbroken amid the ruins around them, and seem to defy "the iron tooth of time." Through the arches at the right, I could faintly discern the ruins of the baths of Titus on the Esquiline; and from the left, through every chink and cranny of the wall, poured in the brilliant light of the full moon, casting gigantic shadows around me, and diffusing a soft, silvery twilight through the long arcades. At length I came to an open space, where the arches above had crumbled away, leaving the pavement an unroofed terrace high in air. From this point, I could see the whole interior of the amphitheatre spread out beneath me, half in shadow, half in light, with such a soft and indefinite outline that it seemed less an earthly reality than a reflection in the bosom of a lake. The figures of several persons below were just perceptible, mingling grotesquely with their fore-shortened shadows. The sound of their voices reached me in a whisper; and the cross that stands in the centre of the arena looked like a dagger thrust into the sand. I did not conjure up the past, for the past had already become identified with the

present. It was before me in one of its visible and most majestic forms. The arbitrary distinctions of time—years, ages, centuries—were annihilated. I was a citizen of Rome! This was the amphitheatre of Flavius Vespasian!

Mighty is the spirit of the past, amid the ruins of the Eternal City!

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

Dr Henry Duncan, of Ruthwell in Scotland, the founder of savings banks, and author of the "Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons:" 1774–1846.

The progress of architecture in religious structures, under the influence of Christianity, has been traced with much ingenuity and research from the *basilicæ*, or courts of justice of ancient Rome, (converted in the days of Constantine into churches,) through its various changes during the Lombard ascendancy, till it merged, by some unknown steps, in what has acquired the name of the Gothic or pointed style. This consummation took place about the end of the eleventh, or beginning of the twelfth century. Hitherto the arch had been almost uniformly semicircular, as being the form of greatest durability; but at this period a new principle was introduced, which, with a view to loftiness, combined with extensive space and lightness, elongated the arch by means of two segments of a large circle meeting in a central point. What was thus lost in equality of pressure was compensated for by various resources of the art, and, among others, by what all denominated flying buttresses, which afforded countervailing inward pressure, while they were consistent with the general design of bestowing a character of majesty on the whole fabric, by reducing it to somewhat of a pyramidal form.

The power of the arch was now called forth in its utmost perfection, and the various combinations which its new form required, constituted the triumph of architectural skill. What served to modify these combinations was, that the cross, the instrument of man's redemption, which had been early adopted as the chief emblem of the Christian faith, and the very form of which, in an ignorant and superstitious age, was supposed to be a charm against evil, and a token for good, was employed in the sacred architecture of the age, not merely to ornament the exterior of their buildings, and give sacredness to the altar, but even to regulate the principle on which their ecclesiastical structures were erected. This distinc-

tive form inferred a space where the transverse limbs of the cross should unite in a large quadrangle, and this quadrangle gave rise to lofty arches springing from massy pillars, which were abutted in the various directions of the lateral pressure, by the solid walls that enclosed the area of the cruciform building. On this arched transept stood the high tower, which gave characteristic dignity to the whole.

The history of this remarkable form of structure, its sudden rise, its universal adoption, and, after a few centuries, its equally sudden decline, forms a striking feature in the progress of the arts. It may be accounted for, chiefly, from the intercommunity which existed over the whole bounds of the Latin Church among ecclesiastics, and the facility with which they imparted to each other the ideas which prevailed in influential quarters. The Gothic style—first adopted, as would appear, in the vast empire of Germany, where the arts were, at that period, most successfully cultivated—was recommended by various considerations, which could not fail to weigh on the minds of the great corporation which then swayed public opinion. It was admirably adapted to the prevailing form of worship, its vast assemblies, its solemn processions, its splendid and imposing ceremonies. It awed by the magnificence of its conception, and the power and science required in its execution. It formed an enduring memorial both of the skill and the resources of those under whose auspices it flourished. Besides all this, it was consistent with the principle which the Church of Rome affected, that all the nations under its dominion should display a uniformity, not merely in their ritual, but in the very character and taste of their edifices. This passion for uniformity was increased by the intercourse established by means of the Crusades; and, doubtless, some of the grand conceptions which the view of conquered Constantinople, and the once mighty cities of Palestine, inspired, were embodied in this new and favourite architecture.

From Germany the taste for Gothic architecture quickly spread into France and Italy; and, by means of the powerful fraternity of Freemasons, who, if not the originators of this style, enthusiastically adopted it, was soon diffused over the whole boundaries of the Latin Church. This remarkable corporation, which was invested by the Popes with very important exclusive privileges, spread themselves throughout Europe, carrying with them at once the science and the authority that enabled them, in those dark ages, to form works of so much magnificence; and being aided, wherever they went, both by the countenance of the clergy, and by the wealth

which a mistaken piety placed at their disposal, they supplied the demand which the zeal of the times had excited.

It is remarkable, that of the original designs for these mighty monuments of art, very few traces have been left, probably because the jealousy of the Freemasons concealed them from the public eye. Some, however, have been recently discovered among the archives of German monasteries, which show the deep science, the long forethought, and the complicated calculation, employed in their formation.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE AND ARCHITECTS.

Dr Duncan.

The decline of the pointed style of architecture, at one time, so universal throughout Europe, was owing to a change of taste in the influential quarter of Italy, where the antique style of the classic ages again suddenly came into fashion. It was then for the first time that the pointed style received the name of Gothic. This was a title of contempt given to it by the Italians, and edopted by other nations. In the fifteenth century, learning and the arts, which had been chiefly confined, as we have said, to acclesiastics, began to revive, and the new impulse was accompanied with an excusable reverence for the school of the ancients, which quickly spread to their edifices.

From this time the architectural taste of Europe experienced a rapid change, commencing in the seat of the ecclesiastical government, and spreading by degrees to the utmost extent of the Roman Church. Early in the fifteenth century, Filippo Brunelleschi, a Florentine, born in 1377, whose ardent and liberal mind led him to form his taste by studying the remains of ancient buildings at Rome, undertook and completed the Cathedral of Florence, with an octagonal cupola of great dimensions, which a convocation of the architects of that age had pronounced impracticable. The completion of this edifice, the example of the other excellent works in which he was employed, and the perusal of the writings of Vitruvius, created a general disposition to this style of architecture. It was increased by a treatise of Alberti, a learned canon of the metropolitan church of Florence, who, like many other monks of the preceding ages, also practised architecture. These circumstances were preparatory to the great undertaking, which filled the epoch of the revival of this art, and gave to the Christian world a temple, which, in mag-

nitude and variety of parts, far surpassed every Grecian and Roman work of a similar description.' In the pontificate of Julius II., Brumante, a native of the duchy of Urbino, having been distinguished by various architectural works at Rome, was employed, first, to design the great theatre between the old Vatican and Belvidere, and afterwards the original plan for St Peter's Church; and the latter magnificent structure, altered however, and in some respects deteriorated, was carried on under the direction of Raphael de Urbino, the friend of the designer. Various other eminent men flourished at the same time, who adopted similar views, and by their labour contributed to establish the taste which had thus been introduced. Among these was Michael Angelo, eminent alike in the three kindred arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture; who, with mighty genius, was deficient in taste, and in the pursuit of novelty often lost sight of propriety, but who has notwithstanding left behind him a name which succeeding ages have not eclipsed.

It is no part of our design to enter into a minute description of modern buildings. In referring, however, to the progress of the art in Britain, it would be culpable neglect to omit the name of Inigo Jones, who flourished at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and who was the first English architect that, having cultivated the Grecian style, established it in Great Britain. Of him it is remarked, that besides the classical elegance which he introduced into public buildings, we are indebted for much of the convenience and comfort, then for the first time introduced into private buildings.

The only other British architect whom I shall name, as giving permanence to the modern style of architecture, is Sir Christopher Wren. This eminent man came into notice about the middle of the same century. It is to him that we owe the plan and rebuilding of the present cathedral of St Paul's, after the former structure had been consumed in the great fire of 1666. It is proper to observe, however, that great as this effort of architectural art undoubtedly is, it does not equal, either in simplicity, elevation, or boldness, that which he originally conceived, and was desirous to execute. The commissioners interfered with and checked his magnificent views, and he was under the necessity of cramping his genius, from the want of liberality in his employers. In the church of St Stephen's, Walbrook, there is an admirable specimen of his skill: it consists, internally, of a cupola, resting on Corinthian columns, the whole distributed and adjusted with the utmost ele-

gance and correctness. Besides many other works which the devastation of the fire subjected to his genius, in the monument erected to commemorate that calamity, he constructed a column, equal in design and execution, and superior in elevation to any of antiquity. The height of this column is 202 feet; that of Antoninus, at Rome, was 175; and that of Trajan only 147.

ANCIENT AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE.

(From *Sharpe's London Magazine.*)

Our readers may not be aware that the antiquities of the Indian tribes of North America have acquired, within the last half century, an immense and increasing interest. The earlier historians of the continent were ignorant or incredulous as to the existence of any such mementoes of the past, although the chroniclers who followed in the wake of Cortez and other conquerors, had described them in the most glowing terms. At length, by the researches of Humboldt and other travellers in Mexico and Peru, especially of Stephens and Catherwood, in Central America, it has been found that those portions of the continent abound in the most magnificent remains. Immense pyramidal mounds crowned with gorgeous palaces, or sacrificial altars adorned with elaborate sculptures, tablets covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions, as yet undecipherable, generally rude, but sometimes elegant in idea and execution, sculptures, and paintings, and ornaments, are met with in increasing numbers among the depths of the tropical forests, the gorgeous vegetation of which invests them, as it were, with a funereal shroud, and embraces them in the death-grasp of final obliteration. It is fortunate that some records of these precious memorials are preserved to us by recent explorers. They attest the former existence of a race which had attained a fixed state of civilization, a considerable knowledge of the arts and sciences, with a religious system, of which terror appears to have been the great principle, human sacrifices forming its conspicuous feature, a state of things, indeed, in all respects identical with the condition of Mexico at the period of its invasion by Cortez, when some of the temples were doubtless destroyed, while others, of more ancient date, probably, were at that period already fallen into ruin. In North America, during the period of its first settlement, which was confined almost exclusively to the seaboard, no discoveries whatever were made; but as the stream of

immigration, crossing the ridges of the Alleghanies, poured down upon the Mississippi and the Ohio, and the dense forests and boundless prairies of the west were gradually opened and explored, another and very interesting class of antiquities began to be disinterred from the oblivion of centuries. It was slowly, indeed, as the forest fell beneath the axe of the backwoodsman, that they came to light; they were for a long time but partially uncovered, or so imperfectly explored, that, even until a very recent period, they were regarded by many as being only peculiarities of geological formation, which credulous imagination had converted into fortresses, and temples, and sepulchres. The recent researches of Squier and Davis, accompanied as they are by elaborate surveys and drawings, have left no further room for scepticism, and have established, beyond dispute, the interesting fact, that the interior of the North American continent, as well as the southern, was once inhabited by an immense and settled population, who have left behind them almost innumerable memorials of their occupation.

These remains extend almost continuously over the whole interior, from the great lakes on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and from the sources of the Alleghany in western New York, for above a thousand miles up the Missouri, and into Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa. They are found in far greater numbers in the western than in the eastern portion of this immense district. They may be traced, too, along the seaboard from Texas to Florida, but are not met with any further along the north-eastern coast. They are generally planted in the rich valleys of the western rivers, or elevated above them on commanding natural terraces. In the neighbourhood of the upper lakes they assume the singular form of gigantic relievos of earthen walls, often covering several acres, tracing out upon the soil outlines of the figures of men, birds, beasts, and reptiles. Southward of these appear, on the banks of the Ohio and its tributaries, mounds and truncated terraces of immense extent, sustaining earthen enclosures and embankments extending for entire miles. Of these extraordinary earthworks, many were evidently fortifications, exhibiting no small constructive skill, defended by numerous bastions, having covered ways, hornworks, concentric walls, and lofty mounds intended as observatories, and numerous gateways giving access to the immense line of fortified enclosure, with graded roadways to ascend from terrace to terrace. Of these defences there appears to have been a chain, extending from the head of the Alleghany diagonally across Central Ohio to the River Wabash.

Not all, however, of these earthworks were intended as fortresses; many were evidently designed for religious purposes. One of the most extraordinary of these is called the Great Serpent, on a projecting tongue of high land in Adams county, Ohio. The head of the reptile points towards the extremity, his form is traced out with all its convolutions, and its jaws are opened as if it were to swallow a large egg-shaped enclosure occupying the extreme point of the promontory. Its entire length, if stretched out, would be a thousand feet. The serpent and globe was a symbol in Egypt, Greece, Assyria, and Mexico; and those familiar with English antiquities will no doubt remember a similar and still more gigantic instance of a serpent, sacred enclosure, and mound on the downs of Avebury in Wiltshire. Of the earthworks some are square, some perfectly circular, others of intricate and curious outline, while many appear to have something symbolical in their arrangements. It is necessary also to correct a popular mistake with regard to their materials, which, it has been affirmed, consist exclusively of earth, whereas both stone and unbaked brick have occasionally been made use of. The mounds scattered over the western valleys and prairies are almost innumerable, and of infinitely various dimensions, one of the largest covering six acres of ground. These also appear to have been appropriated to different purposes, some to sustain sacrificial altars or temples, others intended for sepulchres, containing skeletons, with pottery and charcoal for consuming the bodies. A remarkable instance of the latter class is the great mound at Grave Creek, which was penetrated by a perpendicular shaft opening into two sepulchral chambers, containing several skeletons with pottery and other articles. Within these enclosures and mounds have been discovered numerous stone sculptures of the heads of men, or of human figures in crouching attitudes; of the beaver, the wild cat, and the toad; of the swallow and other birds; of the heron striking a fish, the last very beautifully executed; and of the sea cow, an animal peculiar to the tropical regions. Ornamented tablets have also been dug up, and in some places sculptures of men, eagles, and elks can be traced on the face of the rocks, with rude attempts to represent hunting scenes. There have also been found instruments of silver and copper, axes, drills, and spear heads, stone discs, and instruments for games, with beads, shells, ornaments, and pipes, as well as decorated pottery.

Respecting the whole of these monuments it may be remarked, that they are evidently far ruder than those in Mexico and Central

America, to which as they approach in locality they appear to approximate in character and arrangements; and it is thus an interesting question whether we are to regard them as the original and more ancient works of a race who afterwards reached a higher degree of civilization further to the south, or whether, on the contrary, they present to us traces of a migration from the south towards the north. "It is not impossible," observes Squier, "that the agriculture and civilization of Mexico, Central America, and Peru, may have originated on the banks of the Mississippi." Whatever may be the result of further researches, one thing is abundantly evident, that the great valley of that river and of its tributaries was once occupied by a population who had advanced from the migratory state of hunting to the fixed condition of cultivators of the soil; that the population who raised these great defensive and sacred structures must have been dense and widely spread, in order to execute works for which prolonged and combined efforts were so obviously necessary, and that their customs, laws, and religion must have assumed a fixed and definite shape.

THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA.

In a country which has so recently been brought under the influences of civilization as that comprising the provinces of British North America, artistic excellence is hardly to be looked for. The attractions of our new land are to be found in its natural features, the great lakes, broad rivers, and primeval forests, which diversify its surface, and present scenes of beauty on a scale gigantic and magnificent. So numerous, so varied, and so pressing have been the wants of an ever-increasing population, that the luxuries of life have long been unable to overtake its bare necessaries; the stately mansion has been compelled to wait upon the rough log shanty, and the pleasure garden to give place to the newly-cleared corn patch. Of late years, however, the growth of the Provinces, in material as well as intellectual prosperity, has been such, that our rulers have felt themselves warranted in ministering to the cultivation of a refined taste, and in promoting the development of art in at least one of its branches, that of architecture. University College, Toronto, and the Ottawa Government Buildings, are mostly monuments of this progressive spirit, rivalling as they do the most classic structures of the old world.

The Canadian Parliament having referred to her Majesty, Queen Victoria, the selection of the capital of Canada, that gracious lady was pleased to make choice of the city of Ottawa, strongly and most romantically situated upon the river of the same name. The sum of £75,000 was then voted for the erection of suitable parliament buildings, a sum which, on account of the necessary and unforeseen excavations to be made in the rock upon which they are built, was largely exceeded. The design of the buildings was that of Messrs Fuller and Jones, the style of architecture being that known as the Italian Gothic, a style pleasing in itself, and rendered almost necessary by the peculiarities of a Canadian climate. The buildings form the three sides of a quadrangle, the head of which is occupied by the Parliament Building alone, 475 feet in length; the remaining two sides comprise the Departmental Buildings, which are much inferior in point of architectural beauty. In the centre of the Parliament Building is the main tower, 180 feet in height, very massive below, but gradually tapering above to the lightness and dimensions almost of a spire. This is relieved by various smaller towers at the angles of the structure, and between these and the centre tower. The body of the building is about 40 feet high, the roof being slanting and capped with light and graceful iron work. The exterior of the edifice is built of a valuable stone which abounds in the rich quarries of the Ottawa; this stone is of two tints which relieve one another as light and shade, and being undressed presents a dazzling aspect to the sun. The internal arrangements of the building are equally elegant and complete, and the plan of the grounds in front of it is in strict keeping with the general artistic character of the place.

Much, however, as Art has done for the embellishment of the new capital, she has but completed the work begun by Nature. The Government Buildings stand upon the most elevated spot in the city, from whence a view of river and island, waterfall and rapid, hill and forest, greets the beholder, a view unsurpassed by any on the continent. Behind the buildings, an almost perpendicular rock descends to the Ottawa, giving to the whole structure a bold and striking appearance.

The corner-stone of the Ottawa Government Buildings was laid in September 1860, by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The ceremony was a most imposing one, and will long be remembered by the loyal subjects of his queenly mother in these her Provinces of British North America.

CELEBRATED SCULPTURES.

(From "The Wonders of all Nations.")

The art of sculpture has been practised from the earliest ages. Probably its practice was anterior to that of drawing, and its early history is almost a part of the history of the religions of the ancients. In its large sense sculpture may be taken to signify the representation of form in any material; wood, metal, stone, clay, plaster, have all been used. Some of the ancient metal figures were cast, so as to give colour to the figures. Thus silver has been used to represent the pallid hue of death, and a mixture of bronze and iron to indicate the glow of the skin. There was a statue of Augustus formed of amber, and the figures used in funereal ceremonies were sometimes composed of odoriferous gums and spices. We shall, however, only thus indicate these conceits of art, and confine ourselves to describing a few of those statues which may be taken as examples of the highest perfection which has yet been attained.

The finest example of manly grace which sculptors have bequeathed to us, is to be found in the wonderfully beautiful and graceful statue of the Apollo Belvidere.

This splendid specimen of ancient art was found towards the end of the fifteenth century in the ruins of the ancient Antium, at the Capo d'Anzo, about fifteen leagues from Rome. It was purchased by Pope Julius II., and by him placed in the Belvidere in the Vatican. The figure is about seven feet high, and with the exception of a loose cloak perfectly naked. When found the left hand and right arm had been broken off, and those parts were restored by Giovanni Angelo da Montorsoli, a pupil of Michael Angelo. In its present state it represents the god after he has just discharged an arrow at the serpent Python, waiting to watch the effect of his shaft.

For some time the Apollo was supposed to be a Grecian production, and specifically attributed to Phidias. There is, however, no proof of this, and the evidence seems to lean to its being created in the time of Nero. It is not the least wonderful fact in the history of art that that monster who spared none—whose lusts, passions, and appetites were his sole guide—was an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of art. The following passage of Homer's Hymn is supposed to be that which suggested the idea to the sculptor:—

> "Apollo's bow unerring sped the dart,
> And the fierce monster groan'd beneath the smart;

Tortured with pain, hard breathing on the ground,
The serpent writhed beneath the fatal wound.
Now here, now there, he winds amidst the wood,
And vomits forth his life in streams of blood.
'Rot where thou liest,' the exulting archer said,
'No more shall man thy veangeful fury dread;
But every hand that tills earth's spacious field,
Her grateful offerings to my shrine shall yield,
Not Typha's strength, nor fell Chimæra's breath,
Can now protect thee from the grasp of death,
There on the damp black earth, in foul decay,
Rot, rot to dust, beneath the sun's bright ray.'"

Parallel with the Apollo, as the perfect representation of female elegance, is the VENUS DE MEDICI, which is undoubtedly a relic of ancient Greek art. It is variously stated to have been found at the villa of Hadrian, near Tivoli, and the forum of Octavia at Rome; and on the plinth was the name of the artist, "Cleomenes, the son of Apollodorus of Athens," who is known to have lived about two hundred years before the Christian era. At the time of its discovery it was deficient of the right, and the lower part of the left arm, which has been restored; and the plinth was so damaged that it was replaced by a copy. In the sixteenth century it stood in the Medici Gardens at Rome; about 1680 it was carried to Florence. When the victorious French plundered Italy of the best of her works of art it was taken to Paris, but was restored to the Imperial Gallery in Florence (called the Tribune) after the success of the allied arms. The figure is of Parian marble, four feet nine inches in height, and exquisitely proportioned. Its rounded limbs show the greatest beauty of the female form, and have furnished models for the sculptors of after ages. The face, however, although beautiful, is deficient in charm of expression; and an attempt at lightness and elegance has reduced the head to a size so small as to be only compatible with idiocy. Still there is a graceful repose, and a life-like aspect about the whole to which the chiselled marble very seldom reaches, justifying the opinion that this is one of the finest statues of all time.

Sculpture is more adapted to the representation of quiescent, or gently moving forms, than those in energetic action, but the groups of the LAOCOON shows it realizing the struggles of despair. This group was found on the old Esquiline Hill, at Rome, behind the baths of Titus. Pliny, who speaks of it as the finest of all works of art, asserts that it was the joint effort of three sculptors of Rhodes—Ajesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus—who were employed by the Emperor Titus. The subject is the destruction of

Laocoon, the priest of Neptune, and his two sons, by two immense sea-serpents, for disobeying Minerva. Virgil thus describes the incident:—

"Laocoon, Neptune's priest, by lot that year,
With solemn pomp then sacrificed a steer;
When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spied
Two serpents, rank'd abreast, the seas divide,
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.
Their flaming crests above the waves they show,
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below;
Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
And on the sounding shore the flying billows force.
And now the strand, and now the plain they held,
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd,
Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,
And lick'd their hissing jaws that sputter'd flame.
We fled amazed; their destined way they take,
And to Laocoon and his children make;
And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpen'd fangs, their limbs and bodies grind.
The wretched father coming to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade;
Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd,
And twice about his gasping throat they fold,
The priest, thus double choked, their crests divide,
And towering o'er his head in triumph ride."

The group differs in some respects from the text of Virgil. In the centre is the father, whose form, as he struggles despairingly, is the embodiment of manly beauty and strength. The serpent, grasped by the neck, is just fastening on his side. The son on his right, encircled by the folds, has already felt the fangs of the other snake, and as his tender frame yields to the pressure, and the swift poison courses through his veins, casts up a look of helpless agony to his father. The other boy, on the left, has not yet felt the sting, but raising his hand and head amid the serpent folds, appears to utter an affrighted cry for help. The expression of the entire group is at once terrific and admirable. The spectators see at once that the struggles are those of hopeless despair, and the faces tell a tale of almost more than mortal terror.

Two undoubted remains of Grecian genius, which formerly adorned the magnificent Parthenon at Athens, are the THESEUS and the ILISSUS, now in the Elgin Marble room of the British Museum. The figure of Theseus, the Athenian hero, is that of a colossal giant reposing on a rock covered by a lion skin. It is extraordinary for the breadth and power which it exhibits; and though mutilated by the loss of both feet and hands, and part of the nose, conveys the character of the demi-god of old. There is the compact head, the

fierce grin, the massive brow, and the decided features ascribed to the old athletæ; and the vast trunk, ponderous limbs, and swelling muscles, are life-like in their apparent power. There are all the marks of that courage and vigour which made men great, when the broadest laws were written on the edge of the sword.

The Ilissus, supposed to represent a river-god, is a figure of another mould. It is still more mutilated than the Theseus, having lost its head in addition to its hands and feet. Its prevailing characteristic is elegance rather than strength. As it stretches its length along, the contour of its limbs, and the folds of the drapery which fall from it as the body is raised upon one hand, seem to imitate the flow of waves, so softly and gently does one line blend into another. In modern art, perhaps, the Hercules and Lichas of Canova are the only statues which can compare, for vitality and beauty, with these fragments of the achievements of ancient Greece.

The Dying Gladiator is a memorial of that time when savage barbarism mingled with luxurious civilization. In Rome, the mistress of the known world—Rome, with her vast works of art, her invincible legions, and her patriotic people—rose that immense temple of Moloch, the Amphitheatre. There grave men, whose words are yet appealed to as the standards of wisdom; orators and poets, whose bursts of eloquence still are quoted to admiring senates; and tender women, the best mothers and daughters of the city, came to a banquet of blood, as to a spectacle. There, on the blood-stained arena, they saw wild beasts tear each other in furious combat; and there they looked on, with unpitying face and unwavering eye, while slaves made in war were forced to fight to the death, for the amusement of their unrelenting conquerors. There has been such a scene, and this statue tells the tale. The fight is over, and while the conqueror is cheered, there lies the victim, thrown down upon his shield, his weakening hand scarce keeps his head from falling prone on the earth. The tide of life is ebbing from that ghastly wound upon the breast; and on the face, blending with the pain, the faintness, the shame of defeat, we can trace the memories of the past, crowding themselves into the last moments of existence. But nothing we can say will so well realize the conception, as the beautiful lines of one of the greatest poets:—

> "I see before me the gladiator lie;
> He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
> Consents to death, but conquers agony;
> And through his side, the last drops, ebbing slow,
> From the red gash fall heavy, one by one,
> Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now

The arena swims around him,—he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

"He heard it, but he heeded not,—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay.
There were his young barbarians at play,
There was their Dacian mother,—he their sire
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday,—
All this rush'd with his blood,—shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!"

Verily that old Rome, great and generous as she was, fell under a just retribution when the barbarians she so oppressed arose, and, breaking the chain with which she bound the world, scattered her power to the winds, leaving to other ages her greatness as an example, and her fate as a warning.

THE BELVIDERE APOLLO.

HENRY HART MILMAN, Dean of St Paul's, Church historian and poet: born 1791.

HEARD ye the arrow hustle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry;
In settled majesty of fierce disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heavenly Archer stands—no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A God in strength, with more than godlike grace;
All, all divine—no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,
But, animate with Deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fatal flight;
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire:
Firm fix'd his tread, yet light, as when on high
He walks th' impalpable and pathless sky:

The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian with an eagle's flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
View'd the bright conclave of Heaven's blest abode,
And the cold marble leapt to life a God;
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bowed before the work of man.
For mild he seem'd, as in Elysian bowers,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;
Haughty as bards have sung, with princely sway
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep,
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

SUPERIORITY OF ANCIENT OVER MODERN SCULPTURE.

WILLIAM CULLEN, M.D., Professor of Medicine in Edinburgh and Glasgow, a contributor to the *Mirror* and *Lounger*: 1710–1790.

AMIDST the various branches of the fine arts in which ancient Greece excelled, there seems to be none in which her pre-eminence stands more undisputed than that of *sculpture*. In music she was far distant from any perfection; and indeed it is in modern times only that this art has received its highest improvements. In painting, too, whatever we may be told of the high admiration in which a Zeuxis and Apelles were held by their countrymen, yet there is a very good reason to believe that the moderns have far exceeded the ancients. In poetry, though we shall not presume to say that other nations have gone beyond the Greeks; yet surely it must be allowed that the Roman poets, as well as those of modern times, approach so near the Grecian models as to suffer very little from the comparison. But in sculpture the Greeks stand confessedly unrivalled as having attained the summit of perfection. All the productions not only of modern, but even of Roman sculpture, are acknowledged to be inferior to those perfect and finished models

which Greece produced. In short, however much the partizans of modern times may be inclined to dispute the palm with the ancients in others of the fine arts, yet in that of sculpture all seem to concur in confessing the superiority of the Grecian artists. And I think their arriving at such excellence in this art may be accounted for from very obvious and satisfactory causes.

Sculpture or statuary is one of the imitative arts which mankind would very early practise; and accordingly there are few, even of the most uncultivated nations, among whom we do not find some rude attempts to form images in wood or in stone, if not in metal. To represent with any correctness and accuracy a solid figure upon a plain surface would not so readily occur, as the idea of forming the resemblance of a man, or any other animal in stone or marble. Painting, therefore, is of later invention than statuary; and being an art of much greater difficulty, would consequently be much slower of coming to any considerable degree of perfection. To acquire the art of properly distributing light and shade, so as to make the several figures stand out from the canvas; to possess the power of animating those figures with the most natural and glowing colours; to throw them into groups of a pleasing form; to preserve that perfect proportion of size and distance which perspective demands—are those excellences of painting which it has required the efforts and the experience of many successive ages to attain. To form a finished statue is neither so complete nor so difficult an art. To be able, by means of the chisel, to bring the rude block of marble to present the exact resemblance of the most graceful human form, is no doubt a surprising and beautiful effort of industry and genius; and it would require a considerable time before such an art could attain perfection; but that perfection being obviously much more easily attainable than any excellence in painting, so it would necessarily be much sooner required. As more readily to be acquired, it would naturally be more generally practised; and this circumstance again would, in its turn, accelerate the progress of the art.

The athletic exercises of the Greeks, joined to the natural beauty of the human form, for which their country and climate were distinguished, furnished ready models for sculptors. To painting they afforded much less assistance. The mere muscular exertions of the body are favourite objects of imitation for the statuary, and from the successful copy he acquires the very highest degree of renown. Painting draws its best subjects from other sources; from the combination of figures, from the features of emotion, from the eye of passion. Groups in sculpture (if we except works in *relief*, which

are much less distinct and striking than pictures) are perhaps too near nature to be pleasing. It is certainly true, as a most ingenious and excellent philosopher has observed, that we are not pleased with imitation when she presses too close upon reality; a coloured statue is offensive. Sculpture, therefore, thus confined to single figures, seems little less inferior to painting, than was the ode recited by one person at the feast of Bacchus, to the perfect drama of Sophocles and Euripides.

When statuary reached its highest excellence in Greece, the art of painting had made but slender progress. The admiration of the works which their painters produced seems to have proceeded more from a source of the great difficulty of the art, and from surprise at the effects it produced, than from the pictures truly meriting the high praises we find bestowed upon them. To the eye of taste, the work of the statuary was the more complete and finished production; the art was accordingly more generally cultivated; and by the authors of antiquity the statues of Greece are more frequently mentioned than their paintings are spoken of; and dwelt upon in such terms as sufficiently show them to have been considered as the superior and more admirable exertions of the taste and genius of that elegant people.

If we admit these circumstances to account for the very high degree of perfection which Grecian sculpture attained, it will not be very difficult to explain why they have never been surpassed, and why the art itself has ever since declined. When any art has received a very high, or perhaps its utmost degree of perfection, this circumstance of itself necessarily destroys that noble emulation which alone can stimulate to excellence. Conscious of being unable to surpass the great models which he sees, the artist is discouraged from making attempts. The posts of honour are already occupied; superior praise and glory are not to be reached; and the ardour of the artist is checked by perceiving that he cannot exceed, and that, after all his efforts, he will not be able perhaps to equal, the productions of those masters who have already the advantage of an established reputation.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND THE CARDINAL.

(From "Memorials of Early Genius," edited by Lady Jervis.)

It was after his return from Venice to Florence that Michael Angelo learned that the Cardinal of St Gregorio spoke in contemptuous

terms of his works, placing the most inferior antique statue far above his greatest *chefs-d'œuvres.* It occurred to him to mystify this learned personage, who, like too many others, brought into society only those ideas which were already received, and never took the trouble to form any of his own.

Italy is the land of buried statues. One day some men, whose only occupation was seeking such treasures, found a statue of Cupid; one arm was missing. This statue was of the greatest beauty: they took it to the cardinal, who was in such raptures when he examined it that he gave a most extravagant price, and placed it in the most conspicuous place of his gallery. He then sent for Michael Angelo, either to mortify him, or perhaps to hear his real opinion of the statue.

"I see nothing wonderful in it," said Michael Angelo, coldly.

"Could you do as much?" asked the cardinal.

"Well, I think it would not be difficult," replied Angelo, with a smile of strange meaning.

"Signor Michael Angelo, you have not examined the statue; look at the high finish of the Torso, (the trunk or body,) the expression of the head, the limbs, the arms."

"His Excellency means to say *the arm!*"

"Few modern artists could make its fellow, I suspect, Signor Michael Angelo."

"If his Excellency will only permit me to go as far as my own studio, perhaps I could prove the contrary."

"I shall wait your return," said the cardinal, thinking Michael Angelo would bring him a statue that would be far inferior to his disinterred Cupid.

Michael Angelo soon returned, but unaccompanied by any attendant carrying a burden; he was all alone, only he held, wrapped up in a fold of his cloak, something of small dimensions. It was an arm. He went up to the Cupid, and placed the arm on the side where it was wanting. It fitted the body perfectly.

"A miracle!" cried the cardinal.

"No, Excellency; only malice!" replied Michael Angelo. "I was resolved to prove to your eminence that the moderns could equal the ancients. It was I who made this Cupid, broke an arm off, and had the rest buried where I knew it would be found. This is the whole secret."

The greater number of the best works of Michael Angelo, both in painting and sculpture, are at Florence.

At the age of ninety, finding death drawing near, he sent for

his relative, Leonard Buonarotti, and dictated his last will thus:—

"I leave my soul to God, my body to the earth, and my fortune to my nearest relations."

He died on the 17th of February 1564. His body was first laid in the church of the Holy Apostle, but was afterwards interred at Florence with great honours. The Grand Duke gave to Leonard Buonarotti all the marble necessary for the execution of the mausoleum of Michael Angelo, designed by Vasari, one of his pupils, of which the statues were sculptured by three Florentines; the architectural part was confided to John Dell'opera, the painting to Baptiste Lorenzi, and the sculpture to Valerio Ciceli.

The palace of the Buonarottis at Florence, still inhabited by the descendants of this great man, possesses a superb gallery, ornamented with a series of pictures, done by the first Florentine masters, representing the most remarkable events in the life of Michael Angelo.

LIFE OF FLAXMAN.

SAMUEL SMILES, an English railway secretary, and author of "Self-Help:" born 1816.

JOHN FLAXMAN was a true genius—one of the greatest artists England has yet produced. He was, besides, a person of beautiful character, his life furnishing many salutary lessons for men of all ranks.

Flaxman was the son of a humble seller of plaster-casts in New Street, Covent Garden, and when a child, he was so constant an invalid, that it was his custom to sit behind the shop-counter propped by pillows, amusing himself with drawing and reading. A benevolent clergyman named Matthews one day calling at the shop, found the boy trying to read a book, and on inquiring what it was, said that was not the proper book for him to read, but that he would bring him a right one on the morrow; and the kind man was as good as his word. The Rev. Mr Matthews used afterwards to say, that from that casual interview with the cripple little invalid behind the plaster-cast seller's shop-counter, began an acquaintance which ripened into one of the best friendships of his life. He brought several books to the boy, amongst which were Homer and Don Quixote, in both of which Flaxman, then and ever after, took immense delight. His mind was soon full of the heroism which

breathed through the pages of the former work; his black chalk was at once in his hand, and the enthusiastic boy laboured to body forth, in sensible shapes, the actions of the Greeks and Trojans.

Like all youthful efforts, his first designs were crude. The proud father one day showed them to a sculptor, who turned from them with a contemptuous "Pshaw!" But the boy had the right stuff in him—he had industry and patience; and he continued to labour incessantly at his books and drawings. He then tried his young powers in modelling figures in plaster-of-Paris, wax, and clay. Some of these early works are still preserved—not because of their merit, but because they are curious as the first healthy efforts of patient genius. The boy was long before he could walk, and he only learned to do so by hobbling along upon crutches. When afterwards reminded of these early pursuits, he remarked, "We are never too young to learn what is useful, nor too old to grow wise and good."

His physical health improving, the little Flaxman threw away his crutches. The kind Mr Matthews invited him to his house, where his wife explained Homer and Milton to him. They helped him also in his self-culture, giving him lessons in Greek and Latin. When under Mrs Matthews, he also attempted, with his bit of charcoal, to embody in outline on paper such passages as struck his fancy. His drawings could not, however, have been very extraordinary, for when she showed a drawing of an eye which he had made, to Mortimer the artist, that gentleman, with affected surprise, exclaimed, "Is it an oyster?" The sensitive boy was much hurt, and for a time took care to avoid showing his drawings to artists. At length, by dint of perseverance and study, his drawings improved so much that Mrs Matthews obtained a commission for him from a lady to draw six original drawings in black chalk of subjects in Homer. His first commission! The boy duly executed the order, and was both well praised and well paid for his work.

At fifteen, Flaxman entered a student at the Royal Academy. Notwithstanding his retiring disposition, he soon became known among the students, and great things were expected of him. Nor were their expectations disappointed. In his fifteenth year he gained the silver prize, and next year he became a candidate for the gold one. Everybody prophesied that he would carry off the medal, for there was none who surpassed in ability and industry. The youth did his best, and in his after life honestly affirmed that he deserved the prize, but he lost it, and the gold medal was ad-

judged to a lad who was not afterwards heard of. This failure on the part of the youth was really of service to him, for defeats do not long cast down the resolute-hearted, but only serve to call forth their real powers. "Give me time," said he to his father, "and I will yet produce works that the Academy will be proud to recognise." He redoubled his efforts, spared no pains, designed and modelled incessantly, and consequently made steady, if not rapid progress. But, meanwhile, poverty threatened his father's household; the plaster-cast trade yielded a very bare living; and young Flaxman, with resolute self-denial, curtailed his hours of study, and devoted himself to helping his father in the humble details of business. He laid aside his Homer to take up the plaster-trowel. He was willing to work in the humblest department of the trade, so that his father's family might be supported, and the wolf kept from the door. To this drudgery of his art he served a long apprenticeship; but it did him good, it familiarized him with steady work, and cultivated in him the spirit of patience. The discipline may have been rough, but it was wholesome.

Happily, young Flaxman's skill in design had reached the knowledge of Mr Wedgwood, who sought him out for the purpose of employing him in designing improved patterns of china and earthenware, to be produced at his manufactory. Before Wedgwood's time, the designs which figured upon our china and stoneware were hideous, both in design and execution, and he determined to improve both. Finding out Flaxman, he said to him, "Well, my lad, I have heard that you are a good draughtsman and clever designer. I 'm a manufacturer of pots, named Wedgwood. Now, I want you to design some models for me, nothing fantastic, but simple, tasteful, and correct in drawing. I 'll pay you well. You don't think the work beneath you?"

"By no means, sir," replied Flaxman; "indeed, the work is quite to my taste. Give me a few days; call again, and you will see what I can do."

"That 's right—work away! Mind, I am in want of them now. They are for pots of all kinds, teapots, jugs, teacups and saucers; but especially I want designs for a table service. Begin with that. I mean to supply one for the royal table. Now, think of that, young man. What you design is meant for the eyes of royalty!"

"I will do my best, sir, I assure you." And the kind gentleman bustled out of the shop as he had come in.

Flaxman did his best. By the time that Mr Wedgwood next called on him, he had a numerous series of models prepared for

various pieces of earthenware. They consisted chiefly of small groups in very low relief, the subjects taken from ancient verse and history. Many of them are still in existence, and some are equal in beauty and simplicity to his after designs for marble.

Engaged in such labours as these, for several years Flaxman executed but few works of art, and these at rare intervals. He lived a quiet, secluded, and simple life, working during the day, and sketching and reading in the evenings. He was so poor, that he had as yet been only able to find plaster-of-Paris for his works. Marble was too dear a material for him. He had hitherto executed only one statue in the latter material, and that was a commission.

At length, in the year 1782, when twenty-seven years of age, he quitted his father's roof, and rented a small house and studio in Wardour Street, Soho; and, what was more, he married. Ann Denham was the name of his wife, and a cheery, bright-souled, noble woman she was. He believed that in marrying her, he should be able to work with an intense spirit, for, like him, she had a taste for poetry and art, and, besides, was an enthusiastic admirer of her husband's genius. Yet, when Sir Joshua Reynolds, himself a bachelor, met Flaxman shortly after his marriage, he said to him, "So, Flaxman, I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you, you are ruined for an artist!" Flaxman went straight home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand in his, and said, "Ann, I am ruined for an artist."

"How so, John? How has it happened? And who has done it?"

"It happened," he replied, "in the church, and Ann Denham has done it." He then told her of Sir Joshua's remark, whose opinion was well known, and had been often expressed, that if students would excel, they must bring the whole powers of their mind to bear upon their art, from the moment they rise until they go to bed; and also, that no man could be a *great* artist unless he studied the grand works of Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, and others, at Rome and Florence. "And I," said Flaxman, drawing up his little figure to its full height, "I would be a great artist."

"And a great artist you shall be," said his wife, "and visit Rome, too, if that be really necessary to make you great."

"But how?" asked Flaxman.

"*Work and economize*," rejoined the brave wife; "I will never have it said that Ann Denham ruined John Flaxman for an artist." And so it was determined by the pair that the journey to Rome was to be made when their means would admit.

"I will go to Rome," said Flaxman, "and show the president that wedlock is for a man's good rather than his harm; and you, Ann, shall accompany me!"

Patiently and happily this affectionate couple plodded on during five years in that humble little home in Wardour Street, always with the long journey to Rome before them. It was never lost sight of for a moment, and not a penny was uselessly spent that could be saved towards the necessary expenses.

At length Flaxman and his wife, having thriftily accumulated a sufficient store of savings, set out for Rome. Arrived there, he applied himself diligently to study, maintaining himself, like other poor artists, by making copies. He prepared to return to England, his taste improved and cultivated by careful study.

His fame had preceded him, and he soon found abundant lucrative employment. While at Rome, he had been commissioned to execute his famous monument in memory of Lord Mansfield, and it was erected in the north transept of Westminster Abbey shortly after his return. It stands there in majestic grandeur, a monument to the genius of Flaxman himself—calm, simple, and severe. No wonder that Banks, the sculptor, then in the heyday of his fame, exclaimed, when he saw it; "This little man cuts us all out!"

He was soon after elected a member of the Royal Academy. His progress was now rapid, and he was constantly employed. Perseverance and study, which had matured his genius, had made him great, and he went on from triumph to triumph. But he appeared in yet a new character. The little boy, who had begun his studies behind the poor plaster-cast seller's shop-counter in New Street, Covent Garden, was now a man of high intellect and recognised supremacy in art, and was elected to instruct aspiring students in the character of Professor of Sculpture to the Royal Academy! And no man better deserved to fill that distinguished office, for none is so able to instruct others as he who for himself, and by his own almost unaided efforts, has learned to grapple with and overcome difficulties.

Flaxman's monuments are known nearly all over England. Whatever work of this kind he executed, he threw a soul and meaning into it.

Flaxman died after a long, peaceful, and happy life, having survived his wife Ann several years.

ON CHANTREY'S SLEEPING CHILDREN.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES, Canon of Salisbury, author of "Sonnets," "Sorrows of Switzerland," &c: 1762-1850.

Look at those sleeping children—softly tread,
Lest thou do mar their dream, and come not nigh,
Till their fond mother, with a kiss, shall cry,
"'Tis morn, awake! awake!" Ah, they are dead!
Yet folded in each other's arms they lie
So still—oh look!—so still and smilingly,
So breathing and so beautiful, they seem
As if to die in youth were but to dream
Of spring and flowers! Of flowers? Yet nearer stand.
There is a lily in one little hand,
Broken, but not faded yet,
As if its cup with tears was wet.
So sleeps that child, not faded, though in death,
And seeming still to hear her sister's breath,
As when she first did lay her head to rest
Gently on that sister's breast,
And kiss'd her ere she fell asleep!
The archangel's trump alone shall wake that slumber deep.
Take up those flowers that fell
From the dead hand, and sigh a long farewell!
Your spirits rest in bliss!
Yet ere with parting prayers we say
"Farewell for ever" to the insensate clay,
Poor maid, those pale lips we will kiss!
Ah! 'tis cold marble! Artist who hast wrought
This work of nature, feeling, and of thought,
Thine, Chantrey, be the fame
That joins to immortality thy name.
For these sweet children, that so sculptured rest,
A sister's head upon a sister's breast,
Age after age shall pass away,
Nor shall their beauty fade, their fame decay.
For here is no corruption, the cold worm
Can never prey upon that beauteous form;
This smile of death that fades not shall engage
The deep affections of each distant age.

Mothers, till ruin the round world hath rent,
Shall gaze with tears upon the monument;
And fathers sigh, with half-suspended breath,
"How sweetly sleep the innocent in death!"

GREEK PAINTERS.

Dr W. Smith: see for notice Architecture.

The art of painting was developed later than that of sculpture, of which it seems to have been the offspring, and in its earlier period to have partaken very closely of the statuesque character. The ancient Greek paintings were either in water colours or in wax; oil colours appear to have been unknown. The first Grecian painter of any great renown was Polygnotus, who was contemporary with Phidias, though probably somewhat older. He was a native of Thasos, whence he was, in all probability, brought by his friend and patron Cimon, when he subjugated that island in B.C. 423. At that period he must at least have been old enough to have earned the celebrity which entitled him to Cimon's patronage. He subsequently became naturalized at Athens, where he probably died about the year 426 B.C. His chief works in Athens were executed in adorning those buildings which were erected in the time of Cimon; as the temple of Theseus, and the Poecile Stoa, or Painted Colonnade. His paintings were essentially *statuesque*,—the representation, by means of colours on a flat surface, of figures similar to those of the sculptor. But the improvements which he introduced on the works of his predecessors were very marked and striking, and form an epoch in the art. He first depicted the open mouth, so as to show the teeth, and varied the expression of the countenance from its ancient stiffness. He excelled in representing female beauty and complexion, and introduced graceful flowing draperies, in place of the hard stiff lines by which they had been previously depicted. He excelled in accuracy of drawing, and in the nobleness, grace, and beauty of his figures, which were not mere transcripts from nature, but had an ideal and elevated character. His master-pieces were executed in the Lesché (enclosed court or hall for conversation) of the Cnidians at Delphi, the subjects of which were taken from the cycle of epic poetry. In these there seems to have been no attempt at perspective, and names were affixed to the different figures.

Painting reached a further stage of excellence in the hands of

Apollodorus, Zeuxis, and Parrhasius, the only other artists whom we need notice during this period. Apollodorus was a native of Athens, and first directed attention to the effect of light and shade in painting, thus creating another epoch in the art. His immediate successors, or rather contemporaries, Zeuxis and Parrhasius, brought the art to a still greater degree of perfection. Neither the place nor date of the birth of Zeuxis can be accurately ascertained, though he was probably born about 455 B.C., since thirty years after that date we find him practising his art with great success at Athens. He was patronized by Archelaus, king of Macedonia, and spent some time at his court. He must also have visited Italy, as he painted his celebrated picture of Helen for the city of Croton. He acquired great wealth by his pencil, and was very ostentatious in displaying it. He appeared at Olympia in a magnificent robe, having his name embroidered in letters of gold; and the same vanity is also displayed in the anecdote that after he had reached the summit of his fame, he no longer sold, but gave away his pictures, as being above all price. With regard to his style of art, single figures were his favourite subjects. He could depict gods or heroes with sufficient majesty, but he particularly excelled in painting the softer graces of female beauty. In one important respect he appears to have degenerated from the style of Polygnotus, his idealism being rather that of *form* than of *character* and *expression*. Thus his style is analogous to that of Euripides in tragedy. He was a great master of colour, and his paintings were sometimes so accurate and life-like as to amount to illusion. This is exemplified in the story told of him and Parrhasius. As a trial of skill these artists painted two pictures. That of Zeuxis represented a bunch of grapes, and was so naturally executed that the birds came and pecked at it. After this proof, Zeuxis, confident of success, called upon his rival to draw aside the curtain which concealed his picture. But the painting of Parrhasius was the curtain itself, and Zeuxis was now obliged to acknowledge himself vanquished; for, though he had deceived the birds, Parrhasius had deceived the author of the deception. Whatever may be the historical value of this tale, it at least shows the high reputation which both artists had acquired for the natural representation of objects. But many of the pictures of Zeuxis also displayed great dramatic power. He worked very slowly and carefully, and he is said to have replied to somebody who blamed him for his slowness, "It is true I take a long time to paint, but then I paint works to last a long time." His master-piece was the picture of Helen, already mentioned.

Parrhasius was a native of Ephesus, but his art was chiefly exercised at Athens, where he was presented with the right of citizenship. His date cannot be accurately ascertained, but he was probably rather younger than his contemporary, Zeuxis, and it is certain that he enjoyed a high reputation before the death of Socrates. The style and degree of excellence attained by Parrhasius appear to have been much the same as those of Zeuxis. He was particularly celebrated for the accuracy of his drawing, and the excellent proportions of his figures. For these he established a canon, as Phidias had done in sculpture for gods, and Polycletus for the human figure, whence Quintilian calls him the legislator of his art. His vanity seems to have been as remarkable as that of Zeuxis. Among the most celebrated of his works was a portrait of the personified Athenian *Demos*, which is said to have miraculously expressed even the most contradictory qualities of that many-headed personage.

The excellence attained during this period by the great masters in the higher walks of sculpture and painting was, as may be well supposed, not without its influence on the lower grades of art. This is particularly visible in the ancient painted vases, which have been preserved to us in such numbers, the paintings on which, though of course the productions of an inferior class of artists, show a marked improvement, both in design and execution, after the time of Polygnotus.

PARRHASIUS.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, an American poet and traveller: 1817–1867.

"Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, among those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better by his example to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus whom he was then about to paint."—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

THERE stood an unsold captive in the mart,
A gray-hair'd and majestical old man,
Chain'd to a pillar. It was almost night,
And the last seller from his place had gone,
And not a sound was heard but of a dog
Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,
Or the dull echo, from the pavement rung,

As the faint captive changed his weary feet.
He had stood there since morning and had borne
From every eye in Athens the cold gaze
Of curious scorn. The Jew had taunted him
For an Olynthian slave. The buyer came
And roughly struck his palm upon his breast,
And touch'd his unheal'd wounds, and with a sneer
Pass'd on; and when with weariness o'erspent,
He bow'd his head in a forgetful sleep,
Th' inhuman soldier smote him, and, with threats
Of torture to his children, summon'd back
The ebbing blood into his pallid face.

'Twas evening, and the half-descended sun
Tipp'd with a golden fire the many domes
Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere
Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
Through which the captive gazed. He had borne up
With a stout heart that long and weary day,
Haughtily patient of his many wrongs,
But now he was alone, and from his nerves
The needless strength departed, and he lean'd
Prone on his massy chain, and let his thoughts
Throng on him as they would. Unmark'd of him,
Parrhasius at the nearest pillar stood,
Gazing upon his grief. Th' Athenian's cheek
Flush'd as he measured, with a painter's eye,
The moving picture. The abandon'd limbs,
Stain'd with the oozing blood, were laced with veins
Swollen to purple fulness; the gray hair,
Thin and disorder'd, hung about his eyes;
And as a thought of wilder bitterness
Rose in his memory, his lips grew white,
And the fast workings of his bloodless face
Told what a tooth of fire was at his heart.

* * * * * *

The golden light into the painter's room
Stream'd richly, and the hidden colours stole
From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
And in the soft and dewy atmosphere
Like forms and landscapes magical they lay.
The walls were hung with armour, and about,

In the dim corners, stood the sculptured forms
Of Cytheris and Dian, and stern Jove,
And from the casement soberly away
Fell the grotesque, long shadows, full and true,
And, like a veil of filmy mellowness,
The lint-specks floated in the twilight air.
Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,
Chain'd to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus—
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
And as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt mystery, and pluck'd the shadows forth
With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
And colour clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flash'd with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril and his quivering lip
Were like the winged god's, breathing from his flight.

"Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift,
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens—around me play
Colours of such divinity to-day.

"Ha! bind him on his back!
Look! as Prometheus in my picture here!
Quick, or he faints!—stand with the cordial near!
Now—bend him to the rack!
Press down the poison'd links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

"So—let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray-hair'd, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

"Pity thee? So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
I'd rack thee though I knew

A thousand lives were perishing in thine:
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

"Hereafter! Ay—hereafter!
A whip to keep a coward to his track!
What gave Death ever from his kingdom back
To check the sceptic's laughter?
Come from the grave to-morrow with that story,
And I may take some softer path to glory.

"No, no, old man! we die
Even as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
Our life upon the chance wind even as they!
Strain well thy fainting eye,
For when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

"Yet, there's a deathless name!
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn.
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
By all the fiery stars I'd bind it on!

"Ay, though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst,
Though every life-strung nerve be madden'd first;
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild.

"All—I would do it all—
Sooner than die, like a dull worm to rot,
Thrust foully into earth to be forgot.
Oh, heavens!—but I appal
Your heart, old man! forgive—ha! on your lives
Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!

"Vain, vain, give o'er! his eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now.
Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow!
Gods! if he do not die
But for *one* moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

"Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now,—that was a difficult breath.
Another! Wilt thou never come, O Death?
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove, help him!—so—he's dead."

* * * * *

How like a mounting devil in the heart
Rules the unrein'd ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace for ever.

SCHOOLS OF PAINTING; OR, THE LOUVRE IN 1814.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, the well-known author of the "History of Europe, from the French Revolution:" born 1792.

FOR gaining an idea of the general character, by which the different schools of painting are distinguished, the Louvre presents singular advantages, from the unparalleled collection of paintings of every school and description, which are there to be met with, and the facility with which you can there trace the progress of art from its first beginning to the period of its greatest perfection. And it is in this view that the collection of these works into one museum, however much to be deplored as the work of unprincipled ambition, and however much it may have diminished the impression which particular objects, from the influence of association produced in their native place, is yet calculated to produce the greatest of all improvements in the progress of the art; by divesting particular schools and particular works of the unbounded influence which the effects of early association or the prejudices of national feeling have given them in their original situation, and placing them where their real nature is to be judged of by a more extended circle, and subjected to the examination of more impartial sentiments.

The first hall of the Louvre, in the picture gallery, is filled with paintings of the French school. The principal artists, whose works are here exhibited, are Le Brun, Gaspar and Nicholas Ponsoin, Claude Lorrain, Vernet; and the modern painters, Gerard and David. The general character of the school of French historical painting is the expression of *passion* and *violent emotion*. The

colouring is for the most part brilliant, the canvas crowded with figures, and the incident selected that in which the painter might have the best opportunity of displaying his knowledge of the human frame, or the varied expression of the human countenance. In the pictures of the modern school of French painting this peculiarity is pushed to an extravagant length, and, fortunately for the art, displays the false principles on which the system of their composition is founded. The moment seized is uniformly that of the strongest and most violent passion; the principal actors in the piece are represented in a state of frenzied exertion, and the whole anatomical knowledge of the artist is displayed in the endless contortions into which the human frame is thrown. In David's celebrated picture of the Three Horatii, this peculiarity appears in the most striking light. The works of this artist may excite admiration, but it is the limited and artificial admiration of the schools; of those who have forgot the end of the art in the acquisition of the technical knowledge with which it is accompanied, or the display of the technical powers which its execution involves.

The paintings of Vernet in this collection are perhaps the finest specimens of that beautiful master, and they entitle him to a higher place in the estimation of mankind than he seems yet to have obtained from the generality of observers. There is a delicacy of colouring, a unity of design, and a harmony of expression in his works which accord well with the simplicity of the subjects which his taste has selected, and the general effect which it was his object to produce. In the representation of the sun dispelling the mists of a cloudy morning; of his setting rays gilding the waves of a western sea; or of that undefined beauty which moonlight throws over the objects of nature, the works of this artist are perhaps unrivalled.

The paintings of Claude are by no means equal to what might have been expected from the celebrity which his name has acquired, or the matchless beauty which the engravings from him possess. They are but eleven in number, and cannot be, in any degree, compared with those which are to be found in Mr Angerstein's collection.

The Dutch and Flemish school to which you next advance possesses merit, and is distinguished by a character of a very different description. It was the well-known object of this school to present an exact and faithful *imitation of nature;* to exaggerate none of its faults, and enhance none of its excellences, but exhibit it as it really appears to the eye of an ordinary spectator. Its

artists selected, in general, some scene of humour or amusement, in the discovery of which the most ignorant spectators might discover other sources of pleasure from those which the merit of the art itself afforded. They did not pretend to aim at the exhibition of passion or powerful emotion—their paintings, therefore, are free from that painful display of theatrical effect which characterizes the French school; their object was not to represent those deep scenes of sorrow or suffering which accord with the profound feelings which it was the object of the Italian school to awaken—they want, therefore, the dignity and grandeur which the works of the greater Italian painters possess. Their merit consists in the faithful delineation of those ordinary scenes and common occurrences which are familiar to the eye of the most careless observer. The power of the painter, therefore, could be displayed only in the minuteness of the finishing, or the brilliancy of the effect: and he endeavoured by the powerful contrast of light and shade, to give a higher character to his works than the nature of their subjects could otherwise admit. The pictures of Teniers, Ostade, and Gerard Dow possess these merits, and are distingnished by this character in the highest degree; but their qualities are so well known as to render any observations on them superfluous. There is a very great collection here preserved of the works of Rembrandt, and their design and effect bear, in general, a higher character than belongs to most of the works of this celebrated master.

In one respect, the collection in the Louvre is altogether unrivalled, in the number and beauty of the Wouvermans which are there to be met with; nor is it possible, without having seen it, to appreciate, with any degree of justice, the variety of design, the accuracy of drawing, or delicacy of finishing, which distinguish his works from those of any other painter of a similar description. His works for the most part are crowded with figures; his subjects are, in general, battle-pieces, or spectacles of military pomp, or the animated scenes which the chase presents; and he seems to have exhausted all the efforts of his genius in the variety of incident and richness of execution which these subjects are fitted to afford.

The pictures of Vandyke and Rubens belong to a much highe school than that which rose out of the wealth and the limited taste of the Dutch people. There are sixty pictures of the latter of these masters in the Louvre, and combined with the celebrated gallery in the Luxembourg palace, they form the finest assemblage of them which is to be met with in the world. The character of his works differs essentially from that both of the French and the

Dutch schools: he was employed not in painting cabinet pictures for wealthy merchants, but in designing great altar pieces for splendid churches, or commemorating the glory of sovereigns in imperial galleries. The greatness of his genius rendered him fit to attempt the representation of the most complicated and difficult objects; but in the confidence of this genius, he seems to have lost sight of the genuine object of composition in his art. He attempts what it is impossible for painting to accomplish. He aims at telling a whole story by the expression of a single picture; and seems to pour forth the profusion of his fancy by crowding his canvas with a multiplicity of figures which serve no other purpose than that of showing the endless power of creation which the author possessed.

It is in the Italian school, however, that the collection in the Louvre is most unrivalled, and it is from its character that the general tendency of the modern school of historical painting is principally to be determined.

The general object of the Italian school appears to be the expression of *passion*. The peculiar subjects which its painters were called on to represent, the sufferings and death of our Saviour, the varied misfortunes to which His disciples were exposed, or the multiplied persecutions which the early fathers of the Church had to sustain, inevitably prescribed the object to which their genius was to be directed, and the peculiar character which their works were to assume. They have all, accordingly, aimed at the expression of passion, and endeavoured to excite the pity or awaken the sympathy of the spectator; though the particular species of passion which they have severally selected has varied with the turn of mind which the artist possessed.

The works of Domenichino and of the Caraccis, of which there are a very great number, incline, in general, to the representation of what is dark or gloomy in character, or what is terrific and appalling in suffering. The subjects which the first of these masters has in general selected are the cells of monks, the energy of martyrs, the death of saints, or the sufferings of the crucifixion; and the dark blue coldness of his colouring, combined with the depth of his shadows, accord well with the gloomy character which his compositions possess. The Caraccis, amidst the variety of objects which their genius has embraced, have dwelt in general upon the expression of sorrow, of that deep and profound sorrow which the subjects of sacred history were so fitted to afford, and which was so well adapted to that religious emotion which it was their object to excite.

Guido Reni, Carlo Maratti, and Murillo, are distinguished by a gentler character; by the expression of tenderness and sweetness of disposition; and the subjects which they have chosen are, for the most part, those which were fitted for the display of this predominant expression; the Holy Family, the Flight into Egypt, the Youth of St John, the Penitence of the Magdalene. Their colouring is seldom brilliant, there is a subdued tone pervading the greater part of their pictures; and they have limited themselves, in general, to the delineation of a single figure or a small group in which a single character of mind is prevalent.

There are only six paintings by Salvator Rosa in this collection, but they bear that mild and original character which is proverbially known to belong to the works of this great artist. One of his pieces is particularly striking, a skirmish of horse, accompanied by all the scenery in which he so particularly delighted. In the foreground is the ruins of an old temple, with its lofty pillars finely displayed in shadow above the summits of the horizon; in the middle distance the battle is dimly discerned through the driving rain, which obscures the view; while the background is closed by a vast ridge of gloomy rocks, rising into a dark and tempestuous sky. The character of the whole is that of sullen magnificence; and it affords a striking instance of the power of great genius to mould the most varied objects in nature into the expression of one uniform poetical feeling.

Very different is the expression which belongs to the softer pictures of Correggio—of that great master whose name is associated in every one's mind with all that is gentle or delicate in the imitation of nature. Perhaps it was from the force of this impression that his works seldom completely come up to the expectations which are formed of them. Their general character is that of tenderness and delicacy: there is a softness in his shading of the human form which is quite unrivalled, and a harmony in the general tone of his colouring, which is in perfect unison with the characteristic expression which it was his object to produce.

There is but one picture by Carlo Dolci in the Louvre; but it alone is sufficient to mark the exquisite genius which its author possessed. It is of small dimensions, and represents the Holy Family, with the Saviour asleep. The finest character of design is here combined with the utmost delicacy of execution; the softness of the shadows exceeds that of Correggio himself; and the dark blue colouring which prevails over the whole is in perfect unison

with the expression of that rest and quiet which the subject requires.

Without the softness of shading or the harmony of colour which Correggio possessed, the works of Raphael possess a higher character, and aim at the expression of a sublimer feeling than those of any other artist whom modern Europe has produced. Like all his brethren, he has often been misled from the real object of his art, and tried, in the energy of passion, or the confused expression of various figures to multiply the effect which his composition might produce. It is in his smaller pieces that the genuine character of Raphael's paintings is to be seen—in the figure of St Michael subduing the demon; in the beautiful tenderness of the Virgin and Child; in the unbroken harmony of the Holy Family; in the wildness and piety of the infant St John;—scenes in which all the objects of the picture combine for the preservation of one uniform character, and where the native fineness of his mind appears undisturbed by the display of temporary passion, or the painful distraction of varied suffering.

There are no pictures of the English school in the Louvre, for the arms of France never prevailed in our island. From the splendid character, however, which it early assumed under the distinguished guidance of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and from the high and philosophical principles which he at first laid down for the government of the art, there is every reason to believe that it ultimately will rival the celebrity of foreign genius. And it is in this view that the continuance of the gallery of the Louvre, in its present situation, is principally to be wished by the English nation—that the English artists may possess so near their own country so great a school for composition and design; that the imperfections of foreign schools may enlighten the views of English genius; and that the conquests of the French arms, by transferring the remains of ancient taste to these northern shores, may throw over its rising art that splendour which has hitherto been confined to the regions of the sun.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Dr Tweedie.

Leonardo da Vinci was born at the castle of Vinci, in the Val d'Arno, not far from the Tuscan capital, in the year 1452, and his praise has seriously taxed the language of encomium to utter it all. There was in him "a grace beyond expression, which was rendered

manifest, without thought or effort, in every act and deed." "To whatever subject he turned his attention, however difficult, he was able, by his rare ability, to make himself absolute master of it." "Extraordinary power was, in his case, conjoined with remarkable facility." "Truly admirable, indeed, and divinely endowed, was Leonardo da Vinci." Such are some of the expressions used to set forth his gifts and his acquirements.

Even when Leonardo was a child, we read, he displayed a strong inclination and talent for painting. It appeared in several little drawings and sketches, which gave promise in the child of what the man did not belie. Captivated by these juvenile efforts and their success, Leonardo's father showed them to a painter, Andrea del Verocchio. He also was astonished, and in due time the boy became the pupil of that painter, in whose studio the productions of the juvenile artist formed the wonder of all. Not merely aptitude for art, but versatility in regard to other departments, rendered the boy remarkable; and in several of these pursuits, as well as in his profession, he found a guide and counsellor in his master, Verocchio, who, it appears, loved and prized his pupil as one so gifted and ascendant deserved to be.

An incident is recorded regarding the early years of this boy, which may briefly illustrate his powers. His master was employed upon a painting of Christ when baptized in the Jordan by John, and the pupil was appointed to paint in one of the figures, which was that of an angel. But so exquisite was his part of the workmanship, and so far did it excel that of his master, that from that period the latter abandoned painting, and confined himself to sculpture and other departments of art,—"so much was he displeased to find that a mere child could do more than himself."

The wonder produced by such early eminence is increased when we are told that after all Da Vinci at times made painting his amusement rather than his profession. A large portion of his time was taken up with poetry, music, astronomy, mathematics, sculpture, architecture, engineering, mechanics, botany, and anatomy. Can it be literally true, as has been recorded, that he was "not only a student of those arts and sciences,—he was a master in them all"?

As this gifted man was careful in youth to lay a good foundation for the future, the structure which he reared on it was really one of the most wonderful ever constructed by mortal skill. Ardent in study, and eager in the pursuit of knowledge, his acquirements were not of that superficial kind which serve few purposes but those

of vanity and show. On the contrary, he did thoroughly what he did at all: and in arithmetic, for example, while only a boy, so rapid was his progress, and so searching his study, that he often confounded his master alike by the doubts which he raised and the questions which he asked. Even in early youth he thus gave premonition of what was coming, and modelled figures "which might be supposed to have proceeded from the hands of a master." In architecture, also, he prepared designs for various buildings; and, when only a lad, suggested what was accomplished two centuries after his time, namely, the formation of a canal from Florence to Pisa, by utilizing the water of the Arno. In truth, this extraordinary genius actually made various discoveries in science, and produced inventions in physics, some of which have been rediscovered and re-invented since his day.

And lest it should be supposed that so happy a genius accomplished so much, or became so remarkable without effort, it should be noticed that he took elaborate pains in finishing what he painted —pains as elaborate as if the persistent drudgery of a mere plodder, or a servile copyist, were all he could accomplish. The minutest parts were exquisitely finished. When representing woven cloth, for example, the very threads were individually visible; when painting the countenance each hair on the eyebrows was also finely individualized. In landscapes every leaf and bud was carefully traced; in some cases the very dew-drop is visible on the flower. And so in other examples: thus minute or microscopic was his search for perfection—his determination to be thorough.

In his early youth Leonardo painted some objects so grotesquely, and in combinations so hideous, that even his father was scared, and fled from the sight; but it is no part of our object to describe these products of his pencil, powerful though they were. Let us rather accompany him along the path by which he advanced to his exalted place; and in doing so we find him following any person of unusual appearance, studying, mentally copying, treasuring up whatever was expressive, or grand, or peculiar, and then hastening to reproduce it in some work. A face full of character, a head of unusual or dignified aspect, a strange attitude, fun, frolic, grief, rage, violence —all were seized by the skilful student, all treasured up, and all employed as occasion arose. One of Leonardo's biographers tells us that he attended a supper to which the painter had invited a number of peasants, whom he highly amused, and prompted to laugh immoderately, as well as display extravagant contortions; all with a view to embody their exhibition in sketches, and this he did

with such effect that the whole was irresistibly comic. In addition to all this, Da Vinci would follow criminals on the way to execution that he might study their expressions, and eventually transfer them to canvas. In a word, if this man be on the way to pre-eminence, even his amazing powers did not enable him to reach it by a bound; nay, he mounted step by step, just as he must have climbed an Alp, or advanced in a long day's journey. Indeed, his course of study, planned and long followed out, was both so extensive and so minute that only a buoyant genius, resolved to be daunted by no difficulty, could have successfully carried it out.

By these, then, and similar measures, did this mere stripling lay the foundation for excellence. And in sentences already quoted we have seen what excellence he achieved. It is no part of our design to criticize his productions, or to show how, in some respects, he rivalled Raphael himself. Even the wondrous painting of the Last Supper, regarding which perhaps more has been written than about any other painting, we do not attempt to describe. Enough that in his chosen profession Leonardo da Vinci takes his place among the very foremost, while in many respects he had no rival, no second, in his own time or since.

BARTHÉLEMI ESTEBAN MURILLO.

(*Sharpe's London Magazine.*)

As Barthélemi returned home, grave and serious in the thoughts of the future now lying before him, and followed by Meneses, who was carrying part of the working apparatus of the young painter, Donna Theresina came out to meet him into the middle of the street.

"Good news!" said she, "you had hardly gone out this morning when Senor Ozorio arrived, bringing me the ten ducats which you yesterday demanded for your picture; you must take it to him after dinner."

"At what hour was Ozorio here?" inquired Barthélemi.

"At ten o'clock. I have locked up your ten ducats with the rest of your little store."

"How unfortunate!" said Barthélemi, "I have just been promised twenty for it."

"By whom?" inquired his mother.

"By a stranger, Don Rodriguez de Sylva, who has also offered me a letter of recommendation for Velasquez at Madrid."

"Ah! if I had but known that!" said the poor mother, sorrowfully, on seeing the evident disappointment of her son. "And I was so well pleased with Senor Ozorio's coming up to your price."

"Well, what need you care?" said Meneses to Barthélemi. "Give my father back his ten ducats, and tell him you had sold your picture when he came to pay you, and that you will do another for him; because the stranger may leave this to-morrow, perhaps."

"Hold your tongue, Meneses, you are my evil angel," said Murillo, impatiently. "What is done cannot be undone. Let us go to dinner, and afterwards I will go and excuse myself to Don Rodriguez. But what shall I do if he will not give me the letter? he may be angry with me?"

The dinner passed in gloomy silence, no one said a word, for every member of this little family sympathized with the disappointment of the boy. As soon as it was over, Murillo went out, and, repairing to the Hotel de Castillo, inquired for Don Rodriguez. He was shown into an apartment, where the Senor was alone, and engaged in writing.

"Oh, here is my picture!" said Don Rodriguez, on seeing Barthélemi enter.

"Senor," said Barthélemi, with a full heart, "my mother had sold it before we returned home."

"For a higher price?" inquired Don Rodriguez.

"No, much lower; but that makes no difference," said young Murillo.

"Pardon me, but it does a great deal," said the stranger, evidently vexed; "for, if I give a higher price, you have only to do to the other purchaser what you are now doing to me—go and put him off."

"I certainly might do so, and I should have done so without hesitation, if our bargain had been closed before my mother had agreed with the merchant Ozorio; but it is not so: the bargain begun by me last night was closed by my mother this morning, and ours, you know, Senor, was not concluded till this evening."

"What is your name?" said the stranger, abruptly.

"Barthélemi Esteban Murillo," replied the boy.

"Are your parents alive?"

"Both, Senor."

"Well, I must see and speak to them both," said Don Rodriguez, rising and gazing upon the young Murillo so intently that he felt quite abashed. "Come, show me the way."

"To my father's?" inquired the astonished Barthélemi.

"Yes, to your father's," answered Don Rodriguez.

. . . . . .

It was dark night when Don Rodriguez, conducted by Barthélemi, arrived at the dwelling of Esteban. Theresina was again at her lace-work, and Esteban was reading. They both stopped, and rose on seeing a stranger with their son.

"I pray you to excuse my intrusion," said Don Rodriguez, courteously saluting, first Theresina, and then Esteban: "my visit is not so much to the parents of the young artist, as to the parents who have inculcated such good principles of honesty and integrity in the mind of so young a boy. I frankly acknowledge had I received the picture, I should have left Seville without coming here. Murillo has produced a good picture, and thus proved that he is an artist; yet there are many artists. But Murillo is more than an artist; he has done more than produce a fine picture, he has given proof of his integrity; and I could not leave Seville without seeing those who brought up such a boy. Murillo," added he, turning to the child, "I am rich, and able to serve you; say, what do you wish for?"

"The letter for Velasquez," said Murillo, with some hesitation.

"I can do more," said the stranger, evidently affected; "I can show him to you this very moment."

"Is he at Seville?"

"He is before you," said Don Rodriguez, opening his arms to the boy, who hesitated for an instant, but then the next had thrown himself into them.

"You, Don Rodriguez?" said Barthélemi.

"Don Rodriguez de Sylva y Velasquez."

The first transports of joy and emotion over, Velasquez said to Esteban,—

"I am going to Italy to rejoin Rubens, who is waiting for me at Venice; I cannot therefore receive him myself at Madrid, but I will give orders accordingly. Do not fail to send him there, I beg of you. Your son is no ordinary child; he will one day be a great painter."

Velasquez then took leave of the family and departed. The next day he left Seville.

But Murillo could not go to Madrid. Esteban was taken ill, and died, and the boy could not leave his mother, of whom he was the sole support. But when he had attained the age of sixteen, and found his mother was able to earn a livelihood by her work, Murillo

decided on going to Madrid, and, if possible, to Italy. Not having sufficient money, he had recourse to his first plan; he bought canvas, and cutting it into little squares, made a number of small pictures, which were purchased and sent to America as what is called a sailor's venture, and, dividing what he thus obtained with his mother, he set out for Madrid. When he arrived, he learned that Velasquez had returned from Italy. He found him out, and Velasquez, at once recognising his young *protégé*, soon procured him full employment in the Escurial, and other palaces of Madrid. Murillo remained three years in this city, after which he returned to Seville, where he painted for the little cloister of San Francisco the Death of St Clara, and a St John Distributing Alms. He acquired such fame by these two productions, that all the convents of Seville wished to have pictures by Murillo, who was esteemed the greatest of Spanish painters. The Museum of Paris contains four of his pictures—The Infant Jesus Seated on the Virgin's Lap, Jesus on the Mount of Olives, St Peter Imploring His Pardon, and a Young Mendicant.

Murillo died at Seville the 3d of April 1682. His principal pupils were Antolinez, Menaze Ozorio, Tobar, Velacissmio, and Sebastian Gomez commonly called the Mulatto of Murillo.

BOYHOOD OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A., journalist and author of many popular books in literature and science: born 1801.

THIS illustrious "founder of the British School of Painting" was born at Plympton, an ancient town of Devonshire, about five miles from Plymouth, on the 16th of July 1723. He was the seventh of either ten or eleven children. His father, grandfather, and two uncles were all in holy orders. His father is described in the Plympton baptismal register, as "clerk and schoolmaster," and was master of the grammar school of the town. Although possessed of a high character for learning, he appears to have been ill fitted for the office of schoolmaster; and before his death, it is said, that the number of his scholars was literally reduced to one. The room in which Joshua Reynolds was born had until recently on the wall a portrait drawn with a finger dipped in ink, showing an air of the painter's later works.

The young Joshua entered early the grammar school at Plympton.

Beneath the school-room is an open arcade or cloister, forming a play-ground for the scholars in wet weather. This cloister was the subject of one of Reynolds's juvenile performances with the pencil, which excited the astonishment of his father. Northcote relates that young Reynolds had accidentally read the "Jesuits' Perspective" when he was not more than eight years old, a proof of his capacity and active curiosity. He, moreover, attempted to apply the rules of that treatise in a drawing which he made of his father's school, a building well suited to his purpose, as it stood upon pillars. On showing it to his father, who was merely a man of letters, he exclaimed, "How this exemplifies what the author of the 'Perspective' asserts in his preface, that by observing the rules laid down in his book, a man may do wonders, for this is wonderful." The drawing is carefully preserved, with three nicely-executed pen-and-ink sketches; one a perspective drawing on the back of a Latin exercise, "De labore," on which his father, the schoolmaster, has written, "*This is drawn by Joshua in school out of pure idleness;*" yet, to what perfection did that idleness lead?

Another of these drawings is the interior of a book-room or library, apparently copied from a small engraving, with all the minuteness and delicacy of Callot. The third is the drawing of a fish, also done with a pen, and inscribed, apparently by Joshua's father, "Copied from nature."

Sir Joshua related to Malone that the "Perspective" happened to lie in the parlour window in the house of his father. He made himself, at eight years old, so completely master of this book, that he never had occasion to study any other work on the subject, and the knowledge of perspective then acquired served him ever after. Reynolds also told Malone that his first lessons in drawing were copying some light drawings made by two of his sisters, who had a turn for art; he afterwards eagerly copied such prints as he met with among his father's books, particularly those which were given in the translation of "Plutarch's Lives," published by Dryden. But his principal fund of initiation was Jacob Catt's "Book of Emblems," which his great-grandmother by his father's side, a Dutchwoman, had brought with her from Holland.

The father seems to have strangely neglected the education of his son. It is true that the boy, like Hogarth before him, was inspired by Richardson's "Treatise on Painting" to make private drawings rather than public exercises in school; and his biographer, Northcote, reluctantly admits Reynolds's deficiency in classical attainments; adding, that "the mass of general knowledge by which he

was distinguished was the result of much studious application in his riper years." From his friends, Burke and Johnson, Reynolds undoubtedly learnt much to supply the deficiencies of his early education.

Mrs Jameson says of the early influence which Richardson's "Treatise" exercised upon the mind of Reynolds: "It apears to me that the boy, who at eight years old was ever found with a pencil in his hand copying prints out of books, and who, at the same time, had mastered the 'Jesuits' Perspective,' would have been a painter in any case; but the perusal of Richardson's book, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, elevated and directed his boyish enthusiasm; it made him the painter which he afterwards became. He closed it, he says, with the conviction that Raphael was the greatest man who had ever existed. But this was nothing compared with the aspirations of a still higher kind produced by the same striking book. It is impossible, I think, to look back upon the whole tenor of Sir Joshua's life, without a perception of the excellent moral influence its perusal left upon his mind and character. The lofty claims which Richardson set forth in behalf of painting as an art; the union of knowledge and virtue with creative genius, of high qualities with great attainments, which he requires in the artist, seem to have made an ineffaceable impression on the thoughtful, dreaming boy, and to have produced, or at least developed, that singular union of self-respect and pride in his art, with modesty and humility, which distinguished him throughout life."

"WITH BRAINS, SIR."

Dr JOHN BROWN, a pleasing Edinburgh essayist and contributor to periodical literature: born 1810.

"PRAY, Mr Opie, may I ask what you mix your colours with?" said a brisk *dilettante* student to the great painter. "With *brains*, sir," was the gruff reply—and the right one. It did not give much of what we call information, but it was enough to awaken the inquirer. Many other artists, when asked such a question, would have set about detailing the mechanical composition of such and such colours, in such and such proportions, rubbed so and so; or perhaps they would have shown him how they laid them on; but even this would leave him at the critical point. Opie preferred going to the quick and the heart of the matter: "With *brains*, sir."

Sir Joshua Reynolds was taken by a friend to see a picture. He was anxious to admire it, and he looked it over with a keen and careful eye. "Capital composition; correct drawing; the colour and tone excellent; but—but—it wants—it wants *That!*" snapping his fingers; and, wanting "that," though it had everything else, it was worth nothing.

Again, Etty was appointed teacher of the students of the Royal Academy, having been preceded by a clever, talkative, scientific expounder of æsthetics, who delighted to tell the young men *how* everything was done; how to copy this, and how to express that. A student came up to the new master, "How should do I this, sir?" —"Suppose you try." Another, "What does this mean, Mr Etty?" —"Suppose you look."—"But I have looked."—"Suppose you look again." And they *did* try, and they *did* look, and looked again; and they saw and achieved what they never could have done had the "how" or the "what" been told them, or done for them. In the one case, sight and action were immediate, exact, intense, and secure; in the other, mediate, feeble, and lost as soon as gained. Seeing is the passive state, and at best only registers; looking is a voluntary act: it is the man within coming to the window.

So, young friends, bring *Brains* to your work, and mix everything with them, and them with everything. Let "Tools, *and a man to use them*," be your motto. Stir up, direct, and give free scope to Sir Joshua's "*That*," and try again and again, and look at everything for yourselves.

TOO MUCH BLUE.

(From *Household Words.*)

Early on a fine summer morning an old man was walking on the road between Brussels and Namur. He expected a friend to arrive by the diligence, and he set out some time before it was due to meet it on the road. Having a good deal of time to spare he amused himself by watching any object of interest that caught his eye; and at length stopped to inspect the operations of a painter, who, mounted on a ladder placed against the front of a wayside inn, was busily employed in depicting a sign suitable to its name, "The Rising Sun."

"Here," said the old man to himself, "is an honest dauber, who knows as much of perspective as a cart-horse, and who, I 'll war-

rant, fancies himself a Rubens. How he brushes in that ultramarine sky!"

The critic then commenced walking backwards and forwards before the inn, thinking that he might as well loiter there for the diligence as walk on farther. The painter meantime continued to lay on fresh coats of the bright blue, which appeared to aggravate the old gentleman very much. At length, when the sign-painter took another brushful of blue paint to plaster on, the spectator could endure it no longer, and exclaimed severely—

"Too much blue!"

The honest painter looked down from his perch, and said, in that tone of forced calmness which an angry man sometimes assumes—

"Monsieur does not perceive that I am painting a sky?"

"Oh yes, I see very well you are trying to paint a sky, but I tell you again there is too much blue!"

"Did you ever see skies painted without blue, Master Amateur?"

"I am not an amateur. I merely tell you in passing—I make the casual remark—that there is too much blue; but do as you like. Put more blue, if you don't think you have trowelled on enough already."

"But I tell you that I want to represent a clear blue sky at sunrise."

"And I tell you that no man in his senses would make a sky at sunrise blue."

"By St Gudula, this is too much!" exclaimed the painter, coming down from his ladder, at no pains this time to conceal his anger; "I should like to see how *you* would paint skies without blue."

"I don't pretend to much skill in sky-painting; but, if I were to make a trial, I wouldn't put in too much blue."

"And what would it look like if you didn't?"

"Like nature, I hope, and not like yours, which might be taken for a bed gentianella, or a sample of English cloth, or anything you please—except a sky. I beg to assure you, for the tenth time, there is too much blue!"

"I tell you what, old gentleman," cried the insulted artist, crossing his maul-stick over his shoulder, and looking very fierce, "I daresay you are a very worthy fellow when you are at home; but you should not be let out—alone."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Because you must be crazy to play the critic after this fashion; too much blue, indeed! What, I, the pupil of Ruys-

dael, the third cousin of Gerard Douw's great grandson, not know how to colour a sky? Know that my reputation has been long established. I have a Red Horse at Malines, a Green Bear at Namur, and a Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, before which every traveller stops fixed in admiration."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the critic, as he snatched the palette from the painter's hand. "You deserve to have your own portrait painted to serve for the sign of the Flemish Ass!" In his indignation he mounted the ladder with the activity of a boy, and began with the palm of his hand to efface the *chef d'œuvre* of Gerard Douw's great grandson's third cousin.

"Stop, you old charlatan!" shouted the latter; "you are ruining my sign! Why, it's worth thirty-five francs. And then my reputation—lost! gone for ever!"

He shook the ladder violently to make his persecutor descend. But the latter, undisturbed either by that, or by the presence of a crowd of villagers, attracted by the dispute, continued mercilessly to blot out the glowing landscape. Then, using merely the point of his finger and the handle of a brush, he sketched, in masterly outline, three Flemish boors, with beer glasses in their hands, drinking to the rising sun; which appeared above the horizon, dispersing the gloom of a grayish morning sky. One of the faces presented a strong and laughable caricature of the supplanted sign-painter. The spectators, at first, were greatly disposed to take part with their countryman against the intrusive stranger. What right had he to interfere? There was no end to the impudence of these foreigners.

As, however, they watched and grumbled, the grumbling gradually ceased, and was turned into a murmur of approbation when the design became apparent. The owner of the inn was the first to cry "Bravo!" and even Gerard Douw's cousin, nine times removed, felt his fury calming down into admiration:—

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "you belong to the craft, honest man, and there's no use in denying it. Yes, yes," he continued, laughing, as he turned towards his neighbours, "this is a French sign-painter, who wishes to have a jest with me. Well, I must frankly say he knows what he is about."

The old man was about to descend from the ladder, when a gentleman, riding a beautiful English horse, made his way through the crowd.

"That painting is mine!" he exclaimed in French, but with a foreign accent. "I will give a hundred guineas for it!"

"Another madman!" exclaimed the native genius. "Hang me, but all these foreigners are mad!"

"What do you mean, Monsieur?" said the innkeeper, uncommonly interested.

"What I say—I will give one hundred guineas for that painting," answered the young Englishman, getting off his horse.

"That picture is not to be sold," said the sign painter, with an air of as much pride as if it had been his own work.

"No," quoth mine host, "for it is already sold, and even partly paid for in advance. However, if Monsieur wishes to come to an arrangement about it, it is with me that he must treat."

"Not at all, not at all," rejoined the Flemish painter of signs, "it belongs to me. My fellow artist here gave me a little help out of friendship; but the picture is my lawful property, and I am at liberty to sell it to any one I please."

"What roguery!" exclaimed the innkeeper. "My Rising Sun is my property, fastened on the wall of my house. How can it belong to anybody else? Isn't it painted on my boards? No one but myself has the smallest right to it."

"I 'll summon you before the magistrate," cried he who had *not* painted the sign.

"I 'll prosecute you for breach of covenant," retorted the innkeeper, who had paid half for it.

"One moment!" interposed another energetic voice, that of the interloper; "it seems to me that I ought to have some little vote in this business."

"Quite right, brother," answered the painter. "Instead of disputing on the public road, let us go into Master Martzen's house, and arrange the matter amicably over a bottle or two of beer."

To this all parties agreed, but I am sorry to say they agreed in nothing else; for within doors the dispute was carried on with deafening confusion and energy. The Flemings contended for the possession of the painting, and the Englishman repeated his offer to cover it with gold.

"But suppose that *I* don't choose to have it sold?" said its real author.

"Oh, my dear Monsieur!" said the innkeeper, "I am certain you would not wish to deprive an honest, poor man, who can scarcely make both ends meet, of his windfall. Why, it would just enable me to lay in a good stock of wine and beer."

"Don't believe him, brother," cried the painter, "he is an old miser. I am the father of a family; and being a painter, you ought

to help a brother artist, and give me the preference. Besides, I am ready to share the money with you."

"He!" said Master Martzen. "Why, he's an old spendthrift, who has no money left to give his daughter as a marriage portion, because he spends all he gets on himself."

"No such things: my Susette is betrothed to an honest young French cabinetmaker; who, poor as she is, will marry her next September."

"A daughter to portion!" exclaimed the stranger artist. That quite alters the case. I am content that the picture should be sold for a marriage portion. I leave it to our English friend's generosity to fix the sum."

"I have already offered," replied the best bidder, "one hundred guineas for the sketch just as it is. I will gladly give two hundred for it, if the painter consent to sign it in the corner with two words."

"What words?" exclaimed all the disputants at once.

The Englishman replied,—

"Pierre David."

The whole party were quiet enough now; for they were struck dumb with astonishment. The sign-painter held his breath, glared with his eyes, frantically clasped his hands together, and fell down on his knees before the great French painter.

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed, "forgive me for my audacious ignorance."

David laughed heartily; and taking his hand, shook it with fraternal cordiality.

By this time the news of the discovery had spread; the tavern was crowded with persons anxious to drink the health of their celebrated visitor; and the good old man, standing in the middle of the room, pledged them heartily. In the midst of the merry-making, the sign-painter's daughter, the pretty Susette, threw her arms round her benefactor's neck, and her intended husband raised a cloud of saw-dust out of his jacket, from the violence with which he shook the French master's hand.

At that moment, the friends whom he was expecting arrived. They were Mr Lessec, a theatrical manager, and the great Talma.

THE ART OF ENGRAVING

HINCKLEY.

THE art of engraving is of extreme antiquity. If it cannot with any certainty be traced to antediluvian times, in the case of Tubal-Cain, the son of Lamech, who is spoken of as "an artificer in brass and iron," yet there are distinct traces of it in the patriarchal age, for carved images were found in the family of Abraham, and these, if we may judge by analogy with the most ancient remains of carving extant, were merely rude outlines on a flat surface, and therefore bore a strong resemblance to engraving. During the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt, they probably exercised this art after the Egyptian manner, which consisted of hieroglyphical figures cut in outline on metal and stone. But, during their wanderings in the desert, two men, Bezaleel and Aholiab, were specially set apart to "devise curious works in gold, silver, and brass, and in the cutting of stones to set them, and in carving the wood," for the service of the tabernacle; and of them it is declared that God "filled them with wisdom of heart, to work all manner of work of the engraver," (Exod. xxxv. 35.)

The rude methods of Egypt are supposed to have been adopted by the Phœnicians, and thus to have been conveyed to Greece, where, in Homer's time, the art of engraving had considerably advanced. One of its earliest uses in that civilized nation, was in the delineation of maps on metal plates. Specimens of the art as practised in Etruria are thought to be of a very remote antiquity, and are quite capable of being printed from, as has been proved by actual experiment. But the idea of filling in these rude outlines with ink, and taking impressions from them, was reserved to later times. Thus the ancients just missed a discovery which now forms the principal element of our progress. This is the more remarkable when we remember that they knew how to take impressions of seals and stamps, in wax, clay, and other soft bodies, and that they seem to have had stamps with separate letters engraved upon them.

The art of engraving comprises three great divisions, for which appropriate technical terms have been found by referring to the Greek language. Copperplate engraving is named *Chalcography*, from the Greek words signifying *copper* and *I inscribe;* wood-engraving *Xylography*, from *wood* and *I inscribe;* engraving on stone *Lithography*, from *a stone* and *I inscribe.*

The first of these, or the art of engraving on copper, and taking impressions from the engraved plates, is ascribed to a native of Florence, named Finiguerra, who flourished in the fifteenth century. He was a skilful workman in a species of handicraft then largely practised, namely, the engraving of church ornaments and other articles, and filling the engraved parts with a black composition of silver and lead. This was called working *in mello*, and had a good effect, as may be seen by remaining specimens.

It is said that Finiguerra, having on one occasion cast some melted sulphur on his engraving to try its effect previously to putting on the black composition, observed, on removing the sulphur, that some dust and charcoal which had gathered in the hollows gave an impression of what he had engraven. On this he tried the effect of moistened paper, pressed down on the engraving with a roller, and met with a complete success. Other goldsmiths and engravers followed in the steps of Finiguerra, and this important discovery soon became widely diffused. Throughout the sixteenth century improvements in this art were numerous in Italy, and the skill of Marc Antonio Raimondi, and the students of his school, raised the fame of the Italian engravers to a high pitch.

Meanwhile Germany was making rapid progress in the same art, first practised in that country by Martin Schongauer, and carried to eminence by Albert Durer and his followers. The artists of the Flemish and Dutch schools, together with the skilful engravers of France, also contributed to spread throughout Europe the triumphs of this interesting branch of knowledge.

The art of engraving was early known in England. Printing was discovered during the first half of the fifteenth century, and engraving quickly followed, as is proved by Caxton's "Golden Legend," printed in 1483, and ornamented with numerous cuts. Copper-plate engravings appeared in Vesalius's "Anatomy," printed in England, in Latin, in 1545. These were the work of Thomas Geminus or Geminie, the first English engraver of whom we have a distinct account. A translation of the work by Udall, dedicated to Edward VI., contained, in the preface, the following passage:— "Accepte, jentill reader, this Tractise of Anatomie, thankfully interpreting the labours of Thomas Gemini the workman. He that, with his great charge, watch, and travayle, hath set out these figures in portraiture, will most willingly be amended, or better perfected of his own workmanship, if admonished." The first maps of English counties were engraved by Christopher Saxton in 1579.

In the reign of Charles I. an engraver-royal, (Voerst, a native of

Holland,) was appointed, and the art received much encouragement from the king and the Earl of Arundel. The celebrated Vandyke assisted its progress by his vigorous and expressive etchings. Various improvements were made, Prince Rupert discovered *mezzo tinto*, and for a brief period engraving flourished greatly; but the bad taste and dissolute manners of the succeeding reign checked its progress, and had the worst effect on the art. Its subsequent revival and brilliant success in the hands of Hogarth and his contemporaries, and its high eminence at the present day, present too extensive a field to be traversed here.

ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST CECILIA'S DAY.

ALEXANDER POPE, the greatest poet of the Augustan age of English literature: 1688–1744.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing:
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet sound
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While, in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers, soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
Till by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor smite too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts in her enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,

Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms;
So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflamed with glory's charms:
Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
And half unsheathed the shining blade;
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

And when through all the infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead;
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortured ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance;
The furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bow'rs;
By the hero's armed shades,
Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,—
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,—
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.
But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with furies surrounded,
Despairing confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Haemus resounds with the Bacchanal's cries—
Ah see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung;
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue:
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains ring.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful choir,
Th' immortal powers incline their ear:
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell;
To bright Cecilia greater power is given:
His numbers raised a shade from hell,
Her's lift the soul to heaven.

MUSIC AS A BRANCH OF EDUCATION.

(Advanced Reader of the Scottish School-book Association.)

"Most persons say, that the only purpose of music is to amuse; but this is a profane, an unholy language. To look on music as mere amusement cannot be justified. Music which has no other aim must be considered neither of value, nor worthy of reverence." Thus spoke Plato; and his opinion is shared by those who are striving to spread music among the people in the present day.

The physical organs and aptitudes of ear and voice required for vocal music are still very generally regarded as peculiar endowments, rare gifts, possessed only by a few; whereas, in truth, they are the very same as those used for speaking and hearing, the common inheritance of mankind. Every child, not born deaf or dumb, is born with those organs, which may be taught to sing as well as to speak. It is by the teaching of example that the child attains the power of speech; but the same opportunities are seldom given to develop the faculty of song. When this teaching has been neglected till advanced age, the vocal organs become less flexible and less obedient to the will, and the art of singing increasingly difficult to commence. But even in these cases, patience, effort of mind, and a good method, will awaken to creditable use the neglected faculty. There is, doubtless, a great difference in the physical constitution of individuals, which gives to some a much greater nervous susceptibility, and consequent delicacy of ear and voice, than others; but all mankind are endowed by the Creator with that glorious faculty of song, which He has made it our duty to improve for His praise. There is therefore no deficiency of natural voice or ear to account for the common neglect of music: nor is there among the people any general unwillingness to learn music, which is beautiful and attractive to all; nor can any difficulty in the nature of music itself be pleaded, for, considered as an art, it is certainly more easy than reading, writing, or drawing; and as a science, it is simple in its elements, however rich and varied in its combinations.

The music for which we contend is linked with poetry, and employed to carry to the heart some cheerful sentiment, some lofty thought, or some ennobling emotion. The importance to education of music thus understood, cannot well be over-rated. It occupies ground in some degree peculiar to itself—ground which it is very important to occupy rightly in these times. Some advantages it

brings to physical, and many, when rightly studied, to intellectual education; but it displays its chief power on the field of æsthetics, morals, and religion.

In *æsthetic education*, it unites with the art of drawing and the study of the finest models of literature, to develop the love of whatsoever is orderly, suitable, harmonious, beautiful, and sublime. This is a branch of education which the defenders of truth cannot, in these days, well afford to neglect.

In *moral education* it joins with poetry to win the attention of youth, by the innocent beguilement of their imitated charms, to truths and duties too often not otherwise attractive. By the same means it delays the attention on these truths, and, moreover, secures for them the irresistible power which belongs to constant reiteration. It possesses also that mighty sympathetic influence, which the simple expression of feelings carries with it to the heart of a child, whose interest has been gained. We beguile him to utter, in the voice of a pleasant song, the language of some good emotion, of some noble sentiment; and, almost insensibly, he is won to join in the feelings he finds it so pleasant to express. This is a power which is felt by us all, and which is greater than many arguments. That which the teacher's moral lesson has explained and enforced, the moral song shall impress on the memory and endear to the heart. In a similar manner do music and poetry contribute their aid in directly *religious education*. They impress more deeply truths already taught; they give a language to the faith, and hope, and love, and joy of youthful piety; they elevate the mind, and help to raise the heart to God. None but the heartless or the unwise can doubt the power for good education, or fail to see the importance of earnest study and watchful care, that this power may be well applied.

In *physical education*, singing, as well as the useful practice of reading aloud, promotes a healthy action of the lungs, and of the muscles of the chest,—most important in a country where consumption lurks for its prey. Music is well known to possess a direct, though unexplained, influence on the human nerves. It soothes the weary or the excited frame. It promotes the health by recreating the mind. And not the least of its educating advantages is, that it oftentimes pre-occupies and redeems hours of leisure, which might otherwise have become hours of idleness or sin. How good for body and mind is the song round the cottage hearth, when the hours of labour are over! God has made our cheapest pleasure to be our best and purest.

In *intellectual education*, music bears no unworthy part. It cultivates the habit of attention, and the powers of perception and imitation, and it will teach, by example, how to observe in musical phenomena, and how to reason upon them. Every subject should be so taught as to improve the pupil's thinking powers, and music gives better scope than is usually supposed for such an exercise.

The habit of committing poetry to memory, which must always accompany the extended and varied use of vocal music, has a direct tendency to promote a correct knowledge, and a fit application of words,—most important helps to intellectual education. One who was both a poet and a philosopher defined poetry to be, "the best thoughts in the fittest words." It may be easily noticed that nearly all children speak well, who have been in the constant habit of repeating poetry with any degree of propriety. The same practice, when properly directed, helps to refine the imagination, and to train it to useful purposes. That noble power has its humbler offices in common life, which are of the utmost value. When rightly cultivated, it teaches us to associate good thoughts and kindly feelings with the ordinary incidents of every-day life. It makes "the best of everything." It has been said to "oil the wheels of life's chariot on this jolty road." It gladdens by associations of contentment and love, even the poor man's board with truest festive joy. It adorns his cottage home with hues of peace and happiness; makes "the dear familiar face" grow more beautiful with age; and throws on all things the glow of a cheerful, affectionate mind.

THE POWER OF MUSIC

ISAAC DISRAELI, father of the politician and novelist, Benjamin Disraeli, and author of the "Curiosities of Literature:" 1766–1848.

THE effect of music in raising the energies of the mind, or what we commonly call *animal spirits*, was obvious to early observation. Its power of attracting strong attention may in some cases have appeared to affect even those who laboured under a considerable degree of mental disorder. Homer, whose heroes exhibit high passions but not refined manners, represents the Grecian army as employing music to stay the raging of the plague. The Jewish nation, in the time of King David, appears not to have been much further advanced in civilization; accordingly, we find David employed in his youth to remove the mental derangement of Saul by

his harp. The method of cure was suggested as a common one in those days, by Saul's servants; and the success is not mentioned as a miracle. Pindar, with poetic license, speaks of Æsculapius healing acute disorders with soothing songs; but Æsculapius, whether man or deity, or between both, is a physician of the days of barbarism and fable. Pliny scouts the idea that music should affect real bodily injury, but quotes Homer on the subject; mentions Theophrastus as suggesting a time for the cure of the hip gout, and Plato as entertaining a fancy that it had a good effect when limbs were out of joint, and likewise that Varro thought it good for the gout. The ancients, indeed, record miracles in the tales they relate of the medicinal powers of music. A fever is removed by a song, and deafness is cured by a trumpet, and the pestilence is chased away by the sweetness of an harmonious lyre. That deaf people can hear best in a great noise, is a fact alleged by some moderns, in favour of the ancient story of curing deafness by a trumpet. "Dr Wills tells us," says Dr Burney, "of a lady who could hear only while a drum was beating, inasmuch that her husband, the account says, hired a drummer as her servant, in order to enjoy the pleasure of her conversation."

Jackson of Exeter, in reply to the question of Dryden, "What passion cannot music raise or quell?" sarcastically returns, "What passion *can* music raise or quell?" Would not a savage who had never listened to a musical instrument, feel certain emotions at listening to one for the first time? But civilized man is, no doubt, particularly affected by *association of ideas*, as all pieces of national music evidently prove.

The *Ranz des Vaches*, mentioned by Rousseau in his "Dictionary of Music," though without anything striking in the composition, has such a powerful influence over the Swiss, and impresses them with so violent a desire to return to their own country, that it is forbidden to be played in the Swiss regiments in the French service, on pain of death. There is also a Scotch tune, which has the same effect on some of our North Britons. In one of our battles in Calabria, a bagpiper of the 78th Highland Regiment, when the light infantry charged the French, posted himself on the right, and remained in his solitary situation during the whole of the battle, encouraging the men with a famous Highland charging tune; and upon the retreat and complete rout of the French changed it to another, equally celebrated in Scotland, upon the retreat of, and victory over, an enemy. His next-hand neighbour guarded him so well that he escaped unhurt. This was the spirit

of the "Last Minstrel," who infused courage among his countrymen, by possessing it in so animated a degree, and in so venerable a character.

FARINELLI.

(By-paths of Biography.)

The real name of Farinelli was Carlo Broschi, and he was born at Andria, in the kingdom of Naples, in 1705. He learned the first rudiments of music of his father, according to his own account, and singing of Porpora, the celebrated master of the art, who generally accompanied him wherever he went. At the age of seventeen he made his first *début* at Rome, where, during the run of an opera, there was a struggle every night between him and a famous player on the trumpet, in a song accompanied by that instrument. Farinelli showed himself triumphantly superior to one who had hitherto been regarded as a prodigy, and from that time his reputation was established. In the early part of his life he was distinguished throughout Italy by the name of "The Boy." He became the universal favourite, and was everywhere admired and extolled as superior to all his contemporaries. In 1724, he first went to Vienna, and thence to Venice and the various great towns of Europe. In 1728, he visited the Austrian capital a second time, and afterwards spent two years in Venice. This extraordinary singer has been described by Dr Burney, as uniting in the qualities of his organ strength, sweetness, and compass, whilst his style was graceful, tender, and surprisingly rapid. He adds, that he was superior to all other singers, and had every excellence of every good singer united. In the famous air, "Son qual Nave," which was composed by his brother, the first note he sang was taken with such delicacy, swelled by minute degrees to such an amazing volume, and afterwards diminished in the same manner, that it was applauded for full five minutes. He afterwards set off with such brilliancy and rapidity of execution, that it was difficult for the violins of those days to keep pace with him.

While many other great singers gratified the eye by their graceful and dignified action and deportment, Farinelli enchanted or astonished his hearers, without the assistance of significant gestures or graceful attitudes. During the time of his singing he was motionless as a statue, but his voice was so active that no intervals were too close, too wide, or too rapid for his execution.

A very interesting fact was related by Farinelli himself, with reference to his style of singing. He said that, when at Vienna, where he was three different times, and where he received great honours from the emperor Charles VI., an admonition from that prince was of more service to him than all the precepts of his masters, or the examples of his competitors for fame. His imperial majesty condescended to tell him one day, with great mildness and affability, that in his singing he neither *moved* nor *stood still* like any other mortal; all was supernatural. "Those gigantic strides," said he, "those never-ending notes and passages, only surprise, and it is now time for you to please; you are too lavish of the gifts with which nature has endowed you; if you wish to reach the heart, you must take a more plain and simple road." These few words brought about an entire change in his manner of singing. From this time he mixed the pathetic with the spirited, the simple with the sublime, and by these means delighted as well as astonished every hearer. The surprising effects he produced on the feelings of his audience were perfectly unparalleled, and, as will be seen in the sequel, remind one of the marvels related of the musicians of antiquity. We no longer doubt that Terpander and Timotheus were able, by their dulcet melody, to appease the tumults of the seditious Lesbians, or soothe the proud swellings of the victorious Alexander's heart.

With these unrivalled talents, Farinelli went into Spain, in the year 1737, fully designing to return to England, having entered into articles with the nobility, who had then the management of the opera, to perform the ensuing season; but the first day he appeared before the king and queen of Spain, it was determined that he should be taken into the service of that court, to which he was ever after wholly appropriated, not being once suffered to sing again in public. A pension of nearly £3000 a year was settled on him for life. He said, that for the first ten years of his residence at the court of Spain, during the life of Philip V., he sang every night to that monarch the same four airs, two of which were composed by Hasse,—"Pallido, il Sole," and "Per questo dolce Amplesso;" and "Ah! non lasciami, no, bel idol mio," by Vinci; the other was a minuet, which he used to vary at pleasure.

It has been often related, and generally believed, that Philip V., King of Spain, being seized with a total dejection of spirits, which rendered him incapable of attending council, or transacting affairs of state, the queen, who had in vain tried every common expedient likely to contribute to his recovery, determined that an experiment

should be made of the effects of music upon the king, her husband, who was extremely sensible to its charms. Upon the arrival of Farinelli—of whose extraordinary performance an account had been transmitted to Madrid from several parts of Europe—her majesty contrived that there should be a concert in a room adjoining the king's apartment, in which this singer performed one of his most captivating songs. Philip appeared at first surprised, then moved, and at the end of the second air made the musician enter his apartment, loading him with compliments, asking him how he could reward adequately such great talents, and assuring him he could refuse him nothing. From that time the king's disorder yielded to medicine, and the singer had the credit of the cure. By his constant access to the king, he became so much a favourite that he possessed all the influence of a minister of state, and was frequently made the channel through which the royal benefits were conferred; but he never abused his power, and conducted himself with so much judgment and propriety, that he avoided the shoals usually so fatal to court favourites, and was honoured with the esteem and confidence of the nobles. Many anecdotes are related concerning the wonderful effects produced by his talents, and not a few that do honour to his heart and natural disposition. A nobleman of the court had solicited for some time an employment which the king had been indisposed to grant him. Farinelli knew that he was possessed of talents which eminently qualified him for the post he was desirous to obtain; at the same time, he was not ignorant that the applicant had, on several occasions, shown a disposition unfavourable to himself. His generosity prompted him to disregard this personal consideration, and he so urgently pleaded with the monarch, that he succeeded in obtaining for his enemy the place he coveted. "But do you not know," said the king, "that this man is no friend of yours—that, on the contrary, he speaks ill of you?" "I am aware of it, sire, and this is the revenge I am anxious to take," replied Farinelli. On another occasion, going one day to the king's chamber, he heard an officer on guard curse him, and say to another that was in waiting, "Honours can be heaped on such scoundrels as these, while a poor soldier like myself, after thirty years' service, is neglected!" Without appearing to have overheard these words, Farinelli mentioned the name of the complainant to the king, and procured a regiment for him. On quitting the royal presence, he gave the commission to the officer, telling him that he had heard his complaint, and adding, "You did wrong to accuse the king of neglecting to reward your services."

After the death of Philip V., Farinelli continued in favour under his successor, Ferdinand VI., by whom he was dignified with the Order of Calatrava, in 1750. His duties now became less constant and monotonous, as he persuaded this prince to have operas, which were a relief to him. In 1758 he lost his great patroness, who most highly valued his worth and talents, the Queen of Spain; and in the following year her consort, Ferdinand VI. He was succeeded by Charles III., his brother, who hated music, and would not suffer the sound of a voice or an instrument to be heard in his palace. By his command, Farinelli quitted Madrid and returned to Italy, though not to his own country, Naples, whither it was his wish to retire; but from some caprice, never clearly explained, though his pension was continued, he was ordered to spend the remainder of his days at Bologna.

The life of Farinelli was prolonged to an unusual span. He died in 1782, at the age of seventy-eight, leaving one nephew, to whom he bequeathed his fortune.

MUSIC BY MOONLIGHT.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the prince of English dramatists, and greatest of all poets: 1564–1616.

(From the "Merchant of Venice.")

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it,
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.
You are never merry, when you hear sweet music,
The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature;
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

MOZART.

(From "Friendly Hands and Kindly Words.")

Just as the feast sent by their unknown benefactor was being ended, and while the hearts of the family danced within them with a livelier joy than they had felt for many a day, the clock of a neighbouring convent struck two, and little Wolfgang, as if recalled to himself by the sound, left his seat and approached the piano.

"The stranger," said he, as if speaking to himself, "looked astonished when Fredrika told him that I could compose; but were he in this house now, I should let him hear such a sonata." As he spoke the child ran his tiny little fingers along the touches, which he could hardly reach, with an ease and precision which it was astonishing to look upon; then, as if the sound recalled some bright, glorious vision beyond mortal ken, his little eyes closed, his face became lighted with a most seraphic expression, and abandoning himself to the instrument, he produced sounds so soft, so perfect, so decided, and so harmonious, that even his father and mother sat mute with astonishment. The rich and capricious fancy of the infantile composer seemed to have taken the wings of an angel, and to have attuned that instrument with the melodious thrilling harpings of heaven. His little bosom heaved as his feeble tiny fingers swept over the ivory and ebon touches with the ease and rapidity

of the most accomplished master, and his face was suffused with a soft rapturous smile, as the harmony that filled his soul lent its magic influences to that passive piano. The poet musician—for in music there is a glorious lofty element of poetry—forgot everything in the fulness of his devotion to his art. The sounds of the far-off land, where hosts of cherubims, seated on rainbow rims, struck their lyric strings, till the hills of heaven sent back the strains again, seemed to waken his young genius from the latent slumbers of its youth. He, so lately from that pure fresh heaven above, where all is bliss, and glory, and brightness, that we forget when we come down upon the earth, seemed to have retained in all its fulness of power the music-language of the hosts above. He could still speak to them and hear them through the sense of exquisite genius

"Oh, embrace me, my boy!" cried the enraptured father with enthusiasm, as he held the feeble child to his bosom, and looked upon him with all the pride of a father and an artist. "With God's help," he cried, "thou shalt one day be a great man." Then suddenly desponding, as he reflected for a moment upon his true position, he exclaimed in a sad tone, "But who in all the world knows of thee but thy father, my poor boy? Who shall lead thee from the obscurity of this little dwelling, and the humble condition of a chapel-master's son? Who shall raise thee from the depths of misery and poverty, and become thy protector?"

"I will," cried a voice from behind; and turning round towards the spot whence the response proceeded, Wolfgang with pleasure recognised the messenger, and Leopold Mozart with awe and wonder inclined his head as he recognised Francis I. of Austria, who had come to spend some time in the quiet seclusion of Kosoheez, and whom he had frequently seen at the chapel.

A few days after this adventure, Wolfgang and his father set out for Vienna in order to appear at the court of the Empress Maria Theresa, at the command of her husband, the emperor.

"Beginning a life of labour at six years of age. Alas!" said his mother, weeping, "how hard is the lot of the poor!"

"I shall work for you, my mother, and a life of labour shall then be a life of pleasure," cried the child, as he threw his arms around her neck, and kissed her.

Wolfgang Mozart, dressed in a gay court costume, was led to the imperial palace of Vienna, and conducted by the master of the ceremonies into the concert hall. It was tenantless when the little musician entered, but the first thing that attracted his eyes was a splendid piano, before which he quickly and almost instinctively

seated himself, while his father passed out upon a balcony which commanded a noble view of the splendid royal gardens. Alone in the great saloon, with his instrument before him, the boy began to play, timidly at first, for the full, rich tones of the grand instrument seemed to fill the whole spacious apartment with a tremulous sense of life; then, as his ear became familiar with the tones, he burst into one of his most beautiful strains of improvisation, and gave himself wholly up to his instrument. The boy, lost in the fancies which gave life and the power of a noble accentuation to his finger, and the chords which they touched, did not observe the rustling of silken robes, the waving of perfumed plumes, the glitter of gems and gold, and the sparkling of pearls, nor the soft footfalls of little feet, as the gay courtly train entered the saloon. It was only when he had finished, and the last vibration of the instrument had died away, that he looked around, and found himself gazed on by bright eyes, and regarded with lovely smiling countenances.

"How beautiful you play!" cried a little girl as she ran to the side of the little musician, and took his hand. "Will you teach me to play as well?"

"Ah, it is a wearisome, toilsome thing to learn to play," said the boy innocently. "You must sit long and grow tired, and then begin again. I will not teach you until you are bigger, and then you will not feel it so sore upon you."

"And who taught you?" said the child, as she parted his curls and looked into his eyes.

"My father," said the boy, archly.

"Then you and he may teach me," cried the little princess, Marie Antoinette, clapping her hands at the thought.

"Great princesses," said the boy, "do not need to play for bread."

Wolfgang Mozart, at the age of eight years, appeared before the court of Versailles, and ravished his auditory with the precocity of his genius. He played the organ in the chapel-royal, before the king and his courtiers, in a style that had never been surpassed by the most accomplished masters. At that early period of his life he composed two sonatas, which are still extant to attest the richness of his fancy and the fulness of his power of development. One of these he dedicated to Victoire, daughter of the King of France, and the other to the Countess of Tesse. In 1768 he returned to Vienna, where he composed, at fourteen years of age, his opera of "Mithridates," which was honoured with twenty successive performances.

Twenty years later, the visioned glories that had danced before the mental eyes of the fanciful boy had known something like reality, and that, too, at an early age. He had won the flattery

and applause of courts and kings; he had sat before assembled thousands of the proudest and the gayest of the world's great peers, and he had created for them sources of exquisite enjoyment, which their senses had never known before, and which their imaginings had never conceived. At last he sat in his own sweet home in Vienna, revelling in melodious harmonic dreams, and, swan-like, singing his soul away, while his mortal frame dissolved in the fervour of his spirit.

One day Mozart sat at his piano, with his head inclined upon the touches, and his eyes half-closed. He was weary and feeble, for his body had yielded to his active spirit, the tribute which the physical frame ever pays to genius. Wolfgang's cheek was pale, and his brow was heavy, for he had expended the rosy tints of the one and the glories of the other in his devotion to his art; and now he leaned quietly forward upon the instrument which slept in his sleep. Before him also lay paper in confused piles, scraps of unfinished sonatas and oratorios—fragmentary symbols of the revealings of his fancy, which by the magic of their power would yet create worlds of thought and wild joys in sympathetic souls unborn. Instruments lay scattered all around the room, like a hundred voiceless tongues, of which this weary, feeble man was the soul—the only relevant and awakener.

"Awake, Wolfgang!" said a voice in the ear of the sleeping composer, and Mozart, raising his head from its recumbent position, looked calmly, and without apparent wonder in the face of his visitor. That face, however, could not be distinctly scanned, for it was covered with long black hair, and shaded by a dark cloak and a broad hat.

"What do you require of me?" demanded the composer at last, when he had passed his hand across his brow, and recovered sufficient energy to speak.

"I address myself to Wolfgang Mozart?" said the stranger, in a deep low voice, and in a tone of interrogatory.

"And to whom have I the honour to speak?" replied the musician.

"To one who would have you compose a requiem before this day month, and who would pay you amply for it."

"A requiem!" said Mozart, musing, and smoothing his high polished brow with his palm. "Come to me, then, and it shall be done."

With all the enthusiasm of which his ardent nature was capable, he devoted himself to this work. When his wife would hang over him, and beseech him to forego such close application to study, he

would smile and exclaim, "I labour for my own death." Indeed, the fire of that composition was supplied by the vital warmth of his life-blood. Death he felt was in his cup, as he bent his noble head over the page, which received upon its white bosom the transfusions of his life, and the records of his immortality; but still, with an ardour that knew no abatement, and a devotion which partook of all that religious unction of which his soul was so full, he laboured to leave his sublime thoughts to posterity, and, as the swan upon its crystal river sings as its lovely form floats downward to its death, so he, singing as man never sung, finished his "Agnus Dei" with his expiring breath and strength, then laid him down in sleep.

They placed the body of the young man—for he was only thirty-six years of age—upon a splendid bier, and they covered him with a richly broidered pall, and the deep-toned organ pealed through the aisles and lofty arches of the cathedral, and five hundred voices chanted the soft, solemn, soul-subduing requiem over him who had once been a little ragged, hungry child, fain to wander by the banks of the Moldau, and in the woods of Kosoheez, in order to forget that he had no dinner; but who now had won fame even before death, and whom his own generation, as well as posterity, delighted and delight to honour as the most eminent musical genius of any age.

AN EXHORTATION TO THE STUDY OF ELOQUENCE.

M. Tullius Cicero, a distinguished Roman statesman, orator, and philosopher, the most elegant of Latin prose writers: B.C. 107–43.

I cannot conceive anything more excellent, than to be able, by language, to captivate the affections, to charm the understanding, and to impel or restrain the will of whole assemblies at pleasure. Among every free people—especially in peaceful, settled governments—this single art has always eminently flourished, and always exercised the greatest sway. For what can be more surprising, than that amidst an infinite multitude, one man should appear, who shall be the only, or almost the only man capable of doing what Nature has put in every man's power? Or can anything impart such exquisite pleasure to the ear, and to the intellect, as a speech in which the wisdom and dignity of the sentiments are heightened by the utmost force and beauty of expression? Is there anything so commanding, so grand, as that the eloquence of one man should direct the inclinations of the people, the consciences of judges, and the majesty of senates? Nay, farther, can aught be esteemed so great, so generous, so public-spirited, as to assist the suppliant, to

rear the prostrate, to communicate happiness, to avert danger, and to save a fellow-citizen from exile? Can anything be so necessary as to keep those arms always in readiness, with which you may defend yourself, attack the profligate, and redress your own or your country's wrongs?

But let us consider this accomplishment as detached from public business, and from its wonderful efficacy in popular assemblies, at the bar, and in the senate: can anything be more agreeable or more endearing in private life than elegant language? For the great characteristic of our nature, and what eminently distinguishes us from brutes, is the faculty of social conversation, the power of expressing our thoughts and sentiments by words. To excel mankind, therefore, in the exercise of that very talent which gives them the preference to the brute creation, is what everybody must not only admire, but look upon as the just object of the most indefatigable pursuit. And now to mention the chief point of all, what other power could have been of sufficient efficacy to bring together the vagrant individuals of the human race; to tame their savage manners; to reconcile them to social life; and, after cities were founded, to mark out laws, forms, and constitutions for their government? Let me, in a few words, sum up this almost boundless subject. I lay it down as a maxim, that upon the wisdom and abilities of an accomplished orator, not only his own dignity, but the welfare of vast numbers of individuals, and even of the whole state, must greatly depend. Therefore, young gentlemen, go on: ply the study in which you are engaged for your own honour, the advantage of your friends, and the service of your country.

ON DELIVERY.

HUGH BLAIR, a Scottish clergyman, author of some of the most polished pulpit discourses in the language, and of a treatise on rhetoric: 1718–1800.

How much stress was laid upon pronunciation, or delivery, by the most eloquent of all orators, Demosthenes, appears from a noted saying of his, related both by Cicero and Quintilian; when being asked, What was the first point in oratory? he answered, Delivery; and being asked, What was the second? and afterwards, What was the third? he still answered, Delivery. There is no wonder that he should have rated this so high, and that for improving himself in it, he should have employed those assiduous and painful labours, which all the ancients take so much notice of; for, beyond doubt,

nothing is of more importance. To superficial thinkers, the management of the voice and gesture, in public speaking, may appear to relate to decoration only, and to be one of the inferior arts of catching an audience. But this is far from being the case. It is intimately connected with what is, or ought to be, the end of all public speaking, persuasion; and therefore deserves the study of the most grave and serious speakers, as much as of those whose only aim it is to please.

For, let it be considered, whenever we address ourselves to others by words, our intention certainly is to make some impression on those to whom we speak; it is to convey to them our own ideas and emotions. Now the tone of our voice, our looks and gestures, interpret our ideas and emotions no less than words do; nay, the impression they make on others is frequently much stronger than any that words can make. We often see that an expressive look, or a passionate cry, unaccompanied by words, conveys to others more forcible ideas, and rouses within them stronger passions, than can be communicated by the most eloquent discourse. The signification of our sentiments made by tones and gestures has this advantage above that made by words, that it is the language of nature. It is that method of interpreting our mind which nature has dictated to all, and which is understood by all; whereas, words are only arbitrary, conventional symbols of our ideas; and, by consequence, must make a more feeble impression. So true is this, that, to render words fully significant, they must, almost in every case, receive some aid from the manner of pronunciation and delivery; and he who, in speaking, should employ bare words, without enforcing them by proper tones and accents, would leave us with a faint and indistinct impression, often with a doubtful and ambiguous conception of what he had delivered. Nay, so close is the connexion between certain sentiments and the proper manner of pronouncing them, that he who does not pronounce them after that manner can never persuade us that he believes or feels the sentiments themselves.

SPEECH OF DEMOSTHENES TO THE ATHENIANS,

EXCITING THEM TO PROSECUTE THE WAR AGAINST PHILIP WITH VIGOUR.

DEMOSTHENES, the greatest of Athenian orators; most of his speeches were delivered against Macedonian aggression: B.C. 381–322.

ATHENIANS!—Had this assembly been called together on an unusual occasion, I should have waited to hear the opinions of others

before I had offered my own; and if what they had proposed had seemed to me judicious, I should have been silent; if otherwise, I should have given my reasons for differing from those who had spoken before me. But as the subject of our present deliberations has been often treated by others, I hope I shall be excused, though I rise up first to offer my opinion. Had the schemes formerly proposed been successful, there had been no occasion for the present consultation.

First, then, my countrymen, let me entreat you not to look upon the state of our affairs as desperate, though it be unpromising; for as, on one hand, to compare the present with times past, matters have, indeed, a very gloomy aspect; so, on the other, if we extend our views to future times, I have good hopes that the distresses we are now under will prove of greater advantage to us than if we had never fallen into them. If it be asked, What probability there is of this? I answer, I hope it will appear that it is our egregious misbehaviour alone that has brought us into these disadvantageous circumstances; from which follows the necessity of altering our conduct, and the prospect of bettering our circumstances by doing so.

If we had nothing to accuse ourselves of, and yet found our affairs in their present disorderly condition, we should not have room left even for the hope of recovering ourselves. But, my countrymen, it is known to you, partly by your own remembrance, and partly by information from others, how gloriously the Lacedemonian war was sustained, in which we engaged in defence of our own rights against an enemy powerful and formidable; in the whole conduct of which war nothing happened unworthy the dignity of the Athenian state; and this within these few years past. My intention, in recalling to your memory this part of our history, is to show you that you have no reason to fear any enemy, if your operations be wisely planned, and vigorously executed.

The enemy has, indeed, gained considerable advantages, by treaty as well as by conquest; for it is to be expected that princes and states will court the alliance of those who seem powerful enough to protect both themselves and their confederates. But, my countrymen, though you have of late been too supinely negligent of what concerned you so nearly, if you will, even now, resolve to exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities and circumstances, the rich by contributing liberally towards the expense of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be enrolled, to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy; if, in short, you will at last resume your own character, and act like

yourselves, it is not yet too late, with the help of Heaven, to recover what you have lost, and to inflict the just vengeance on your insolent enemy.

But when will you, my countrymen, when will you arouse from your indolence, and bethink yourselves of what is to be done? When you are forced to it by some fatal disaster? when irresistible necessity drives you? What think ye of the disgraces which are already come upon you? Is not the past sufficient to stimulate your activity, or do ye wait for somewhat yet to come, more forcible and urgent? How long will you amuse yourselves with inquiring of one another after news, as you ramble idly about the streets? What news so strange ever came to Athens, as that a Macedonian should subdue this state, and lord it over Greece? Again, you ask one another, "What! is Philip dead?" "No," it is answered; "but he is very ill." How foolish this curiosity! What is it to you whether Philip is sick or well? Suppose he were dead, your inactivity would soon raise up against yourselves another Philip in his stead; for it is not his strength that has made him what he is, but your indolence, which has of late been such, that you seem neither in a condition to take any advantage of the enemy, nor to keep it if it were gained by others for you.

Wisdom directs, that the conductors of a war always anticipate the operations of the enemy, instead of waiting to see what steps he shall take; whereas you Athenians, though you be masters of all that is necessary for war—as shipping, cavalry, infantry, and funds—have not the spirit to make the proper use of your advantages, but suffer the enemy to dictate to you every motion you are to make. If you hear that Philip is in the Chersonesus, you order troops to be sent thither; if at Pylæ, forces are to be detached to secure that post. Wherever he makes an attack, there you stand upon your defence; you attend him in all his motions, as soldiers do their general; but you never think of striking out for yourselves any bold and effectual scheme for bringing him to reason, by being beforehand with him. A pitiful manner of carrying on war at any time; but, in the critical circumstances you are now in, utterly ruinous!

Oh, shame to the Athenian name! We undertook this war against Philip in order to obtain redress of grievances, and to force him to indemnify us for the injuries he had done us; and we have conducted it so successfully, that we shall by-and-by think ourselves happy if we escape being defeated and ruined. For who can think that a prince of his restless and ambitious temper will not

improve the opportunities and advantages which our indolence and timidity present him? Will he give over his designs against us, without being obliged to it? And who will oblige him—who will restrain his fury? Shall we wait for assistance from some unknown country? In the name of all that is sacred, and all that is dear to us, let us make an attempt with what forces we can raise; if we should not be able to raise as many as we would wish, let us do somewhat to curb this insolent tyrant of his pursuits. Let us not trifle away the time in hearing the ineffectual wranglings of orators, while the enemy is strengthening himself and we are declining, and our allies growing more and more cold to our interest, and more apprehensive of the consequences of continuing on our side.

VERRES DENOUNCED.

Cicero.

An opinion has long prevailed, fathers, that in public prosecutions men of wealth, however clearly convicted, are always safe. This opinion, so injurious to your order, so detrimental to the state, it is now in your power to refute. A man is on trial before you who is rich, and who hopes his riches will compass his acquittal; but whose life and actions are his sufficient condemnation in the eyes of all candid men. I speak of Caius Verres, who, if he now receive not the sentence his crimes deserve, it shall not be through the lack of a criminal, or of a prosecutor; but through the failure of the ministers of justice to do their duty. Passing over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does the quæstorship of Verres exhibit but one continued scene of villanies? The public treasure squandered, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people trampled on! But his quæstorship in Sicily has crowned his career of wickedness, and completed the lasting monument of his infamy. His decisions have violated all law, all precedent, all right. His extortions from the industrious poor have been beyond computation. Our most faithful allies have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. Men the most worthy have been condemned and banished without a hearing; while the most atrocious criminals have, with money, purchased exemption from the punishment due to their guilt.

I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against these charges? Art thou not the tyrant prætor who, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, dared to put to an infamous death, on the cross, that ill-fated and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus? And what was his offence? He had declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against your brutal persecutions! For this, when about to embark for home, he was seized, brought before you, charged with being a spy, scourged and tortured. In vain did he exclaim: "I am a Roman citizen! I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and who will attest my innocence!" Deaf to all remonstrance, remorseless, thirsting for innocent blood, you ordered the savage punishment to be inflicted! While the sacred words "I am a Roman citizen" were on his lips—words which, in the remotest region, are a passport to protection—you ordered him to death, to a death upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred—now trampled on! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture, and put to an infamous death a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, the tears of pitying spectators, the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the merciless monster, who, in the confidence of his riches, strikes at the very root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance? And shall this man escape? Fathers, it must not be! It must not be, unless you would undermine the very foundations of social safety, strangle justice, and call down anarchy, massacre, and ruin on the commonwealth!

THE DIGNITY AND LOWLINESS OF HUMAN NATURE.

BASIL the Great, Archbishop of Cæsarea, one of the most eloquent of the Fathers of the Christian Church: 329-379.

ARE you puffed up on account of your wealth, and proud of your ancestors? Do you boast of your country, your handsome person, and your distinguished honours? Remember that you are mortal—that you are earth, and shall return to earth. Look to those who were possessed of like splendid endowments before you. Where are those who were invested with political power—where the fear-

less orators? Where are those who instituted the public festivals —the renowned horsemen, generals, satraps, and kings? Are they not all dust? all a myth? Are not their memorial relics comprised in a few bones?

Look into the sepulchres, and see if you can tell which is the master, which the slave; which the poor, which the rich. Distinguish, if you can, the captive from the king, the strong from the weak, the beautiful from the deformed. Remember what you are, and you will never be uplifted; and you will not forget what you are if you consider yourself.

Again, are you sprung of humble origin and unknown to fame, the poor son of poor parents, homeless, a wanderer from city to city, feeble, destitute of what is needed for the supply of your daily wants, in dread of men in power, in dread of all on account of the lowliness of your estate—for the poor, it is said, cannot abide a threat? Do not, for that reason, lose self-respect, or abandon all hope because there is nothing desirable for you in the meantime. But elevate your thoughts to the good which is given you even now, and to what is in reversion in the promise of God.

First, you are a man,—the only creature here below that is the immediate offspring of God. Will not any one, who thinks as a wise man, regard it enough to be made by the very hands of God, the Creator and Preserver of the universe, to love the Highest—to be able, in consequence of being created in the image of God, to rise to angelic dignity?

You have received a reasonable soul, by which you are capable of knowing God, studying the nature of the objects around you, and plucking the sweetest fruits of wisdom. All the beasts of the field, wild and tame—all the denizens of the waters—all the winged tribes that fly in the air, are your servants and subjects.

Have you not discovered arts and founded cities, manufactured what supplies the necessities and ministers to the luxuries of life? Has not your intelligence made a path over the ocean? Do not earth and sea minister to your subsistence? Do not the atmosphere, and the heavens, and the starry choir exhibit their movements for you? Why, then, are you downcast in soul? Is it because you have not a horse with a silver bit? What of that, when you have the sun careering on in his swift course, exhibiting for you his torch, and the moon pouring her light around your path, and the myriad gleam of stars besides? You are not mounted on a gilded chariot, but you have your feet, a conveyance of your own, born with you. Why, then, do you envy the possessor of a large purse, who needs

other feet to carry him? You do not sleep in a bed of ivory, but you have the earth, more valuable than many beds of ivory, and enjoy sweet rest on it, and speedy sleep that banishes care. You do not dwell under gilded roofs, but you have the sky gleaming with the ineffable beauty of the stars. These things belong to this life. There are other things greater. For you God became incarnate—for you the gift of the Spirit was bestowed—for you the hope of resurrection, which will bring life to perfection; and the way to God has been paved by the commandments He has given us, and crowns of righteousness prepared for him who has not shunned the endurance of toil in the pursuit of holiness.

BOSSUET'S FUNERAL ORATION ON QUEEN HENRIETTA OF ENGLAND.

JACQUES BENIGNE BOSSUET, Bishop of Meaux, in France, the greatest pulpit orator of his age: 1627–1704. Translated by Alison.

THE most eloquent and original of Bossuet's writings is his funeral oration on Henrietta, Queen of England, wife of the unfortunate Charles I. It was natural that such an occasion should call forth all his powers, pronounced as it was on a princess of the blood-royal of France, who had undergone unparalleled calamities with heroic resignation, the fruit of the great religious revolution of the age, against which the French prelate had exerted all the force of his talents.

"Christians!" says he, in the exordium of his discourse; "it is not surprising that the memory of a great Queen, the daughter, the wife, the mother of monarchs, should attract you from all quarters to this melancholy ceremony; it will bring forcibly before your eyes one of those awful examples which demonstrate to the world the vanity of which it is composed. You will see in her single life the extremes of human things; felicity without bounds, miseries without parallel; a long and peaceable enjoyment of one of the most noble crowns in the universe, all that birth and grandeur could confer that was glorious, all that adversity and suffering could accumulate that was disastrous; the good cause, attended at first with some success, then involved in the most dreadful disasters. Revolutions unheard of, rebellion long restrained, at length reigned triumphant; no curb there to license, no laws in force. Majesty itself violated by bloody hands, usurpation, and tyranny,

under the name of liberty—a fugitive Queen, who can find no retreat in her three kingdoms, and was forced to seek in her native country a melancholy exile. Nine sea-voyages undertaken against her will by a Queen, in spite of wintry tempests—a throne unworthily overturned, and miraculously re-established. Behold the lesson which God has given to kings! thus does he manifest to the world the nothingness of its pomps and its grandeur! If our words fail, if language sinks beneath the grandeur of such a subject, the simple narrative is more touching than aught that words can convey. The heart of a great Queen, formerly elevated by so long a course of prosperity, then steeped in all the bitterness of affliction, will speak in sufficiently touching language; and if it is not given to a private individual to teach the proper lessons from so mournful a catastrophe, the King of Israel has supplied the words —'Hear! O ye great of the earth! take lessons, ye rulers of the world!'

"But the wise and devout Princess, whose obsequies we celebrate, has not merely been a spectacle exhibited to the world in order that men might learn the counsels of Divine Providence, and the fatal revolutions of monarchies. She took counsel herself from the calamities in which she was involved, while God was instructing kings by her example. It is by giving and withdrawing power that God communicates his lessons to kings. The Queen we mourn has equally listened to the voice of these opposite monitors. She has made use, like a Christian, alike of prosperous and adverse fortune. In the first she was beneficent, in the last invincible; as long as she was fortunate, she let her power be felt only by her unbounded deeds of goodness; when wrapt in misery, she enriched herself more than ever by the heroic virtues befitting misfortune. For her own good she has lost that sovereign power which she formerly exercised only for the blessings of her subjects; and if her friends—if the universal church have profited by her prosperities, she herself has profited more from her calamities than from all her previous grandeur. That is the great lesson to be drawn from the ever-memorable life of Henrietta Maria of France, Queen of Great Britain.

"I need not dwell on the illustrious birth of that Princess; no rank on earth equals it in lustre. Her virtues have been not less remarkable than her descent. She was endowed with a generosity truly royal; of a truth, it might be said, that she deemed everything lost which was not given away. Nor were her other virtues less admirable. The faithful depositary of many important

complaints and secrets—it was her favourite maxim that princes should observe the same silence as confessors, and exercise the same discretion. In the utmost fury of the Civil Wars, never was her word doubted, or her clemency called in question. Who has so nobly exercised that winning art which humbles without lowering itself, and confers so graciously liberty, while it commands respect? At once mild yet firm—condescending yet dignified, —she knew at the same time how to convince and persuade, and to support by reason, rather than enforce by authority. With what prudence did she conduct herself in circumstances the most arduous; if a skilful hand could have saved the State, her's was the one to have done it. Her magnanimity can never be sufficiently extolled. Fortune had no power over her; neither the evils which she foresaw, nor those by which she was surprised, could lower her courage. What shall I say to her immovable fidelity to the religion of her ancestors? She knew well that that attachment constituted the glory of her house, as well as of the whole of France, sole nation in the world which, during the twelve centuries of its existence, has never seen on the throne but the faithful children of the church. Uniformly she declared that nothing should detach her from the faith of St Louis. The king, her husband, has pronounced upon her the noblest of all eulogiums, that their hearts were in union in all but the matter of religion; and confirming by his testimony the piety of the Queen, that enlightened Prince has made known to all the world at once his tenderness, his conjugal attachment, and the sacred, inviolable dignity of his incomparable spouse."

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORY.

THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, C.B., author of the "Constitutional History of England:" born 1815.

ONE of the proud results of our free constitution has been the development of Parliamentary oratory,—an honour and ornament to our history,—a source of public enlightenment,—and an effective instrument of popular government. Its excellence has varied, like our literature, with the genius of the men, and the events of the periods, which have called it forth; but from the accession of George III. may be dated the Augustan era of Parliamentary eloquence.

The great struggles of the Parliament with Charles I. had stirred

the eloquence of Pym, Hampden, Wentworth, and Falkland; the Revolution had developed the oratory of Somers; and the Parliaments of Anne and the two first Georges had given scope to the various talents of Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Wyndham, and Walpole. The reputation of these men has reached posterity; but their speeches, if they survived the memory of their own generations, have come down to us in fragments, as much the composition of the historian or reporter, as of the orators to whom they are assigned. Happily the very period distinguished by our most eloquent statesmen was that in which they had the privilege of addressing posterity, as well as their own contemporaries. The expansion of their audience gave a new impulse to their eloquence, which was worthy of being preserved for all ages.

Lord Chatham had attained the first place among statesmen in the late reign, but his fame as an orator mainly rests upon his later speeches—in the reign of George III. Lofty and impassioned in his style, and dramatic in his manner, his oratory abounded in grand ideas and noble sentiments, expressed in language simple, bold, and vigorous. The finest examples of his eloquence stand alone, and unrivalled; but he flourished too early, to enjoy the privilege of transmitting the full fruits of his genius to posterity.

He was surrounded and followed by a group of orators, who have made their time the classic age of Parliamentary history. Foremost amongst them was his extraordinary son, William Pitt. Inferior to his father in the highest qualities of an orator, he surpassed him in argument, in knowledge, in intellectual force, and mastery. Magniloquent in his style, his oratory sometimes attained the elevation of eloquence, but rarely rose above the level of debate. His composition was felicitously described by Wyndham as a "state-paper style." He may be called the founder of the modern school of Parliamentary debaters. His speeches were argumentative, admirably clear in statement, skilfully arranged, vigorous and practical. Always marked by rare ability, they yet lacked the higher inspirations of genius. In sarcasm he had few equals. No one held so absolute a sway over the House of Commons. In voice and manner he was dignified and commanding. The minister was declared in every word he uttered; and the consciousness of power, while it sustained the dignity of his oratory, increased its effect upon his audience.

The eloquence of his great rival, Mr Fox, was as different as were his political opinions and position. His success was due to his natural genius, and to the great principles of liberty which he ad-

vocated. Familiar with the best classical models, he yet too often disdained the studied art of the orator, and was negligent and unequal in his efforts. But when his genius was aroused within him, he was matchless in demonstrative argument, in force, in wit, in animation, and spontaneous eloquence. More than any orator of his time, he carried with him the feelings and conviction of his audience; and the spirit and reality of the man charm us scarcely less in his printed speeches. Wanting in discretion, he was frequently betrayed into intemperance of language and opinion; but his generous ardour in the cause of liberty still appeals to our sympathies, and his broad constitutional principles are lessons of political wisdom.

Mr Fox had been from his earliest youth the friend and disciple of Mr Burke,—and vast was the intellect of his master. In genius, learning, and accomplishments, Mr Burke had no equal, either among the statesmen or writers of his time; yet he was inferior, as an orator, to the three great men who have been already noticed. His speeches, like his writings, bear witness to his deep philosophy, his inexhaustible stores of knowledge, and redundant imagination. They are more studied, and more often quoted, than the speeches of any other statesman. His metaphors and aphorisms are as familiar to our ears as those of Lord Bacon. But transcendent as were his gifts, they were too often disfigured by extravagance. He knew not how to restrain them within the bounds of time and place, or to adapt them to the taste of a popular assembly, which loves directness and simplicity. His addresses were dissertations rather than speeches. To influence men, an orator must appeal directly to their reason, their feelings, and present temper; but Mr Burke, while he astonished them with his prodigious faculties, wearied them with refinements and imagery, in which they often lost the thread of his argument.

Mr Sheridan is entitled to the next place in this group of orators. His brilliancy and pointed wit, his spirited declamation and effective delivery, astonished and delighted his audience. Such was the effect of his celebrated speech on the fourth, or "Begum charge" against Warren Hastings, that the peers and strangers joined with the House in a "tumult of applause;" and could not be restrained from clapping their hands in ecstasy. The House adjourned, in order to recover its self-possession. Mr Pitt declared that this speech "surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish, to agitate or control the human mind." Mr Fox said, "Eloquent indeed it

was; so much so, that all he had ever heard, all he had ever read, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapour before the sun." Mr Sheridan afterwards addressed the lords, in Westminster Hall, on the same charge, for four days; and Mr Burke said of his address, "That no species of oratory—no kind of eloquence which had been heard in ancient or modern times—nothing which the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, or the morality of the pulpit could furnish, was equal to what they had that day heard in Westminster Hall." But while particular efforts of this accomplished speaker met with extraordinary success, he was restrained, by want of statesmanship and character, from commanding a position in the House of Commons equal to his great talents as an orator.

The qualities of Mr Wyndham were of another class. Superior to the last in education and attainments, and little inferior in wit, he never achieved successes so dazzling, yet he maintained a higher place among the debaters of his age. Though his pretensions to the higher qualities of a statesman were inconsiderable, his numerous talents and virtues graced a long and distinguished public life.

Lord Erskine was not inferior, as an orator, to the greatest of his contemporaries; but the senate was not the scene of his most remarkable triumphs. His speeches at the bar combined the highest characteristics of eloquence,—fire, force, courage, earnestness, the closest argument, imagery, noble sentiments, great truths finely conceived and applied, a diction pure and simple, action the most graceful and dignified. But none of these great qualities were used for display. They were all held, by the severity of his taste and the mastery of his logic, in due subordination to the single design of persuading and convincing his audience. The natural graces of his person completed the orator. Lord Brougham has finely portrayed "that noble figure, every look of whose countenance is expressive, every motion of whose form is graceful; an eye that sparkles and pierces, and almost assures victory, while it speaks 'audience ere the tongue.'"

Had his triumphs been as signal in the senate, he would have been the first orator of his age. In that arena there were men greater than himself, but he was admitted to an eminent place amongst them. He fought for many years, side by side, with Mr Fox; and his rare gifts were ever exerted in the cause of freedom.

To complete the glittering assemblage of orators who adorned the age of Chatham and of Pitt, many remarkable figures yet stand in the foreground. We are struck with the happy wit and resources of Lord North,—the finished precision of Wedderburn,—the rude

force of Thurlow,—the refinement and dignity of Lord Mansfield,—the constitutional wisdom of Lord Camden,—the logical subtlety ot Dunning,—the severe reason of Sir William Grant,—the impassioned gentleness of Wilberforce,—and the statesmanlike vigour of Lord Grenville.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

WILLIAM PITT, Earl of Chatham, one of the most illustrious of English statesmen, and a famous parliamentary orator: 1708–1778.

I CANNOT, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! "But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do her reverence." The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the British troops than I do. I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst, but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of

hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never.

FROM A SPEECH ON THE NABOB OF ARCOT'S DEBTS.

EDMUND BURKE, the most eloquent of English parliamentary orators, a statesman and philosopher: 1730–1797.

WHEN at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction, and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on the menacing meteor which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from the flaming villages in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were

swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but, escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement in this dreadful exigency were certainly liberal, and all was done by charity that private charity could do; but it was a people in beggary—it was a nation that stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, where very excess and luxury in the most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a-day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is, but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum. These details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting, they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers, they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions. . . . . .

For eighteen months without intermission this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march did they not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF MR FOX.

Charles James Fox, a celebrated English parliamentary orator: 1749–1806. This speech was delivered in 1783 on the affairs of the East India Company.

Freedom, according to my conception of it, consists in the safe and sacred possession of a man's property, governed by laws defined

and certain; with many personal privileges—natural, civil, and religious—which he cannot surrender without ruin to himself, and of which to be deprived by any other power is despotism. This bill, instead of subverting, is destined to establish these principles; instead of narrowing the basis of freedom, it tends to enlarge it; instead of suppressing, its object is to infuse and disseminate the spirit of liberty.

What is the most odious species of tyranny? Precisely that which this bill is meant to annihilate. That a handful of men, free themselves, should exercise the most base and abominable despotism over millions of their fellow-creatures; that innocence should be the victim of oppression; that industry should toil for rapine; that the harmless labourer should sweat, not for his own benefit, but for the luxury and rapacity of tyrannic depredation—in a word, that thirty millions of men, gifted by Providence with the ordinary endowments of humanity, should groan under a system of despotism, unmatched in all the histories of the world.

What is the end of all government? Certainly, the happiness of the governed. Others may hold different opinions; but this is mine, and I proclaim it. What, then, are we to think of a government whose good fortune is supposed to spring from the calamities of its subjects—whose aggrandisement grows out of the miseries of mankind? This is the kind of government exercised under the East India Company upon the natives of Hindostan; and the subversion of that infamous government is the main object of the bill in question.

AGAINST HASTINGS.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, dramatist, statesman, and finished orator: 1751–1816.

HAD a stranger at this time gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowla—that man who, with a savage heart, had still great lines of character; and who, with all his ferocity in war, had still, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the riches which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil,—if this stranger, ignorant of all that had happened in the short interval, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of plains unclothed and brown—of vegetables burned up and extinguished—of villages depopulated and in ruins—of temples unroofed and perishing—of

reservoirs broken down and dry,—he would naturally inquire, What war has thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country?—what civil dissensions have happened, thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that once possessed those villages?—what disputed succession?—what religious rage has, with unholy violence, demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent but unobtruding piety, in the exercise of its duties?—what merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire and sword?—what severe visitation of Providence has dried up the fountain, and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure? Or, rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour? To such questions, what must be the answer? No wars have ravaged these lands, and depopulated these villages—no civil discords have been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage, no merciless enemy—no affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning monsters—no, all this has been accomplished by the friendship, generosity, and kindness of the English nation. They have embraced us with their protecting arms; and, lo! these are the fruits of their alliance. What, then! shall we be told that, under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people, thus goaded and spurred on to clamour and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums? When we hear the description of the fever—paroxysm—delirium, into which despair had thrown the natives, when, on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for breath, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds, to accelerate their dissolution; and, while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to Heaven, breathing their last and fervent prayer that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country;—will it be said that this was brought about by the incantations of these Begums in their secluded Zenana? or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair into the breasts of a people who felt no grievance, and had suffered no torture? What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom? What motive? That which Nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom of man; and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with, and makes part of, his being;—that feeling which tells him that man was never made to be the property of man, but that when,

through pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty;—that feeling which tells him that all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury, of the people; and that, when it is converted from the original purpose, the compact is broken, and the right is to be resumed;—that principle which tells him that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to himself and to his neighbour, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which He gave him in the creation! to that common God, who, where He gives the form of man, whatever may be the complexion, gives also the feelings and the rights of man;—that principle, which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish!—that principle which makes it base for a man to suffer when he ought to act; which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of Providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent quality of his race.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORY—*continued.*

May.

The succession of orators has still been maintained. Some of Mr Pitt's contemporaries continued to flourish many years after he had passed from the scene of his glory; and others were but commencing their career, when his own was drawing to a close. He lived to hear the eloquence of Mr Grattan, which had long been the pride of his own country. It was rich in imagination, in vehemence, in metaphor and pointed epigram. Though a stranger to the British parliament, his genius and patriotism at once commanded a position scarcely less distinguished than that which he had won in the parliament of Ireland. Englishmen, familiar with the eloquence of their own countrymen, hailed his accession to their ranks, as one of the most auspicious results of the Union.

Mr Canning's brilliant talents, which had been matured under Mr Pitt, shone forth in full splendour, after the death of that statesman. In wit and sarcasm, in elegant scholarship, in lively fancy, and in the graces of a finished composition, he was unrivalled. His imagery—if less origiual than that of Chatham, Burke, and Erskine—was wrought up with consummate skill,

and expressed in language of extraordinary beauty. For more than twenty years, he was the most successful and accomplished debater in the House of Commons, delighting his friends with his dazzling wit, and confounding his opponents with inexhaustible repartee.

Earl Grey had also risen to distinction in the days of Mr Pitt; but the memorable achievements of his riper age associate him with a later generation. In dignity and high purpose, in earnest gravity of argument and exposition, he was the very model of a statesman. His oratory bespoke his inflexible virtues and consistency. While his proud bearing would have pronounced him the leader of an aristocracy, and the mouthpiece of his order, he devoted a long life to the service of the people.

Lord Eldon exercised so important an influence upon political affairs, that he cannot be omitted from this group of orators, though his claims to oratory alone would not have entitled him to a place amongst them. From the time when he had been Mr Pitt's solicitor-general, until he left the woolsack,—a period of nearly forty years,—his high offices gave authority to his parliamentary efforts. For twenty years he led captive the judgment of the House of Lords; but, assuredly, neither by eloquence nor argument in debate. Tears and appeals to his conscience were his only eloquence,—a dread of innovation his only argument. Even upon legal questions, the legislature obtained little light from his discourses. The main service which posterity can derive from his speeches, is to note how recently prejudice and errors were maintained in high places, and how trival the reasons urged in their defence.

Lord Plunket, like his great countryman, Mr Grattan, had gained a high reputation for eloquence in the parliament of Ireland, which he not only sustained, but advanced in the British House of Commons. He had risen to eminence at the bar of Ireland, where his style of speaking is said to have resembled that of Erskine. In debate,—if displaying less originality and genius than Mr Grattan, and less brilliancy than Mr Canning,—he was as powerful in sustained argument, as felicitous in illustration, and as forcible and pointed in language, as any orator of his time.

Sir Robert Peel was a striking counterpart of Mr Pitt. At first his extraordinary abilities in debate had been outshone by the dazzling lustre of Mr Canning, and subdued by the fiery vehemence of Mr Brougham; but his great powers, always improving and expanding, could not fail to be acknowledged. His oratory, like

that of Mr Pitt, was the perfection of debate. He rarely aspired to eloquence; but in effective declamation, in close argument, in rapid appreciation of the points to be assailed or defended, in dexterity, in tact, and in official and parliamentary knowledge, he excelled every debater of his time. Even when his talents were exercised in maintaining the political errors of his age and party, it is impossible not to admire the consummate skill with which he defended his untenable positions, against assailants who had truth on their side. Arguments which provoke a smile, when we read them in the words of Lord Eldon, surprise us with their force and semblance of truth, when urged by Sir Robert Peel.

The oratory of a man so great as the Duke of Wellington, was the least of all his claims to renown. First in war, in diplomacy, and in the councils of his sovereign, his speeches in parliament were but the natural expression of his experience, opinions, and purposes. His mind being clear, his views practical and sagacious, and his objects singularly direct, his speaking was plain, and to the point. Without fluency or art, and without skill in argument, he spoke out what his strong sense and judgment prompted. He addressed an audience, whom there was no need to convince. They hung upon his words, and waited upon his opinions; and followed as he led. The reasons of such a man were often weighty; but they were reasons which had determined his own course, and might justify it to others, rather than arguments to prove it right, or to combat opponents.

The House of Commons was not the field for the best examples of Mr O'Connell's oratory. He stood there at a disadvantage, with a cause to uphold which all but a small band of followers condemned as false and unpatriotic, and with strong feelings against him which his own conduct had provoked; yet, even there, the massive powers of the man were not unfrequently displayed. A perfect master of every form of argument; potent in ridicule, sarcasm, and invective; rich in imagination and humour; bold and impassioned, or gentle, persuasive, and pathetic; he combined all the powers of a consummate orator. His language was simple and forcible, as became his thoughts; his voice extraordinary for compass and flexibility. But his great powers were disfigured by coarseness, by violence, by cunning and audacious licence. At the bar, and on the platform, he exhibited the greatest but the most opposite endowments. When he had thrown open the doors of the legislature to himself and his Roman Catholic brethren, the great work of his life was done; yet he wanted nothing but the moral influence of a good cause, and

honest patriotism, to have taken one of the highest places in the senate.

His countryman, Mr Sheil, displayed powers singularly unlike those of his great master. He was an orator of extraordinary brilliancy, imaginative, witty, and epigrammatic. Many parts of his speeches were exquisite compositions, clothing his fancy in the artistic language of the poet. Such passages may be compared with many similar examples in the speeches of Mr Canning. He was equally happy in antithesis and epigram. He excelled, indeed, in the art and graces of oratorical composition. But his thoughts were wanting in depth and reality; his manner was extravagant in its vehemence; his action melodramatic; and his voice, always shrill, was raised in his impassioned efforts to a harsh and discordant shriek.

This second group of contemporary orators would be incomplete, without some other striking characters who played their part amongst them. We would point to the classical elegance of Lord Wellesley, the readiness and dexterity of Perceval, the high bearing and courage of Lord Castlereagh, the practical vigour of Tierney, the severe virtues and high intellect of Romilly, the learned philosophy of Francis Horner, the didactic fulness of Mackintosh, the fruitful science of Huskisson, the lucid argument of Follet, and the brilliant declamation of Macaulay.

All these have passed away; but there are orators still living, who have contended in the same debates, and have won an equal fame. Their portraiture will adorn future histories; but who is there who will not at once fill up this picture of the past, with the transparent clearness and masterly force of Lord Lyndhurst, and the matchless powers and accomplishments of Lord Brougham?

Progressive excellence in so divine an art as oratory, is no more to be achieved than in poetry or painting, in sculpture or architecture. Genius is of all ages. But if orators of our own time have been unable to excel their great models, a candid criticism will scarcely assign them an inferior place. Their style has changed, as the conditions under which they speak are altered. They address themselves more to the reason, and less to the imagination, the feelings and the passions of their audience, than the orators of a former age. They confront, not only the members of their own body, but the whole people, who are rather to be convinced by argument, than persuaded by the fascination of the orator. In their language, there is less of study and artistic finish, than in the oratory of an earlier period. Their perorations are not composed after frequent recitals of

Demosthenes, but give direct and forcible expression to their own opinions and sentiments. Their speaking is suited to the subjects of debate, to the stir and pressure of public affairs, and to the taste and temper of their audience. The first principles of government are no longer in dispute; the liberties of the people are safe; the oppression of the law is unknown. Accordingly the councils of state encourage elevated reason, rather than impassioned oratory. Every age has its own type of excellence; and if the Nestors of our own time insist upon the degeneracy of living orators, perhaps a more cultivated taste may now condemn as rant some passages from the speeches of Burke and Chatham, which their contemporaries accepted as eloquence.

EXTRACT FROM SPEECH IN DEFENCE OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, a man of letters, veteran statesman, and orator: born 1778.

SUCH, my lords, is the case now before you. Such is the evidence in support of this measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt—impotent to deprive of a civil right—ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence—scandalous if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the law knows—monstrous to ruin the honour, to blast the name of an English queen! What shall I say then if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defenceless woman? My lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed. You are standing upon the brink of a precipice—then beware! Your judgment will go forth to the world. If sentence shall go against the queen, it may be the last and only judgment you will ever pronounce, which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who give it. Save the country, my lords, from the horrors of a civil war—save yourselves from this peril—rescue that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer when severed from the people than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree. Save that country that you may continue to adorn it—save the crown which is in jeopardy—the aristocracy which is shaken—save the altar which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred throne! You have said, my

lords, you have willed—the Church and the king have willed—that the queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine; but I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the Throne of Mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people, in a larger measure than the merits of their rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice, and not go therefrom!

FROM A SPEECH ON THE CIVIL GOVERNMENT OF CANADA, 1828.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

AFTER having presented a petition, signed by eighty-seven thousand of the inhabitants of Lower Canada—comprehending in that number nine-tenths of the heads of families in the province, and more than two-thirds of its landed proprietors; and after having shown that the petitioners had the greatest causes of complaint against the administration of the government in that colony, it would be an act of inconsistency on my part to attempt to throw any obstacle in the way of that special inquiry which the right honourable gentleman proposes. It might seem, indeed, a more natural course on my part if I had seconded such a proposition. Perhaps I might have been contented to give a silent acquiescence in the appointment of a committee, and to reserve any observations I may have to offer until some specific measure is proposed, or until the House is in possession of the information which may be procured through the labours of the committee,—perhaps, I say, I might have been disposed to adopt this course if I had not been intrusted with the presentation of that petition. But I feel bound by a sense of the trust reposed in me to allow no opportunity to pass over of calling the attention of the House to the grievances of the petitioners, and to their claims for redress, and for the maintenance of their legitimate rights. This duty I hold myself bound to execute, according to the best of my ability, without sacrificing my judgment, or rendering it subordinate to any sense of duty; but feeling only that the confidence of the petitioners binds me to act on their behalf, and, as their advocate, in precisely the same manner, and to the same extent, as if I had been invested with another character, and authorized to state their complaints in a different situation.

To begin, then, with the speech of the right honourable gentleman, I may take leave to observe, that in all that was contained in the latter part of it he has my fullest and most cordial assent. In 1822, when the Canadians were last before the House, I stated the principles which ought to be maintained with respect to what the right honourable gentleman has very properly and very eloquently called the "Great British Confederacy." I hold now, as I did then, that all the different portions of that confederacy are integral parts of the British empire, and as such entitled to the fullest protection. I hold that they are all bound together, as one great class, by an alliance prior in importance to every other,—more binding upon us than any treaty ever entered into with any state,—the fulfilment of which we can never desert without the sacrifice of a great moral duty. I hold that it can be a matter of no moment, in this bond of alliance, whether the parties be divided by oceans, or be neighbours:—I hold that the moral bond of duty and protection is the same. My maxims of colonial policy are few and simple:—full and efficient protection from all foreign influence; full permission to conduct the whole of their internal affairs; compelling them to pay all the reasonable expenses of their own government, and giving them, at the same time, a perfect control over the expenditure of the money; and imposing no restrictions of any kind upon the industry or traffic of the people. These are the only means by which the hitherto almost incurable evil of distant government can be either mitigated or removed. And it may be a matter of doubt, whether, in such circumstances, the colonists would not be under a more gentle control, and in a happier state, than if they were to be admitted to a full participation in the rule, and brought under the immediate and full protection of the parent government. I agree most fully with the honourable gentleman who spoke last, when he expressed a wish that we should leave the regulation of the internal affairs of the colonies to the colonists, except in cases of the most urgent and manifest necessity. The most urgent and manifest necessity, I say; and few and rare ought to be the exceptions to the rule even upon the strength of those necessities.

Under these circumstances of right, I contend it is prudent to regard all our colonies, and peculiarly the population of these two great provinces,—provinces placed in one of those rare and happy states of society in which the progress of population must be regarded as a blessing to mankind,—exempt from the curse of fostering slavery,—exempt from the evils produced by the contentions of jarring systems of religion,—enjoying the blessings of universal

toleration,—and presenting a state of society the most unlike that can possibly be imagined to the fastidious distinctions of Europe. Exempt at once from the slavery of the West, and the castes of the East,—exempt, too, from the embarrassments of that other great continent, which we have chosen as a penal settlement, and in which the prejudices of society have been fostered, I regret to find, in a most unreasonable degree,—exempt from all the artificial distinctions of the Old World, and many of the evils of the New, we see a great population rapidly growing up to be a great nation. None of the claims of such a population ought to be cast aside; and none of their complaints can receive any but the most serious consideration.

FROM A SPEECH ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Leader of the Liberal party in the British House of Commons.

Sir, the hour has arrived when this protracted debate must come to an end—(cheers.) I cannot resent the warmth with which that last expression of mine has been re-echoed. My apologies to the House are sincere. I feel deeply indebted, not to gentlemen sitting on this side of the House only, but also and not less to honourable gentlemen opposite, for the patience with which they have heard me. But a very few words more, and I have done. May I speak briefly to honourable gentlemen on the other side, as some of them have copiously addressed advice to gentlemen on this side of the House? I would ask them, will you not consider, before you embark in this new crusade, whether the results of those other political crusades, in which you have heretofore engaged, have been so satisfactory to you as to encourage you to a new venture in the same direction? Great battles you have fought, and fought them manfully. The battle of maintaining civil disabilities on account of religious belief; the battle of resistance to the first Reform Act; the obstinate and long-continued battle of Protection; all these great battles have been fought by the great party that I now look in the face; and, as to some limited portion of those conflicts, I admit my own share of the responsibility. But I ask again, have their results, have their results towards yourselves, been such as that you should be disposed to renew struggles similar to these? Certainly those, who compose

the Liberal party in British politics, have, at least, in that capacity, no reason or title to find fault. The effect of your course has been to give over to your adversaries for five out of every six, or for six out of every seven years, since the epoch of the Reform Act, the conduct and management of public affairs. The effect has been to lower, to reduce, and contract your just influence in the country, and to abridge your legitimate share in the administration of the Government. It is good for the public interest that you also should be strong. But if you are to be strong, you can only be so by showing, in addition to the kindness and the personal generosity which I am sure you feel towards the people, a public, a political trust and confidence in the people. What I now say can hardly be said with an evil motive. I am conscious of no such sentiment towards any man or any party. But, sir, we are assailed, and with us the bill, of which we think more seriously than of ourselves. This bill is in a state of crisis and of peril, and the Government along with it. We stand or fall with it, as has been declared by my noble friend Lord Russell. We stand with it now; we may fall with it a short time hence. If we do so fall, we, or others in our places, shall rise with it hereafter. I shall not attempt to measure with precision the forces that are to be arrayed against us in the coming issue. Perhaps the great division of to-night is not to be the last, but only the first of a series of divisions. At some point of the contest you may possibly succeed. You may drive us from our seats. You may slay, you may bury, the measure that we have introduced. But we will write upon its gravestone for an epitaph this line, with certain confidence in its fulfilment:

"Exoriere aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor."

You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onwards in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of these debates does not for a moment impede or disturb, those great social forces are against you; they work with us; they are marshalled in our support. And the banner which we now carry in the fight, though perhaps at some moment of the struggle it may droop over our sinking heads, yet will float again in the eye of heaven, and will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain and to a not distant victory.

ON SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

DANIEL WEBSTER, the greatest of American statesmen : 1782–1852.

THE United States are not wholly free from the contamination of a traffic at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt—I mean, the African slave trade. Neither public sentiment nor the law has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in His mercy has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade, by subjects and citizens of Christian states, whose hearts no sentiment of humanity or justice inhabits, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave-trader is a pirate and a felon; and, in sight of Heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter part of our history than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government, at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all the true sons of New England to co-operate with the laws of man and the justice of Heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who, by stealth, and at midnight, labour in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let the spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards, and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.

I would invoke those who fill the seats of Justice, and all who minister at her altar, that they execute the wholesome and necessary severity of the law. I invoke the ministers of Religion, that they proclaim its denunciation of those crimes, and add its solemn sanctions to the authority of human laws. If the pulpit be silent, whenever or wherever there be a sinner bloody with this guilt within the hearing of its voice, the pulpit is false to its trust. I call on the fair merchant, who has reaped his harvest upon the seas, that he assist in scourging from those seas the worst pirates that ever in-

fested them. That ocean, which seems to wave with a gentle magnificence to waft the burdens of an honest commerce, and to roll along its treasures with a conscious pride; that ocean, which hardy industry regards, even when the winds have ruffled its surface, as a field of grateful toil; what is it to the victim of this oppression, when he is brought to its shores, and looks forth upon it for the first time, from beneath chains, and bleeding with stripes?—what is it to him, but a wide-spread prospect of suffering, anguish, and death? Nor do the skies smile longer, nor is the air longer fragrant to him. The sun is cast down from heaven. An inhuman and accursed traffic has cut him off, in his manhood or in his youth, from every enjoyment belonging to his being, and every blessing which his Creator intended for him.

ADDRESS TO THE GERMAN NATION.

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE, a German philosopher: 1762–1814. This address was delivered at the time of the French invasion of Germany. Translated by Gostick, in his "German Literature."

GERMANS! the voices of your ancestors are sounding from the oldest times—the men who destroyed Rome's despotism, the heroes who gave their lives to preserve inviolate these mountains, plains, and rivers, which *you* allow a foreign despot to claim—these men, your forefathers, call to you: "If you reverence your origin, preserve sacred your rights by maintaining our patriotic devotion." . . . . And with this admonition from antiquity there are mingled the voices of patriots of a later age. The men who contended for religious freedom exhort you to carry out their conflict to its ultimate results. . . . . And posterity, still unborn, has claims on you. Your descendants must be involved in disgrace if you fail in your duty. Will you make yourselves bad links in the national chain, which ought to unite your remotest posterity to that noble ancestry of which you profess to be proud? Shall your descendants be tempted to use falsehood to hide their disgrace? Must they say, "No! we are not descended from the Germans who were conquered in 1808?" . . . . And many men in other lands conjure you now to maintain your freedom. For among all peoples there are souls who will not believe that the glorious promise of the dominion of justice, reason, and truth, among men, is all a vain dream. No! they still trust in that promise, and pray you to fulfil your great part in its realization. . . . . Yea, all the wise and good, in all the past generations of mankind, join in my exhortation. They

seem to lift up imploring hands in your presence, and beseech you to fulfil their ardent desires and aspirations. May I not say even that the divine plan of Providence is waiting for your co-operation? Shall all who have believed in the progress of society and the possibility of just government among men, be scouted as silly dreamers? Shall all the dull souls who only awake from a sleepy life, like that of plants and animals, to direct their scorn against every noble purpose, be triumphant in their mockery? You must answer these questions by your practical career. . . . .

The old Roman world, with all its grandeur and glory, fell under the burthen of its own unworthiness, and the power of our forefathers. And if my reasoning has been correct, you, the descendants of those heroes who triumphed over corrupted Rome, are now the people to whose care the great interests of humanity are confided. The hopes of humanity for deliverance out of the depths of evil depend upon you! If you fall, humanity falls with you! Do not flatter yourselves with a vain consolation, imagining that future events, if not better, will not be worse than the events of past ages. If the modern civilized world sinks, like old Rome, into corruption, you may suppose that some half-barbarian, but energetic race, like the ancient Germans, may arise and establish a new order of society on the ruins of the old. But where will you find such a people now? The surface of the earth has been explored. Every nation is known. Is there any half-barbarous race now existing and prepared to do the work of restoration as our ancestors did it? Every one must answer, "No!" Then my conclusion is established. If you, who constitute the centre of modern civilized society, fall into slavery and moral corruption, then humanity must fall with you—and without any hope of a restoration.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE: AGAINST AMERICAN AGGRESSION.

TECUMSEH, a chief of the Shawanee Indians, who fell, fighting for Canada, at the battle of the Thames: 1769-1813.

BROTHERS,—We all belong to one family; we are all children of the Great Spirit; we walk in the same path; slake our thirst at the same spring; and now affairs of the greatest concern lead us to smoke the pipe around the same council fire.

Brothers,—We are friends; we must assist each other to bear our burdens. The blood of many of our fathers and brothers has run like water on the ground, to satisfy the avarice of the

white men. We, ourselves, are threatened with a great evil; nothing will pacify them but the destruction of all the red men.

Brothers,—When the white men first set foot on our grounds, they were hungry; they had no place on which to spread their blankets, or to kindle their fires. They were feeble; they could do nothing for themselves. Our fathers commiserated their distress, and shared freely with them whatever the Great Spirit had given his red children. They gave them food when hungry, medicine when sick, spread skins for them to sleep on, and gave them grounds, that they might hunt and raise corn.

Brothers,—The white people are like poisonous serpents: when chilled, they are feeble and harmless; but invigorate them with warmth, and they sting their benefactors to death.

The white people came among us feeble; and now that we have made them strong, they wish to kill us, or drive us back, as they would wolves and panthers.

Brothers,—The white men are not friends to the Indians. At first, they only asked for land sufficient for a wigwam; now, nothing will satisfy them but the whole of our hunting grounds, from the rising to the setting sun.

Brothers,—The white men want more than our hunting grounds; they wish to kill our old men, women, and little ones.

Brothers,—Many winters ago there was no land; the sun did not rise and set; all was darkness. The Great Spirit made all things. He gave the white people a home beyond the great waters. He supplied these grounds with game, and gave them to his red children; and he gave them strength and courage to defend them.

Brothers,—My people wish for peace; the red men all wish for peace; but where the white people are, there is no peace for them, except it be on the bosom of our mother.

Brothers,—The white men despise and cheat the Indians; they abuse and insult them; they do not think the red men sufficiently good to live.

The red men have borne many and great injuries; they ought to suffer them no longer. My people will not; they are determined on vengeance; they have taken up the tomahawk; they will make it fat with blood; they will drink the blood of the white people.

Brothers,—My people are brave and numerous; but the white people are too strong for them alone. I wish you to take up the tomahawk with them. If we all unite, we will cause the rivers to stain the great waters with their blood.

Brothers,—If you do not unite with us, they will first destroy us, and then you will fall an easy prey to them. They have destroyed many nations of red men, because they were not united—because they were not friends to each other.

Brothers,—The white men send runners amongst us; they wish to make us enemies, that they may sweep over and desolate our hunting grounds, like devastating winds, or rushing waters.

Brothers,—Our Great Father, over the great waters, is angry with the white people, our enemies. He will send his brave warriors against them; he will send us rifles, and whatever else we want; he is our friend, and we are his children.

Brothers,—Who are the white people that we should fear them? They cannot run fast, and are good marks to shoot at. They are only men; our fathers have killed many of them; we are not squaws, and we will stain the earth red with their blood.

Brothers,—The Great Spirit is angry with our enemies; he speaks in thunder, and the earth swallows up villages, and drinks up the Mississippi. The great waters will cover their lowlands; their corn cannot grow; and the Great Spirit will sweep those who escape to the hills from the earth with his terrible breath.

Brothers,—We must be united; we must smoke the same pipe; we must fight each other's battles; and, more than all, we must love the Great Spirit; he is for us; he will destroy our enemies, and make all his red children happy.

PROCLAMATION AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR OF 1812.

SIR ISAAC BROCK, Governor of Upper Canada, the hero of Detroit and Queenston: 1770-1812.

THE unprovoked declaration of war by the United States of America against the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and its dependencies, has been followed by the actual invasion of this Province, in a remote frontier of the western district, by a detachment of the armed force of the United States.

The officer commanding that detachment has thought proper to invite his majesty's subjects, not merely to a quiet and unresisting submission, but insults them with a call to seek voluntarily the protection of his government.

Without condescending to repeat the illiberal epithets bestowed

in this appeal of the American commander to the people of Upper Canada, on the administration of his majesty, every inhabitant of the province is desired to seek the confutation of such indecent slander in the review of his own particular circumstances. Where is the Canadian subject who can truly affirm to himself that he has been injured by the government in his person, his property, or his liberty? Where is to be found, in any part of the world, a growth so rapid in prosperity and wealth as this colony exhibits? Settled, not thirty years, by a band of veterans, exiled from their former possessions on account of their loyalty, not a descendant of these brave people is to be found, who, under the fostering liberality of their sovereign, has not acquired a property and means of enjoyment superior to what were possessed by their ancestors.

This unequalled prosperity would not have been attained by the utmost liberality of the government, or the persevering industry of the people, had not the maritime power of the mother country secured to its colonists a safe access to every market where the produce of their labour was in request.

The unavoidable and immediate consequences of a separation from Great Britain must be the loss of this inestimable advantage; and what is offered you in exchange? To become a territory of the United States, and share with them that exclusion from the ocean which the policy of their government enforces; you are not even flattered with a participation of their boasted independence; and it is but too obvious that, once estranged from the powerful protection of the United Kingdom, you must be re-annexed to the dominion of France, from which the provinces of Canada were wrested by the arms of Great Britain, at a vast expense of blood and treasure, from no other motive than to relieve her ungrateful children from the oppression of a cruel neighbour. This restitution of Canada to the empire of France, was the stipulated reward for the aid afforded to the revolted colonies, now the United States; the debt is still due, and there can be no doubt but the pledge has been renewed as a consideration for commercial advantages, or rather for an expected relaxation in the tyranny of France over the commercial world. Are you prepared, inhabitants of Canada, to become willing subjects, or rather slaves, to the despot who rules the nations of continental Europe with a rod of iron? If not, arise in a body, exert your energies, co-operate cordially with the king's regular forces to repel the invader, and do not give cause to your children, when groaning under the oppression of a foreign master, to reproach you with having so easily parted with the richest inheritance of this

earth—a participation in the name, character, and freedom of Britons!

The same spirit of justice, which will make every reasonable allowance for the unsuccessful efforts of zeal and loyalty, will not fail to punish the defalcation of principle. Every Canadian freeholder is, by deliberate choice, bound by the most solemn oaths to defend the monarchy, as well as his own property; to shrink from that engagement is a treason not to be forgiven. Let no man suppose, that if, in this unexpected struggle, his majesty's arms should be compelled to yield to an overwhelming force, the province will be eventually abandoned; the endeared relations of its first settlers, the intrinsic value of its commerce, and the pretensions of its powerful rival to re-possess the Canadas, are pledges that no peace will be established between the United States and Great Britain and Ireland, of which the restoration of these provinces does not make the most prominent condition.

Be not dismayed at the unjustifiable threat of the commander of the enemy's forces to refuse quarter, should an Indian appear in the ranks. The brave bands of aborigines which inhabit this colony were, like his majesty's other subjects, punished for their zeal and fidelity, by the loss of their possessions in the late colonies, and rewarded by his majesty with lands of superior value in this province. The faith of the British government has never yet been violated; the Indians feel that the soil they inherit is to them and their posterity protected from the base arts so frequently devised to over-reach their simplicity. By what new principle are they to be prohibited from defending their property? If their warfare, from being different to that of the white people, be more terrific to the enemy, let him retrace his steps—they seek him not—and cannot expect to find women and children in an invading army. But they are men, and have equal rights with all other men to defend themselves and their property when invaded, more especially when they find in the enemy's camp a ferocious and mortal foe, using the same warfare which the American commander affects to reprobate.

This inconsistent and unjustifiable threat of refusing quarter for such a cause as being found in arms with a brother sufferer, in defence of invaded rights, must be exercised with the certain assurance of retaliation, not only in the limited operations of war in this part of the king's dominions, but in every quarter of the globe; for the national character of Britain is not less distinguished for humanity than strict retributive justice, which will consider the execution of this inhuman threat as deliberate murder, for which every subject of the offending power must make expiation.

ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG MEN OF ITALY.

JOSEPH MAZZINI, the Italian patriot and revolutionary statesman and orator: born 1809.

WHEN I was commissioned by you, young men, to proffer in this temple a few words consecrated to the memory of the brothers Bandiera, and their fellow-martyrs at Cosenza, I thought that some one of those who heard me might perhaps exclaim, with noble indignation, "Why thus lament over the dead? The martyrs of liberty are only worthily honoured by winning the battle they have begun. Cosenza, the land where they fell, is enslaved; Venice, the city of their birth, is begirt with strangers. Let us emancipate them; and, until that moment, let no words pass our lips, save those of war." But another thought arose, and suggested to me, Why have we not conquered? Why is it that, whilst our countrymen are fighting for independence in the north of Italy, liberty is perishing in the south? Why is it that a war which should have sprung to the Alps with the bound of a lion, has dragged itself along for four months with the slow, uncertain motion of the scorpion surrounded by the circle of fire? How has the rapid and powerful intuition of a people newly risen to life, been converted into the weary, helpless effort of the sick man, turning from side to side.

Ah! had we all risen in the sanctity of the idea for which our martyrs died; had the holy standard of their faith preceded our youth to battle; had we made of our every thought an action, and of our every action a thought; had we learned from them that liberty and independence are one,—we should not now have war, but victory. Cosenza would not be compelled to venerate the memory of her martyrs in secret, nor Venice be restrained from honouring them with a monument; and we, here gathered together, might gladly invoke those sacred names, without uncertainty as to our future destiny, or a cloud of sadness on our brows, and might say to those precursor souls, "*Rejoice, for your spirit is incarnate in your brethren*, and they are worthy of you." Could Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, and their fellow-martyrs, now arise from the grave and speak to you, they would, believe me, address you, though with a power very different from that given to me, in counsel not unlike that which I now utter.

Love! Love is the flight of the soul towards God; towards the great, the sublime, and the beautiful, which are the shadow of God

upon earth. Love your family, the partner of your life, those around you, ready to share your joys and sorrows; the dead, who were dear to you, and to whom you were dear. Love your country. It is your name, your glory, your sign among the peoples. Give to it your thought, your counsel, your blood. You are twenty-four millions of men, endowed with active, splendid faculties; with a tradition of glory, the envy of the nations of Europe; an immense future is before you,—your eyes are raised to the loveliest heaven, and around you smiles the loveliest land in Europe; you are encircled by the Alps and the sea, boundaries marked out by the finger of God for a people of giants. And you must be such, or nothing. Let not a man of that twenty-four millions remain excluded from the fraternal bond which shall join you together; let not a look be raised to that heaven which is not that of a freeman. Love humanity. You can only ascertain your own mission from the aim placed by God before humanity at large. Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea, are other peoples, now fighting, or preparing to fight, the holy fight of independence, of nationality, of liberty,—other people, striving by different routes to reach the same goal. Unite with them—they will unite with you.

And love, young men, love and reverence the ideal; it is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought, and in the dignity of our immortal natures. From that high sphere spring the *principles* which alone can redeem the peoples. Love enthusiasm—the pure dreams of the virgin soul, and the lofty visions of early youth; for they are the perfume of Paradise, which the soul preserves in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect, above all things, your conscience; have upon your lips the truth that God has placed in your hearts; and, while working together in harmony, in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, even with those who differ from you, yet ever bear erect your own banner, and boldly promulgate your faith.

Such words, young men, would the martyrs of Cosenza have spoken, had they been living amongst you. And here,—where, perhaps, invoked by our love, their holy spirits hover near us,—I call upon you to gather them up in your hearts, and to make of them a treasure amid the storms that yet threaten you; but which, with the name of our martyrs on your lips, and their faith in your hearts, you will overcome.

APPEAL TO THE HUNGARIANS, 1849.

LUIS KOSSUTH, ex-governor of Hungary, occupied in his exile in lecturing and writing upon the miseries of his native land: born 1802.

OUR fatherland is in danger! Citizens, to arms! to arms! Unless the whole nation rise up, as one man, to defend itself, all the noble blood already shed is in vain; and, on the ground where the ashes of our ancestors repose, the Russian knout will rule over an enslaved people. Be it known to all Hungary, that the Austrian emperor has let loose upon us the barbarous hordes of Russia; and that a Russian army of forty-six thousand men has broken into our country from Galicia, and is on the march; that another has entered Transylvania; and that, finally, we can expect no foreign assistance, as the people that sympathize with us are kept down by their rulers, and gaze only in dumb silence on our struggle. We have nothing to rest our hopes upon, but a righteous God, and our own strength. If we do not put forth that strength, God will also forsake us.

Hungary's struggle is no longer our struggle alone. It is the struggle of popular freedom against tyranny. Our victory is the victory of freedom, our fall is the fall of freedom. God has chosen us to free the nations from bodily servitude. In the wake of our victory will follow liberty to the Italians, Germans, Poles, Wallachians, Sclavonians, Servians, and Croatians. With our fall goes down the star of freedom over all. People of Hungary! will you die under the exterminating sword of these savage Russians? If not, defend yourselves! Will you behold your villages in flames, and your harvests destroyed? Will you die of hunger on the land which your sweat has made fertile? If not, defend yourselves!

We call upon the people, in the name of God and the country, to rise up in arms. In virtue of our powers and duty, we order a general crusade of the people against the enemy, to be declared from every pulpit and from every townhouse of the country, and made known by the continual ringing of bells. One great effort, and the country is for ever saved! We have, indeed, an army which numbers some two hundred thousand determined men; but the struggle is no longer one between two hostile camps; it is the struggle of tyranny against freedom, of barbarism against all free nations. Therefore must all the people seize arms and support the army, that, thus united, the victory of freedom for Europe may be won. Fly, then, united with the army, to arms, every citizen of the land, and the victory is sure!

THE ROMANCE LANGUAGES.

G. C. Leonardo Sismondi, a Swiss, author of "A View of the Literature of the South of Europe," and other valuable works in History, Literature, and Political Economy: 1773-1842. Translated by Thomas Roscoe, the translator of several German, Italian and Spanish works, and a most industrious man of letters: born 1791.

The languages which are spoken by the inhabitants of the south of Europe, from the extremity of Portugal to that of Calabria or Sicily, and which usually receive the designation of the Romance languages, are all derived from the mixture of the Latin with the Teutonic; of the people who were accounted Romans, with the barbarous nations which overthrew the Empire of Rome. The diversities which exist among the Portuguese, the Spanish, the Provençal, the French, and the Italian, arise rather from accidental circumstances than from any distinction between these different races of men. Each of these tongues is founded upon the Latin, but the form is often barbarous. A great number of the words were introduced into the language by the conquerors, but by far the greater number belong to the vanquished people. The grammar was formed by mutual concessions. More complicated than that of the purely Teutonic nations, and more simple than that of the Greeks and Romans, it has not, in any of the languages of the south, preserved the cases in the nouns; but making a selection amongst the varying terminations of the Latin, it has created a new word from the nominative for the Italian, and from the accusative for the Spanish, while for the French it has contracted the word, and

varied it from both of these terminations. This original diversity gives a peculiar character to each language; but it does not prevent us from recognising the common source of all. On the borders of the Danube, the Wallachians and the Bulgarians speak also a language which may be known as a descendant of the Latin, and which its great resemblance to the Italian renders easy to be comprehended. Of the two elements of which it is composed, it has one in common with the Italian—the Latin; the other is entirely different—the Sclavonic instead of the German.

The Teutonic languages themselves are not absolutely exempt from this primitive mixture. Thus the English, which is for the most part a corrupt German dialect, has been mingled partly with the Breton or Gaelic, and partly with the French, which has given it some analogy to the Romance languages. Its character bears a greater impress of harshness than the German; its grammar is more simple, and it might be said more barbarous, if the cultivation which this language has subsequently received had not educed new beauties, even from that very circumstance. The German has not remained what it was, when it was spoken by the people who overthrew the Roman empire. It appears to have borrowed for a period, and afterwards to have lost, a portion of the Latin syntax. When the study of letters began to extend itself over the north, with Christianity, the Germans attempted to give each case of their nouns a different termination, as in the Latin. This rendered their language more sonorous, and admitted more vowels in the construction of their words; but these modifications, which were, no doubt, contrary to the genius of the people, were in the end abandoned, and this distinction between the German and the Latin was again restored.

Thus, from one end of Europe to the other, the encounter of two mighty nations, and the mixture of two mother tongues, confounded all the dialects, and gave rise to new ones in their place. A long period of time now elapsed, during which it might almost be supposed that the nations of Europe were without a language. From the fifth to the tenth century, various races, always new, were mingled, without being confounded. Each village, each hamlet, contained some Teutonic conqueror, with his barbarian soldiers, and a number of vassals, the remains of the vanquished people. The terms upon which they lived, were those of contempt on the one side, and hatred on the other. There was no confidence or trust between them. Equally ignorant of every principle of general grammar, they never thought of studying the language of their

enemies, but accustomed themselves merely to the mutual jargon in which they sought to carry on an intercourse. Thus, we still see individuals transported into a foreign country, forming with those with whom it is necessary to communicate, a sort of conventional dialect, which is neither their own language nor that of the natives, yet which is comprehended by both, and prevents each from becoming acquainted with the language of the other. Amongst the slaves of Africa and Constantinople, there are Christians, from every part of Europe, mingled with the Moors, who have neither taught the latter their language, nor have themselves acquired the Moorish. They communicate with them in a rude language, called the *Lingua Franca*, which is composed of the most useful European words, despoiled of the terminations which mark the tenses and the cases, and thrown together without any syntax. Thus, also, in the colonies of America, the planters make themselves intelligible to the negroes by using the Creole language, which is nothing more than the French, adapted to the capacity of a barbarous people, by depriving it of everything which gives it precision, force, and pliancy. The want of ideas, the consequence of universal ignorance, left no temptation to augment the number of words of which this jargon was composed, and the absence of communication between village and village deprived it of all uniformity. The continual revolutions which led new nations of barbarians to usurp the place of the former intruders, and which substituted the new dialects of Germany for those with which the people of the south had begun to be familiar, did not suffer the language to acquire any degree of stability. In short, this unformed dialect, which varied with each province and each colony, which changed from year to year, and in which the only rules were imposed by chance or by the caprice of a barbarian people, was never used as a written language, even by the small number of those who were acquainted with the art of writing. It was disdained, as the language of ignorance and barbarism, by all who had the power of polishing it; and the gift of speech, which was granted to man for the purpose of extending and enlightening his ideas by communication, multiplied the barriers which before existed between them, and was only a source of confusion.

OTHER LANGUAGES OF EUROPE.

THE two great literary langnages of antiquity were the Greek and the Latin. While the former is still preserved in a slightly modified state in the peninsula of Greece and the adjacent islands, the latter, as you have been informed in the preceding lesson, is no longer a living tongue, but has united with the German on the one hand, and the Sclavonic on the other, to give birth to the romance languages.

In lands to which the Latin tongue did not extend, the natives retained their own form of speech free from admixture of foreign elements. Such was the case with many of the Teutonic and Sclavonic tribes of Europe. The languages of the former, composing the great Germanic family of languages, are those known as the German, the Dutch, and the Scandinavian or those spoken by the inhabitants of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. Between these languages great similarity of grammar and vocabulary exists. The English language is essentially Germanic, although the influence of the Norman French Conquest upon it has given to it almost the character of a Romance tongue.

The Sclavonic languages are those of Russia, Poland, and the eastern parts of the Austrian empire. Prussia was at one time a Sclavonic nation, but after its subjugation by the knights of the Teutonic order in the beginning of the fourteenth century, adopted the language of its German conquerors.

Of far greater antiqnity than the preceding, and even, it is said, than the ancient Greek and Latin, is the Celtic family of languages. This family is represented by the Gaelic of Scotland, the Erse of Ireland, and the Manx of the Isle of Man, forming the Gaelic branch, and by the Welsh, Cornish, and Armenian, a language of Brittany in France, forming the Cymric branch of the family.

All of the languages we have named, together with the Sanscrit, or ancient language of India, the Zend of ancient Persia, and the old Armenian, with the modern dialects derived from them, present considerable resemblances of structure, both as to grammar and vocabulary; they are, therefore, considered as one great family or group, and are designated the Indo-European family of languages.

The Arabic, which was introduced into Europe at the time of the Saracenic supremacy, belongs, with the Hebrew, Syrian, and other cognate tongues, to the Semitic family, totally distinct in character. The Turkish, also, is an intrusion from Northern Asia, and is classed

with the majority of Asiatic languages, and those spoken by the Lapps and Finns in the north of Europe, as belonging to the Turanian family, the word *Turanian* being of Sanscrit origin, and meaning "a nomad or wanderer."

The languages spoken by the aborigines of our own continent form a separate group of their own, called the American.

TRIUMPHS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

J. G. Lyons.

Now gather all our Saxon bards, let harps and hearts be strung,
To celebrate the triumphs of our own good Saxon tongue;
For stronger far than hosts that march with battle-flags unfurl'd,
It goes with Freedom, Thought, and Truth, to rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays on every surf-worn shore,
And Scotland hears its echoing far as Orkney's breakers roar—
From Jura's crags and Mona's hills it floats on every gale,
And warms with eloquence and song the homes of Innisfail.

On many a wide and swarming deck it scales the rough wave's crest,
Seeking its peerless heritage—the fresh and fruitful West:
It climbs New England's rocky steeps, as victor mounts a throne;
Niagara knows and greets the voice, still mightier than its own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows on bleak Canadian plains,
And where, on Essequibo's banks, eternal summer reigns:
It glads Acadia's misty coasts, Jamaica's glowing isle,
And bides where gay with early flowers, green Texan prairies smile:
It tracks the loud, swift Oregon, through sunset valleys roll'd,
And soars where Californian brooks wash down their sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves, on seas of fierce Malay,
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood, and towers of proud Bombay:
It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes, dusk brows, and swarthy limbs;
The dark Liberian soothes her child with English cradle hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won in gentle Saxon speech;
Australian boys read Crusoe's life by Sydney's sheltered beach:
It dwells where Afric's southmost capes meet oceans broad and blue,
And Nieuveld's rugged mountains gird the wide and waste Karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart, that, while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with autumn's fruits, and *those* with flowers of spring:
It quickens lands whose meteor lights flame in an arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross hangs its orbèd fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told, and righteous kings desired,—
With all that great apostles taught, and glorious Greeks admired;
With Shakespeare's deep and wondrous verse, and Milton's loftier mind,—
With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore,—to cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom, and error flies away,
As vanishes the mist of night before the star of day!
But grand as are the victories whose monuments we see,
These are but as the dawn, which speaks of noontide yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame, take heed, nor once disgrace
With deadly pen or spoiling sword, our noble tongue and race.
Go forth prepared in every clime to love and help each other,
And judge that they who counsel strife would bid you smite—a brother.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time, by good men prayed for long,
When Christian states, grown just and wise, will scorn revenge and wrong;
When earth's oppressed and savage tribes shall cease to pine or roam,
All taught to prize these English words—FAITH, FREEDOM, HEAVEN, and HOME.

ORIGIN OF THE MATERIALS OF WRITING.

ISAAC DISRAELI: see "Music."

IT is curious to observe the various substitutes for paper before its discovery.

Ere the invention of recording events by writing, trees were planted, rude altars were erected, or heaps of stone, to serve as memorials of past events. Hercules probably could not write when he fixed his famous pillars.

The most ancient mode of writing was on *bricks*, *tiles*, and *oyster-shells*, and on *tables of stone;* afterwards on plates of various materials, on *ivory*, on *barks* of trees, on *leaves* of trees, &c.

Engraving memorable events on hard substances was giving, as it were, speech to rocks and metals. In the book of Job mention is made of writing on *stone*, on *rocks*, and on sheets of *lead*. On tables of *stone* Moses received the law written by the finger of God. Hesiod's works were written on *leaden* tables: lead was used for writing, and rolled up like a cylinder, as Pliny states. Montfaucon notices a very ancient book of eight leaden leaves, which on the back had rings fastened by a small leaden rod, to keep them together. They afterwards engraved on bronze: the laws of the Cretans were on bronze tables; the Romans etched their public records on brass. The speech of Claudius, engraved on plates of bronze, is yet preserved in the town-hall of Lyons in France. Several bronze tables with Etruscan characters, have been dug up in Tuscany. The treaties between the Romans, Spartans, and the Jews, were written on brass; and estates, for better security, were made over on this enduring metal. In many cabinets may be found the discharges of soldiers, written on copper-plates. This custom has been discovered in India; a bill of feoffment on copper has been dug up near Bengal, dated a century before the birth of Christ.

Among these early inventions, many were singularly rude and miserable substitutes for a better material. In the shepherd state they wrote their songs with thorns and awls on straps of leather, which they wound round their crooks. The Icelanders appear to have scratched their *runes*, a kind of hieroglyphics, on walls; and Olof, according to one of the sages, built a large house, on the bulks and spars of which he had engraved the history of his own and more ancient times; while another northern hero appears to have had nothing better than his own chair and bed to perpetuate his own heroic acts on. At the town-hall, in Hanover, are kept twelve wooden boards, overlaid with bees'-wax, on which are written the names of owners of houses, but not the names of streets. These *wooden manuscripts* must have existed before 1423, when Hanover was first divided into streets. Such manuscripts may be found in public collections. These are an evidence of a rude state of *society*. The same event occurred among the ancient Arabs, who, according to the history of Mahomet, seemed to have carved on the shoulder-bones of sheep remarkable events with a knife, and tying them with a string, hung up these sheep-bone chronicles.

The laws of the twelve tables, which the Romans chiefly copied from the Grecian code, were, after they had been approved by the people, engraven on brass. They were melted by lightning, which

struck the capitol,—a loss highly regretted by Augustus. This manner of writing we still retain, for inscriptions, epitaphs, and other memorials designed to reach posterity.

These early inventions led to the discovery of tables of *wood*, and as *cedar* has an antiseptic quality from its bitterness, they chose this wood for cases or chests to preserve their most important writings. This well-known expression of the ancients, when they meant to give the highest eulogium of an excellent work, that it was worthy to be written on *cedar*, alludes to the *oil of cedar*, with which valuable MSS. of parchment were anointed, to preserve them from corruption and moths. Persius illustrates this :—

> "Who would not leave posterity such rhymes
> As *cedar oil* might keep to latest times!"

They stained materials for writing upon with purple, and rubbed them with exudations from the cedar. The laws of the emperors were published on *wooden tables*, painted with ceruse, to which custom Horace alludes. Such *tables*, the term now softened into tablets, are still used, but in general are made of other materials than wood. The same reason for which they preferred the *cedar* to other wood induced to write on *wax*, as being incorruptible. Men generally used it to write their testaments on, the better to preserve them. This thin paste of wax was also used on tablets of wood, that it might more easily admit of erasure, for daily use.

They wrote with an iron bodkin, as they did on the other substances we have noticed. The *stylus* was made sharp at one end to write with, and blunt and broad at the other, to efface and correct easily : hence the phrase *vertere stylum*, to turn the stylus, was used to express blotting out. But the Romans forbade the use of this sharp instrument, from the circumstance of many persons having used them as daggers. A schoolmaster was killed by the Pugillares or table-books, and the styles of his own scholars. They substituted a stylus made of the bone of a bird, or other animal ; so that their writings resembled engravings. When they wrote on softer materials, they employed *reeds* and *canes* split like our *pens* at the points, which the orientalists still use to lay their colour or ink neater on the paper.

The *pumice stone* was a writing material of the ancients ; they used it to smooth the roughness of the parchment, or to sharpen their reeds.

In the progress of time the art of writing consisted in *painting*

with different kinds of *ink*. This novel mode of writing occasioned them to invent other materials proper to receive their writing; the thin bark of certain *trees* and *plants*, or *linen;* and at length, when this was found apt to become mouldy, they prepared the *skins of animals;* on the dried skins of serpents were once written the Iliad and Odyssey. The first place where they began to dress these skins was *Pergamus*, in Asia; whence the Latin name is derived of *Pergamenæ*, or *parchment*. These skins are, however, better known amongst the authors of the purest Latin under the name of *membrana;* so called from the membranes of various animals of which they were composed. The ancients had *parchments* of three different colours, white, yellow, and purple. At Rome white parchment was disliked, because it was more subject to be soiled than the others, and dazzled the eye. They generally wrote in letters of gold and silver on purple or violet parchment. This custom continued in the early ages of the Church; and copies of the evangelists of this kind are preserved in the British Museum.

When the Egyptians employed for writing the *bark* of a *plant* or *reed*, called *papyrus*, or paper-rush, it superseded all former modes for its convenience. Formerly, it grew in great quantities on the sides of the Nile. This plant has given its name to our *paper* although the latter is now composed of linen rags, and formerly had been of cotton-wool, which was brittle and yellow; and improved by using cotton rags, which they glazed.

After the eighth century the papyrus was superseded by parchment. The *Chinese* make their *paper* with *silk*. The use of *paper* is of great antiquity. It is what the ancient Latinists call *charta* or *chartæ*. Before the use of *parchment* and *paper* passed to the Romans, they used the thin peel found between the wood and the bark of trees. This skinny substance they called *liber;* from whence the Latin word *liber*, a book, and *library* and *librarian* in the European languages, and the French *livre* for book; but we of northern origin derive our *book* from the Danish, *bog*, the beech-tree, because that being the most plentiful in Denmark was used to engrave on. Anciently, instead of folding this bark, this parchment, or paper, as we fold ours, they rolled it according as they wrote on it; and the Latin name which they gave these rolls has passed into our language as well as the others. We say a *volume*, or volumes, although our books are composed of leaves bound together. The books of the ancients on the shelves of their libraries were rolled up on a pin and placed erect, titled on the outside in red letters, or rubrics, and appeared like a number of small pillars on the shelves.

The ancients were as curious as ourselves in having their books richly conditioned. Propertius describes tablets with gold borders, and Ovid notices their red titles; but, in later times, besides the tint of purple with which they tinged their vellum, and the liquid gold which they employed for their ink, they inlaid their covers with precious stones; and I have seen, in the library at Triers or Treves, a manuscript, the donation of some princess to a monastery, studded with beads wrought in fine cameos. In the early ages of the church, they painted on the outside commonly a dying Christ. In the curious library of Mr Donce is a Psalter, supposed once to have appertained to Charlemagne; the vellum is purple, and the letters gold. The Eastern nations likewise tinged their MSS. with different colours and decorations. Astle possessed Arabian MSS., of which some leaves were of a deep yellow, and others of a lilac colour. Sir William Jones describes an oriental MS. in which the name of Mohammed was fancifully adorned with a garland of tulips and carnations, painted in the brightest colours. The favourite works of the Persians are written on fine silky paper, the ground of which is often powdered with gold or silver dust; the leaves are frequently illuminated, and the whole book is sometimes perfumed with essence of roses, or sandal wood. The Romans had several sorts of paper for which they had as many different names, one was the *Charta Augusta*, in compliment to the Emperor; another Liviana, named after the Empress. There was a *Charta blanca*, which obtained its title from its beautiful whiteness, and which we appear to have retained by applying to a blank sheet of paper which is only signed, *Charte Blanche*. They had also a *Charta nigra*, painted black, and the letters were in white or other colours.

Our present paper surpasses all other materials for ease and convenience of writing. The first paper-mill in England was erected at Dartfold, by a German, in 1588, who was knighted by Elizabeth; but it was not before 1713 that one Thomas Watkinson, a stationer, brought the art of paper-making to any perfection, and to the industry of this individual we owe the origin of our numerous paper-mills. France had hitherto supplied England and Holland.

The manufacture of paper was not much encouraged at home, even so late as in 1662; and the following observations by Fuller are curious, respecting the paper of his time:—"Paper participates in some sort of the characters of the country which makes it; the *Venetian* being neat, subtile, and court-like; the *French*, light, slight, and slender; and the *Dutch*, thick, corpulent, and gross, sucking up the ink with the sponginess thereof." He complains

that the paper manufactories were not then sufficiently encouraged, "considering the vast sums of money expended in our land for paper, out of Italy, France, and Germany, which might be lessened were it made in our nation."

The ink of the ancients had nothing in common with ours, but the colour and gum. Gall-nuts, copperas, and gum make up the composition of our ink; whereas *soot* or *ivory-black* was the chief ingredient in that of the ancients.

Ink has been made of various colours; we find gold and silver ink, and red, green, yellow, and blue inks; but the black is considered as the best adapted to its purpose.

THE ART OF PRINTING.

Adapted from D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.

THERE is some probability that this art originated in China, where it was practised long before it was known in Europe. Some European traveller might have imported the hint. That the Romans did not practise the art of printing cannot but excite our astonishment, since they actually used it, unconscious of their rich possession. I have seen Roman stereotypes, or immovable printing types, with which they stamped their pottery. How, in daily practising the art, though confined to this object, it did not occur to so ingenious a people to print their literary works, is not easily to be accounted for.

The first printing press in Europe seems to have been that set up by Gutenberg in Mentz or Strasburg, it is doubtful which. About the year 1450, Laurence Costar of Haarlem, who lived about the same time, is sometimes looked upon as the instructor of Gutenberg, in the art of printing. The tradition of the Devil and Dr Faustus, was said to have been derived from the odd circumstances under which the Bibles of Gutenberg's partner, Fust, appeared to the world. When Fust had printed off a considerable number of copies of the Bible to imitate those which were commonly sold as manuscript, he undertook the sale of them at Paris. It was his interest to conceal the discovery, and to pass off his printed copies for manuscripts. But, enabled to sell his Bibles at sixty crowns, while the other scribes demanded five hundred, this raised universal astonishment, and still more when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and even lowered his price. The uniformity of the

copies increased the wonder. Informations were given in to the magistrates against him as a magician; and in searching his lodgings a great number of copies were found. The red ink—and Fust's red ink was peculiarly brilliant—which embellished his copies was said to be his blood; and it was solemnly adjudged that he was in league with the infernals. Fust, at length, was obliged, to save himself from a bonfire, to reveal his art to the Parliament of Paris, who discharged him from all prosecution, in consideration of the wonderful invention.

When first the art of printing was discovered, they only made use of one side of a leaf; they had not yet found out the expedient of impressing the other. Afterwards they thought of pasting the blank sides, which made them appear like one leaf. Their blocks were made of soft woods, and their letters were carved; but, frequently breaking, the expense and trouble of carving and gluing new letters, suggested our movable types, which have produced an almost miraculous celerity in this art. The modern stereotype, consisting of entire pages in solid blocks of metal, and, not being liable to break like the soft wood at first used, has been profitably employed for works which require to be frequently reprinted.

When their editions were intended to be curious, they omitted to print the initial letter of a chapter; they left that blank space to be painted or illuminated, to the fancy of the purchaser. Several ancient volumes of these early times have been found where these letters are wanting, as they neglected to have them painted. The initial carved letter, which is generally a fine woodcut, among our printed books, is evidently a remains or imitation of these ornaments.

The invention of what is now called the *Italic* letter in printing was made by Aldus Manutius, an Italian publisher in the first part of the sixteenth century. He observed the many inconveniences resulting from the vast number of abbreviations which were then so frequent among the printers, that a book was difficult to understand; a treatise was actually written on the art of reading a printed book, and this addressed to the learned! He contrived an expedient, by which these abbreviations might be entirely got rid of, and yet books suffer little increase in bulk. This he effected by introducing what is now called the *Italic* letter, though it formerly was distinguished by the name of the inventor, and called the *Aldine*.

Caxton, and his successor, Wynken de Worde were our own earliest printers. Caxton was a wealthy merchant, who, in 1464,

being sent by Edward IV. to negotiate a commercial treaty with the Duke of Burgundy, returned to his country with this invaluable art. The first works which issued from his press were "The Game of Chess," and the "Poems of Chaucer."

CHARACTER OF HANNIBAL.

S. Livius Patavinus (Livy) the Herodotus of Roman History, author of "The Annals of Rome," in 142 books, 35 of which are extant: B.C. 59-A.D. 18.

Hannibal, being sent to Spain, on his arrival there attracted the eye of the whole army. The veterans believed Hamilcar was revived and restored to them; they saw the same vigorous countenance, the same piercing eye, the same complexion and features. But, in a short time, his behaviour occasioned this resemblance of his father to contribute the least towards his gaining their favour. And, in truth, never was there a genius more happily formed for two things, most manifestly contrary to each other—to obey and to command. This made it difficult to determine whether the general or soldiers loved him most. Where any enterprise required vigour and valour in the performance, Hasdrubal always chose him to command at the execution of it; nor were the troops ever more confident of success, or more intrepid, than when he was at their head. None ever showed greater bravery in undertaking hazardous attempts, or more presence of mind and conduct in the execution of them. No hardship could fatigue his body, or daunt his courage; he could equally bear cold and heat. The necessary refection of nature, not the pleasure of his palate, he solely regarded in his meals. He made no distinction of day and night in his watching, or taking rest; and appropriated no time to sleep, but what remained after he had completed his duty; he never sought for a soft, or a retired place of repose; but was often seen lying on the bare ground, wrapt in a soldier's cloak, among the sentinels and guards. He did not distinguish himself from his companions by the magnificence of his dress, but by the quality of his horse and arms. At the same time, he was by far the best foot and horse soldier in the army; ever the foremost in a charge, and the last who left the field after the battle was begun. These shining qualities were, however, balanced by great vices; inhuman cruelty; more than Carthaginian treachery; no respect for truth or honour, no fear of the gods, no regard for the sanctity of oaths, no sense of

religion. With a disposition thus chequered with virtues and vices, he served three years under Hasdrubal, without neglecting to pry into, or perform anything, that could contribute to make him hereafter a complete general.

THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

PLUTARCH, the most popular of later Greek writers, a philosophical teacher, and author of "Lives of Celebrated Men:" A.D. 50–120.

WHEN Cæsar entered, the senate rose to do him honour, and some of the party of Brutus stood around his chair at the back, and others presented themselves before him as if their purpose was to support the prayer of Tillius Cimber on behalf of his exiled brother, and they all joined in entreaty, following Cæsar as far as his seat. When he had taken his seat and was rejecting their entreaties, and, as they urged them still more strongly, began to show displeasure towards them individually, Tillius, taking hold of his toga with both his hands, pulled it downwards from the neck, which was the signal for the attack. Casca was the first to strike him on the neck with his sword, a blow neither mortal nor severe, for, as was natural at the beginning of so bold a deed, he was confused, and Cæsar, turning round, seized the dagger and held it fast. And it happened that at the same moment he who was struck cried out in the Roman language, "You villain Casca, what are you doing?" and he who had given the blow cried out to his brother in Greek, "Brother, help!" Such being the beginning, those who were not privy to the conspiracy were prevented by consternation and horror at what was going on, either from flying or going to aid, and they did not even venture to utter a word. And now each of the conspirators bared his sword, and Cæsar, being hemmed in all round, in whatever direction he turned meeting blows and swords aimed against his eyes and face, driven about like a wild beast, was caught in the hands of his enemies; for it was arranged that all of them should take a part in, and taste of, the deed of blood. Accordingly, Brutus also gave him one blow in the groin. It is said by some authorities that he defended himself against the rest, moving about his body, hither and thither, and calling out, till he saw that Brutus had drawn his sword, when he pulled his toga over his face, and offered no further resistance, having been driven, either by chance or by the conspirators, to the base on which the statue of Pompeius

stood. And the base was drenched with blood, as if Pompeius was directing the vengeance upon his enemy, who was stretched beneath his feet, and writhing under his many wounds; for he is said to have received three and twenty wounds. Many of the conspirators were wounded by one another, while they were aiming so many blows against one body.

After Cæsar was killed, though Brutus came forward as if he was going to say something about the deed, the senators, without waiting to listen, rushed through the door, and making their escape filled the people with confusion and indescribable alarm, so that some closed their houses, and others left their tables and places of business, and while some ran to the place to see what had happened, others who had seen it ran away. But Antonius and Lepidus, who were the chief friends of Cæsar, stole away and fled for refuge to the houses of other persons. The partisans of Brutus, just as they were, warm from the slaughter, and showing their bare swords, all in a body advanced from the senate-house to the capitol, not like men who were flying, but exulting and confident, calling the people to liberty, and joined by the nobles who met them. Some even went up to the capitol with them, and mingled with them, as if they had participated in the deed, and claimed the credit of it, among whom were Caius Octavius and Lentulus Spinther. But they afterwards paid the penalty of their vanity, for they were put to death by Antonius and the young Cæsar, without having enjoyed even the reputation of that for which they lost their lives, for nobody believed that they had a share in the deed. For neither did those who put them to death punish them for what they did, but for what they wished to do. On the next day Brutus came down and addressed the people, who listened without expressing disapprobation or approbation of what had been done, but they indicated by their deep silence that they pitied Cæsar and respected Brutus. The senate, with a view of making an amnesty and conciliating all parties, decreed that Cæsar should be honoured as a god, and that not the smallest thing should be disturbed which he had settled while he was in power; and they distributed among the partisans of Brutus provinces and suitable honours, so that all people supposed that affairs were quieted, and had been settled in the best way.

But when the will of Cæsar was opened, and it was discovered that he had given to every Roman a handsome present, and they saw the body, as it was carried through the forum, disfigured with wounds, the multitude no longer kept within the bounds of pro-

priety and order, but heaping about the corpse benches, lattices, and tables, taken from the forum, they set fire to it on the spot and burnt it; then taking the flaming pieces of wood they ran to the houses of the conspirators to fire them, and others ran about the city in all directions, seeking for the men to seize and tear them in pieces. But none of the conspirators came in their way, and they were all well protected. One Cinna, however, a friend of Cæsar, happened, as it is said, to have had a strange dream the night before; for he dreamed that he was invited by Cæsar to sup with him, and when he excused himself, he was dragged along by Cæsar by the hand, against his will, and making resistance the while. Now when he heard that the body of Cæsar was burning in the forum, he got up and went there, out of respect, though he was somewhat alarmed at his dream, and had a fever on him. One of the multitude who saw Cinna told his name to another who was inquiring of him, and he again told it to a third, and immediately it spread through the crowd, that this man was one of those who had killed Cæsar; and, indeed, there was one of the conspirators who was named Cinna; and taking this man to be him, the people forthwith rushed upon him, and tore him in pieces on the spot. It was principally through alarm at this that the partisans of Brutus and Cassius after a few days left the city.

SPEECH OF GALGACUS TO THE CALEDONIANS.

C. Cornelius Tacitus, a famous Latin historian: A.D. 60–125. His principal works are his "History" and "Annals" of Rome, "Germania," and "Agricola," from which latter this extract is taken.

When I reflect on the causes of the war, and the circumstances of our situation, I feel a strong persuasion that our united efforts on the present day will prove the beginning of universal liberty to Britain. For we are all undebased by slavery; and there is no land behind us, nor does even the sea afford a refuge, whilst the Roman fleet hovers around. Thus the use of arms, which is at all times honourable to the brave, now offers the only safety even to cowards. In all the battles which have yet been fought, with various success against the Romans, our countrymen may be deemed to have reposed their final hopes and resources in us: for we, the noblest sons of Britain, and therefore stationed in its last recesses,

far from the view of servile shores, have preserved even our eyes unpolluted by the contact of subjection. We, at the furthest limits both of land and liberty, have been defended to this day by the remoteness of our situation and of our fame. The extremity of Britain is now disclosed; and whatever is unknown becomes an object of magnitude. But there is no nation beyond us; nothing but waves and rocks, and the still more hostile Romans, whose arrogance we cannot escape by obsequiousness and submission. These plunderers of the world, after exhausting the land by their devastations, are rifling the ocean: stimulated by avarice, if their enemy be rich; by ambition, if poor; unsatiated by the East and by the West; the only people who behold wealth and indigence with equal avidity. To ravage, to slaughter, to usurp under false titles, they call empire; and where they make a desert, they call it peace.

Can you imagine that the Romans are as brave in war as they are licentious in peace? Acquiring renown from our discords and dissensions, they convert the faults of their enemies to the glory of their own army; an army compounded of the most different nations, which success alone has kept together, and which misfortune will as certainly dissipate. Unless, indeed, you can suppose that Gauls, and Germans, and (I blush to say it) even Britons, who, though they expend their blood to establish a foreign dominion, have been longer its foes than its subjects, will be retained by loyalty and affection. Terror and dread alone are the weak bonds of attachment; which, once broken, they who cease to fear will begin to hate. Every incitement to victory is on our side. The Romans have no wives to animate them; no parents to upbraid their flight. Most of them have either no home, or a distant one. Few in number, ignorant of the country, looking around in silent horror at woods, seas, and a heaven itself unknown to them, they are delivered by the gods, as it were imprisoned and bound, into our hands. Be not terrified with an idle show, and the glitter of silver and gold, which can neither protect nor wound. In the very ranks of the enemy we shall find our own bands. The Britons will acknowledge their own cause. The Gauls will recollect their former liberty. The rest of the Germans will desert them, as the Usipii have lately done. Nor is there anything formidable behind them: ungarrisoned forts; colonies of old men; municipal towns, distempered and distracted between unjust masters and ill-obeying subjects. Here is a general; here an army. There, tributes, mines, and all the train of punishments inflicted on slaves; which, whether to bear eternally,

or instantly to revenge, this field must determine. March, then, to battle, and think of your ancestors and your posterity.

THE LITERATURE OF THE ARABIANS.

SISMONDI: see for notice "Introduction to Literature."

THE Western world had now sunk into barbarism, and population and riches had disappeared. The inhabitants, who were thinly scattered over those vast countries, found full occupation in struggling against the perpetual recurrence of evils, the invasion of barbarians, civil wars, and feudal tyranny. With difficulty did they preserve their lives, ever menaced by famine or the sword; and in this constant state of violence or fear, there was little leisure left for intellectual enjoyments. It was impossible that eloquence should exist, deprived of its proper objects. Poetry was unknown, and philosophy was prescribed as a rebellion against religion. Even their very language was destroyed. Barbarous and provincial dialects had usurped the place of that beautiful Latin language, which had so long connected the nations of the west, and which had preserved to them so many treasures of thought and taste. But, at this very period, a new nation, which, by its conquest and its fanaticism, had contributed more than any other to abolish the cultivation of science and literature, having at length established its empire, in its turn devoted itself to letters. Masters of a great portion of the East; of the country of the Magi and the Chaldeans, whence the first light of knowledge had shone over the world; of fertile Egypt, the storehouse of human sciences; of Asia Minor, that smiling land, where poetry and taste and the fine arts had their birth; and of the burning plains of Africa, the country of impetuous eloquence and subtle intellect; the Arabians seemed to unite in themselves the advantages of all the nations which they had thus subjugated. Their success in arms had been sufficient to satiate even the most unmeasured ambition. The East and Africa, from their respective extremities, had yielded to the empire of the caliphs; innumerable treasures had been the fruit of their conquests; and the Arabians, before that time a rude and uncultivated nation, now began to indulge in the most unbounded luxury. With the conquest of those happy countries, over which pleasure had so long held sway, the spirit of voluptuousness was naturally introduced among them. With all the delights

which human industry, quickened by boundless riches, can procure; with all that can flatter the senses, and attach the heart to life; the Arabians attempted to mingle the pleasures of the intellect, the cultivation of the arts and sciences, and all that is most excellent in human knowledge—the gratification of the mind and the imagination. In this new career their conquests were not less rapid than they had been in the field, nor was the empire which they founded less extended. With a celerity equally surprising, it rose to a gigantic height. It rested, however, on a foundation no less insecure, and it was quite as transitory in its duration.

The flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina, which is styled the Hegira, corresponds with the year 622 of our era; and the pretended burning of the library of Alexandria by Amrou, the general of the Caliph Omar, with the year 641. This is the period of the deepest barbarism amongst the Saracens; and this event, doubtful as it is, has left a melancholy proof of their contempt for letters. A century had scarcely elapsed from the period to which this barbarian outrage is referred, when the family of the Abbassides who mounted the throne of the caliphs in 750, introduced a passionate love of art, of science, and of poetry. In the literature of Greece, nearly eight centuries of progressive cultivation, succeeding the Trojan war, (from 1209 to 431 B.C.) had prepared the way for the age of Pericles. In that of Rome, the age of Augustus was, also, in the eighth century after the foundation of the city. In French literature, the age of Louis XIV. was twelve centuries subsequent to Clovis, and eight after the development of the first rudiments of the Romance language, or French. But in the rapid progress of the Arabian Empire, the age of Al-Mamoun, the father of letters and the Augustus of Bagdad, was not removed more than one hundred and fifty years from the first foundation of the monarchy.

All the literature of the Arabians bears the marks of this rapid progression; and that of modern Europe, which was formed in their school and enriched by them, occasionally displays the vestiges of too hasty a development, and of that excitement of spirit which misled the imagination and the taste of the Eastern nations.

The true protector and father of Arabic literature, was Al-Mamoun, the seventh caliph of the race of the Abbassides, and the son of Haroun-al-Raschid. Even in his father's lifetime, and during his journey to Khorasan, he had chosen for his companions the most celebrated men of science amongst the Greeks, the Persians, and

the Chaldeans. Having succeeded to the throne (813–833) he rendered Bagdad the centre of literature. Study, books, and men of letters, almost entirely engrossed his attention. The learned were his favourites; and his ministers were occupied alone in forwarding the progress of literature. It might be said, that the throne of the caliphs seemed to have been raised for the muses. He invited to his court, from all parts of the world, all the learned with whose existence he was acquainted; and he retained them by rewards, honours, and distinctions of every kind. He collected from the subject provinces of Syria, Armenia, and Egypt, the most important books which could be discovered, and which in his eyes were the most precious tribute he could demand. The governors of provinces, and the officers of administration, were directed to amass, in preference to everything else, the literary relics of the conquered countries, and to carry them to the foot of the throne. Hundreds of camels might be seen entering Bagdad, loaded with nothing but manuscripts and papers; and those which were thought to be adapted for the purposes of public instruction, were translated into Arabic, that they might be universally intelligible. Masters, instructors, translators, and commentators, formed the court of Al-Mamoun, which appeared rather to be a learned academy, than the centre of government in a warlike empire. When this caliph dictated the terms of peace to the Greek emperor, Michael the Stammerer, the tribute which he demanded from him was a collection of Greek authors. Science, in a peculiar manner, experienced the favour of the caliph, notwithstanding the distrustful jealousy of some fanatical Mussulmen, who accused Al-Mamoun of shaking the foundations of Islamism. Speculative philosophy was allowed to indulge in the investigation of the most abstruse questions. The art of medicine boasted, under his empire, of some of her most celebrated professors. He had been instructed by the famous Kossa in the science of the law, which, in the eyes of the Mussulmans, was, of all the branches of human knowledge, the most sacred, and that to which they abandoned themselves with the utmost degree of ardour. The caliph himself was much attached to the study of mathematics, which he had pursued with brilliant success. He conceived the grand design of measuring the earth, which was accomplished by his mathematicians at his own expense. The elements of astronomy by Alfragan (Fargani,) and the astronomical tables of Al-Merwasi, were the productions of two of his courtiers. Not less generous than enlightened, Al-Mamoun, when he pardoned one of his relations who

had revolted against him, and attempted to usurp the throne, exclaimed, "If it were known what pleasure I experience in granting pardon, all who have offended against me would come and confess their crimes."

The progress of the nation in science was proportioned to the zeal of the sovereign. In all parts, in every town, schools, academies, and colleges were established, from all which many learned men proceeded. Bagdad was the capital of letters, as well as of the caliphs; but Bussora and Cufa almost equalled that city in reputation, and in the number of valuable treatises and celebrated poems which they produced. Balkh, Ispahan, and Samarcand, were equally the homes of science. The same enthusiasm had been carried by the Arabians beyond the frontiers of Asia. Benjamin Tudela, the Jew, relates in his Itinerary, that he found in Alexandria more than twenty schools for the propagation of philosophy. Cairo also contained a great number of colleges, and that of Betzuaila, in the suburbs of that capital, was so substantially built, that, during a rebellion, it served as a citadel for the army. In the towns of Fez and Morocco, likewise, the most magnificent buildings were appropriated to the purposes of instruction, and these establishments were governed by the wisest and most beneficent regulations. The rich libraries of Fez and Larace preserved to Europe a number of precious volumes, which had been lost in other places. But Spain was, more especially, the seat of Arabian learnings. It was there that it shone with superior brightness, and made its most rapid progress. Cordova, Grenada, Seville, and all the cities of the Peninsula, rivalled one another in the magnificence of their schools, their colleges, their academies, and their libraries. The academy of Grenada was, under the direction of Schamseddin of Murcia, celebrated amongst the Arabians. Metuahel-al-Allah, who reigned in Grenada in the twelfth century, possessed a magnificent library; and there are still preserved, in the Escurial, a great number of the manuscripts which were translated for his use. Al-haken, founder of the academy of Cordova, presented six hundred volumes to the library of that town. In various cities of Spain, seventy libraries were opened for the instruction of the public, at the period when all the rest of Europe, without books, without learning, and without cultivation, was plunged in the most disgraceful ignorance. The number of Arabic authors which Spain produced was so prodigious, that many Arabian bibliographers wrote learned treatises on the authors born in particular towns, as Seville, Valencia, or Cordova, or on

those, amongst the Spaniards, who devoted themselves to a single branch of study, as philosophy, medicine, mathematics, and, more especially, poetry. Thus, throughout the vast extent of the Arabian empire in the three quarters of the globe, the progress of letters had followed that of arms, and literature, for five or six centuries, from the ninth to the fourteenth or fifteenth, preserved all its brilliancy.

CHARACTER OF GODFREY DE BOUILLON.

WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY, a monk and librarian of the monastery from which he derived his name, wrote a Latin history of England, to the year 1142. He lived in the twelfth century.

KING GODFREY takes the lead in my commendation; he was the son of Eustace, Count of Boulogne, of whom I have spoken in the time of King Edward, but was still more ennobled on the mother's side, as by that line he was descended from Charlemagne. For his mother, named Ida, daughter of the ancient Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine, had a brother called Godfrey, after his father, surnamed Boyard. This was at the time when Robert Friso, of whom I have made mention above, on the death of Florence, married his widow Gertrude; advancing Theodoric, his son-in-law, to the succession of the duchy. Boyard could not endure this; but expelling Friso, subjected the country to his own will. Friso, unable to revenge himself by war, did it by stratagem, effecting the death of his enemy, through the agency of his Flemings. The son-in-law thus succeeded to the duchy by means of his father-in-law. The wife of this Godfrey was the Marchioness Matilda, who, on her husband's death, bravely retained the duchy in opposition to the emperor; more especially in Italy, for of Lorraine and the hither countries, he got possession. Ida then, as I began to relate, animated her son Godfrey with great hopes of attaining to the earldom of Lorraine; for the paternal inheritance had devolved on her eldest son Eustace; the youngest, Baldwin, being still a boy. Godfrey, on arriving at a sufficient age to bear arms, dedicated his services to the Emperor Henry, and acquiring the friendship of that prince by strenuous exertions, he received from the emperor's singular liberality the whole of Lorraine as a recompense. Hence it came, that when the quarrel arose between the Pope and Henry, he went with the latter to the siege of Rome; was the first to break through that part of

the wall which had been assigned to him to attack, thereby facilitating the entrance of the besiegers. Being in extreme perspiration, and panting with heat, he entered a subterraneous vault which he found in his way, and having there appeased the violence of his thirst by a too abundant draught of wine, it brought on a quartan fever. Others say that he fell a victim to poisoned wine, as the Romans, and men of that country, are wont to poison whole casks. Others report, that a portion of the walls fell to his lot, where the river Tiber exhales destructive vapours in the morning; that by this fatal post all his soldiers, with the exception of ten, perished; and that himself, losing his nails and his hair, never entirely recovered. But be it which it might of these things, it appears that he was never after free from a slow fever, until, on hearing the report of the expedition to Jerusalem, he made a vow to go thither, if God would deign to restore his health. The moment this vow was made, the strength of the duke revived; so that, recovering apace, he shook off disease from his limbs, and rising with expanded breast, as it were, from years of decrepitude, shone forth with renovated youth. Grateful for the mercies of God thus showered down upon him, he went to Jerusalem the very first, or among the first, leading a numerous army to the war. And though he commanded a hardy and experienced band, yet none was esteemed readier to attack, or more efficient in the combat than himself. Indeed, it is known that, at the siege of Antioch, with a Lorraine sword, he cut asunder a Turk, who had demanded single combat, and that one half of the man lay panting on the ground, while the horse, at full speed, carried away the other; so firmly did the miscreant sit. Another, who attacked him, he clave asunder from the neck to the groin, by taking aim at his head with a sword; nor did the dreadful stroke stop here, but cut entirely through the saddle, and the backbone of the horse. I have heard a truthful man declare, that he had witnessed what I here subjoin, during the siege. A soldier of the duke's had gone out to forage, and, being attacked by a lion, avoided destruction for some time by the interposition of his shield. Godfrey, grieved at this sight, transfixed the savage animal with a hunting spear. Wounded and grown fiercer from the pain, it turned against the prince with such violence as to hurt his leg with the iron which projected from the wound; and had he not hastened with his sword to rip it up, this pattern of valour must have fallen a victim to the fury of a wild beast. Renowned from such successes, he was exalted to be king of Jerusalem, more especially because he was conspicuous in rank and courage without being arrogant. His dominions

were small and confined, containing, save the few surrounding towns, scarce any cities. For the king's illness, which attacked him immediately after the Babylonish war, caused a cessation of warlike enterprise, so that he made no acquisitions; yet by able management, he so well restrained the rapacity of the barbarians for the whole of that year, that no portion of his territory was lost. It is also reported that the king, from being unused to a state of indolence, fell again into his original fever; but I conjecture that God, in His own good time, chose early to translate to a better kingdom a soul rendered acceptable to Him, and tried by so many labours, lest wickedness should change his heart, or deceit beguile his understanding. Revolving time thus completing a reign of one year, he died placidly, and was buried on Mount Golgotha; a king as invincible in death as he had formerly been in battle; often kindly repressing the tears of the sorrowing bystanders. Being asked who was to succeed him, he mentioned no person by name, but said merely, "Whoever was most worthy." He never would wear the ensign of royalty, saying, "It was too great arrogance for him to be crowned for glory, in that city in which God had been crowned in mockery." He died on the fifteenth before the kalends of August.

THE BATTLE OF CRESSY.

SIR JOHN FROISSART, called the "Livy" of France; the most celebrated historian of the age of chivalry; for some time secretary to Queen Philippa of England: 1337–1400. This extract is from his "Chronicles."

THE Englishmen, who were in three battles, lying on the ground to rest them, as soon as they saw the Frenchmen approach, they rose upon their feet, fair and easily, without any haste, and arranged their battles; the first, which was the prince's battle; the archers there stood in manner of a harrow, and the men-of-arms in the bottom of the battle. The Earl of Northampton and the Earl of Arundel, with the second battle, were on a wing in good order, ready to comfort the prince's battle, if need were. The lords and knights of France came not to the assembly together in good order; for some came before, and some came after, in such haste and evil order that one of them did trouble another. When the French king saw the Englishmen, his blood changed; and he said to his marshals, "Make the Genoese go on before, and begin the battle in the name of God and St Denis!" There were of the Genoese crossbows

about fifteen thousand; but they were so weary of going a-foot that day a six league, armed with their crossbows, that they said to their constables, "We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms, as we have more need of rest." These words came to the Duke of Alençon, who said, "A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need." Also at the same season there fell a great rain and eclipse, with a terrible thunder; and before the rain there came flying over both battles a great number of crows, for fear of the tempest coming. Then, anon, the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyes and on the Englishmen's backs. When the Genoese were assembled together, and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen, but they stood still, and stirred not for all that. Then the Genoese again, the second time, made another leap and a fell cry, and stept forward a little, and the Englishmen removed not one foot; thirdly, again they leaped and cried, and went forth till they came within shot, then they shot fiercely with their crossbows. Then the English archers stept forth one pace, and let their arrows fly so wholly and so thick, that it seemed snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows pressing through heads, arms, and breasts, many of them cast down their crossbows, and did cut their strings, and returned discomforted. When the French king saw them flee away, he said, "Slay these rascals; for they shall hinder and trouble us without reason." Then ye should have seen the men-of-arms dash in among them, and kill a great number of them; and ever still the Englishmen shot wherever they saw thickest press; the sharp arrows ran into the men-of-arms, and into their horses, and many fell, horse, and men, among the Genoese; and when they were down, they could not reline again, the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also among the Englishmen there were certain rascals that went on foot, with great knives, and they went in among the men-of-arms, and slew and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and squires, whereof the king of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners. The valiant king of Bohemia, called Charles of Luxembourg, son to the noble emperor Henry of Luxembourg, for all that he was nigh blind, who understood the order of the battle, he said to them about him, "Where is the Lord Charles, my son?" His men said, "Sir, we cannot tell, we think he be fighting." Then he said, "Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this journey, I require you

to bring me so forward that I may strike one stroke with my sword." They said they would do his commandment; and to the intent that they might not lose him in the press, they tied all the reins of their bridles each to other, and set the king before to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their enemies. The Lord Charles of Bohemia, his son, who wrote himself king of Bohemia, and bare the arms, he came in good order to the battle; but when he saw that the matter went awry on their party, he departed, I cannot tell you which way. The king, his father, was so far forward, that he struck a stroke with his sword, yea, and more than four, and fought valiantly, and so did his company, and they adventured themselves so forward, that they were all slain; and the next day they were found in the place, about the king, and all their horses tied to each other.

THE FATAL TREASURE.

From the "Cento Novelle Antiche," or "Hundred Ancient Tales," a collection of the earliest prose fictions in the Italian language, written in the 14th century; this tale is interesting, as having furnished Chaucer with his "Pardoner's Tale." Translated by ROSCOE.

A GENTLE hermit one day proceeding on his way through a vast forest chanced to discover a large cave, nearly hidden underground. Being greatly fatigued, he entered to repose himself awhile, and observing something shine brightly in the distance, he approached, and found it was a heap of gold. At the sight of the glittering bait, he turned away, and hastening through the forest again, as fast as possible, he had the further misfortune to fall into the hands of three fierce robbers, always on the watch to despoil the unwary travellers who might pass that way. But, though inmates of the forest, they had never yet discovered the treasure from which the hermit now fled. The thieves on first perceiving him thus strangely flying, without any one in pursuit, were seized with a sort of unaccountable dread, though, at the same time, they ventured forward to ascertain the cause. On approaching to inquire, the hermit, without relaxing his pace, answered, "I flee from death, who is urging me sorely behind." The robbers, unable to perceive any one, cried out, "Show us where he is, or take us to the place instantly." The hermit therefore replied, in a hurried voice, "Follow me then," and proceeded towards the grotto. He there pointed out to them the fatal place, beseeching them, at the same time, to

abstain from even looking at it, as they had far better do as he had done, and avoid it. But the thieves, resolving to know what strange thing it was which had alarmed him, only bade him lead the way; which, being in terror of his life, the hermit quickly did; and showing them the heap of gold, "Here," he said, "is the death which was in pursuit of me;" and the thieves, suddenly seizing upon the treasure, began to rejoice exceedingly.

They afterwards permitted the good man to proceed upon his way, amusing themselves when he was gone with ridiculing his absurd conduct. The three robbers guarding the gold in their possession, began to consider in what way they should employ it. One of them observed, "Since Heaven has bestowed such good fortune upon us, we ought by no means to leave the place for a moment, without bearing the whole of it along with us." "No," replied another, "it appears to me we had better not do so; but let one of us take a small portion, and set out to buy wine and viands at the city, besides many other things he may think we are in want of;" and to this the other two consented.

Now the great demon, who is very ingenious and busy on these occasions, to effect as much mischief as possible, directly began to deal with the one fixed upon to furnish provisions from the city. "As soon," whispered the devil to him, "as I shall have reached the city, I will eat and drink of the best of everything, as much as I please, and then purchase what I want. Afterwards I will mix with the food I intend for my companions something which I trust will settle their account; thus becoming sole master of the whole of the treasure, which will make me one of the richest men in this part of the world." And as he purposed to do, so he did.

He carried the poisoned food to his companions, who, on their part, while he had been away, had come to the conclusion of killing him on his return, in order that they might divide the booty between themselves, saying, "Let us fall upon him the moment he comes, and afterwards eat what he has brought, and divide the money between us in much larger shares than before." The robber who had been at the city now returned with the articles he had bought, when the other two instantly pierced his body with their lances, and despatched him with their knives. They then began to feast upon the provisions prepared for them, and upon satiating their appetites, both soon after were seized with violent pangs, and fell dead upon the ground. In this manner all three fell victims to each other's avarice and cruelty, without obtaining their ill-gotten wealth; a striking proof of the judgment of Heaven upon traitors;

for, attempting to compass the death of others, they justly incurred their own. The poor hermit thus wisely fled from the gold, which remained without a single claimant.

SANCHO PANZA IN HIS ISLAND.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, a Spanish adventurer, dramatic poet, and the immortal author of "Don Quixote:" 1549-1616.

SANCHO, with all his attendants, came to a town that had about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best where the duke had any power. They gave him to understand that the name of the place was the island of Barataria, either because the town was called Barataria, or because the government cost him so cheap. As soon as he came to the gates (for it was walled) the chief officers and inhabitants, in their formalities, came out to receive him, the bells rung, and all the people gave general demonstrations of their joy. The new governor was then carried in mighty pomp to the great church, to give Heaven thanks: and, after some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered him the keys of the gates, and received him as perpetual governor of the island of Barataria. In the meantime, the garb, the port, the huge beard, and the short and thick shape of the new governor, made every one who knew nothing of the jest wonder, and even those who were privy to the plot, who were many, were not a little surprised.

In short, from the church they carried him to the court of justice; where, when they had placed him in his seat, "My Lord Governor," said the duke's steward to him, "it is an ancient custom here, that he who takes possession of this famous island must answer to some difficult and intricate question that is propounded to him; and, by the return he makes, the people feel the pulse of his understanding, and, by an estimate of his abilities, judge whether they ought to rejoice or to be sorry for his coming."

All the while the steward was speaking, Sancho was staring on an inscription in large characters on the wall over against his seat; and, as he could not read, he asked what was the meaning of that which he saw painted there upon the wall? "Sir," said they, "it is an account of the day when your lordship took possession of this island, and the inscription runs thus: 'This day, being such a day of this month, in such a year, the Lord Don Sancho Panza

took possession of this island, which may he long enjoy.'" "And who is he?" asked Sancho. "Your lordship," answered the steward, "for we know of no other Panza in this island but yourself, who now sits in this chair."—"Well, friend," said Sancho, "pray take notice that Don does not belong to me, nor was it borne by any of my family before me. Plain Sancho Panza is my name; my father was called Sancho, my grandfather Sancho, and all of us have been Panzas, without any Don or Donna added to our name. Now do I already guess your Dons are as thick as stones in this island. But it is enough that Heaven knows my meaning; if my government happens to last but four days to an end, it shall go hard, but I will clear the island of these swarms of Dons that must needs be as troublesome as so many flesh-flies. Come, now for your question, good Mr Steward, and I will answer it as well as I can, whether the town be sorry or pleased."

At the same instant, two men came into the court, the one dressed like a country fellow, the other looking like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand. "If it please you, my lord," said the tailor, "I and this farmer here are come before your worship. This honest man came to my shop yesterday, for, saving your presence, I am a tailor, and, Heaven be praised, free of my company; so, my lord, he showed me a piece of cloth. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'is there enough of this to make a cap?' Whereupon I measured the stuff, and answered him, 'Yes,' if it like, your worship. Now, as I imagined, do you see, he could not but imagine (and perhaps he imagined right enough) that I had a mind to cabbage some of his cloth, judging hard of us honest tailors. 'Pr'ythee,' quoth he, 'look there be not enough for two caps!' Now I smelt him out, and told him there was. Whereupon the old knave, (if it like your worship,) going on to the same tune, bid me look again, and see whether it would not make three. And at last, if it would not make five. I was resolved to humour my customer, and said it might; so we struck a bargain. Just now the man is come for his caps, which I gave him, but when I asked him for my money, he will have me give him his cloth again, or pay him for it."

"Is this true, honest man?" said Sancho to the farmer. "Yes, if it please you," answered the fellow; "but pray let him show the five caps he has made me."—"With all my heart," cried the tailor; and with that, pulling his hand from under his cloak, he held up five little tiny caps, hanging upon his four fingers and thumb, as

upon so many pins. "There," quoth he, "you see the five caps this good gaffer asks for; and may I never whip a stitch more if I have wronged him of the least snip of his cloth, and let any workman be judge." The sight of the caps, and the oddness of the cause, set the whole court a-laughing. Only Sancho sat gravely considering awhile, and then, "Methinks," said he, "this suit here needs not be long depending, but may be decided without any more ado, with a great deal of equity; and, therefore, the judgment of the court is, that the tailor shall lose his making, and the countryman his cloth, and that the caps be given to the poor prisoners, and so let there be an end of the business."

If this sentence provoked the laughter of the whole court, the next no less raised their admiration. For, after the governor's order was executed, two old men appeared before him, one of them with a large cane in his hand, which he used as a staff. "My lord," said the other who had none, "some time ago I lent this man ten gold crowns to do him a kindness, which money he was to repay me on demand. I did not ask him for it again in a good while, lest it should prove a greater inconvenience to him to repay me than he laboured under when he borrowed it. However, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have asked him for my due; nay, I have been forced to dun him hard for it. But still he did not only refuse to pay me again, but denied he owed me anything, and said, that if I lent him so much money, he certainly returned it. Now, because I have no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the pretended payment, I beseech your lordship to put him to his oath, and if he will swear he has paid me, I will freely forgive him before God and the world."

"What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?" asked Sancho. "Sir," answered the old man, "I own he lent me the gold; and since he requires my oath, I beg you will be pleased to hold down your rod of justice, that I may swear upon it, how I have honestly and truly returned him his money."

Thereupon the governor held down his rod, and in the meantime the defendant gave his cane to the plaintiff to hold, as if it hindered him, while he was to make a cross and swear over the judge's rod; this done, he declared that it was true the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had really returned him the same sum into his own hands; and that, because he supposed the plaintiff had forgotten it, he was continually asking him for it. The great governor, hearing this, asked the creditor what he had to

reply. He made answer, that since his adversary had sworn it, he was satisfied; for he believed him to be a better Christian than offer to forswear himself, and that perhaps he had forgotten he had been repaid.

Then the defendant took his cane again, and, having made a low obeisance to the judge, was immediately leaving the court; which, when Sancho perceived, reflecting on the passage of the cane, and admiring the creditor's patience, after he had studied awhile, with his head leaning over his stomach, and his forefinger on his nose; on a sudden he ordered the old man with the staff to be called back. When he was returned, "Honest man," said Sancho, "let me see that cane a little, I have a use for it."—"With all my heart," answered the other; "sir, here it is," and with that he gave it him. Sancho took it, and giving it to the other old man, "There," said he, "go your ways, and Heaven be with you, for now you are paid."—"How so, my lord?" cried the old man; "do you judge this cane to be worth ten gold crowns?" "Certainly," said the governor, "or else I am the greatest dunce in the world. And now you shall see whether I have not a headpiece fit to govern a whole kingdom upon a shift." This said, he ordered the cane to be broken in open court, which was no sooner done than out dropped the ten crowns.

All the spectators were amazed, and began to look on their governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he could conjecture that the ten crowns were in the cane? He told them that having observed how the defendant gave it to the plaintiff to hold while he took his oath, and then swore that he had truly returned him the money into his own hands, after which he took his cane again from the plaintiff—this considered, it came into his head that the money was lodged within the reed; from whence may be learned, that though sometimes those that govern are destitute of sense, yet it often pleases God to direct them in their judgment. Besides, he had heard the curate of his parish tell of such another business, and he had so special a memory, that were it not that he was so unlucky as to forget all he had a mind to remember, there could not have been a better in the whole island. At last the two old men went away, the one to his satisfaction, the other with eternal shame and disgrace: and the beholders were astonished; insomuch, that the person who was commissioned to register Sancho's words and actions, and observe his behaviour, was not able to determine whether he should not give him the character of a wise man, instead of that of a fool, which he had been thought to deserve.

OF STUDIES.

FRANCIS BACON, Lord Chancellor of England, the father of "Inductive Philosophy," author of the "Instauration of the Sciences," and other philosophical works: 1561–1626.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament in discourse; and for ability in the judgment and disposition of business. For *expert* men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general councils, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are *learned*. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience. Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and in the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need of much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; *natural* philosophy, deep; *moral*, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. Studies exercise influence upon the morals; nay, there is no *stond* or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distin-

guish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen, for they are hair-splitters; if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

THE DUTCH AND SPANISH CHARACTERS COMPARED.

HUGO DE GROOT, (GROTIUS,) a celebrated Dutch philologer, theologian, jurist, and statesman, the first writer on "International Law," historian of the Netherlands, &c.: 1583–1645.

THE people of the Netherlands found no difficulty in maintaining a good understanding with neighbouring nations, since these belonged to the same stock as themselves, and had grown up in a similar manner. But Spaniards and Hollanders differed widely in many respects, and whenever they came into contact mutually repelled each other. Both nations had for several centuries past distinguished themselves in warfare; but while the latter people had laid aside their arms in luxurious repose, the former kept theirs from rusting by constant use in the Italian and African campaigns. A love of gain from commercial pursuits inclined the Hollanders to peace, but did not make them less sensitive to injury. While no nation in the world is freer from lust of conquest, there is none that will better defend what it already possesses. Hence arose the innumerable fortified towns which are closely packed together upon a narrow strip of land on the sea-board, and along the great rivers, and densely populated by foreigners as well as natives. Hence, also, it was that eight hundred years after the great northern migration of nations, foreign arms had been unable to prevail in these regions.

Spain, on the other hand, changed masters very frequently; and when, at length, it fell into the hands of the Visigoths, the character and customs of its people had suffered more or less from the presence of every new conqueror. As a consequence of all this admixture of various elements, the Spanish people may be described as most patient in labour; intrepid in danger; alike greedy of riches and honour; proud, even to contempt of others; devoted, and mindful of a stranger's benefits; yet so revengeful withal, and so intoxicated with success, as to esteem honour and conscience nothing so far as an enemy is concerned.

All these are foreign to the people of the Netherlands, who are shrewd, but not maliciously so; who, situated midway between France

and Germany, unite, in a golden mean, the failings and the virtues of both nationalities. They are not easily deceived, and permit none to injure them with impunity. Nor have they been a whit behind the Spaniards in matters of religion. From that Christianity which they professed, the arms of the plundering and heathen Norsemen could not cause them to apostatize; no opinion which the Church condemns had as yet defiled the purity of their faith. So far did their pious munificence go, that the avarice and ostentation of their priests had to be restrained by force of law.

Both peoples are characterized by devotion to their sovereign; with this difference only that the Hollanders make the law superior to the kingly prerogative.

Of all Spaniards the Castilians are the most impatient of restraint; but the privileges of which they boast so highly, they are quite unwilling to accord to others. Hence arose that most difficult of tasks for their common ruler,—so to divide his care and attention that preference for the Castilians might not offend the Hollanders, and that the equal standing of the latter might not injure Castilian pride.

STORY OF CLEOMENES.

François de Salignac de Lamotte Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, a distinguished French theologian, and author of "The Adventures of Telemachus, son of Ulysses," from which this extract is taken: 1651–1715.

Hardly had their conversation ceased, when Telemachus advanced eagerly towards the Phæacians, whose vessel lay at anchor near the shore. He addressed himself to an old man among them, asking whence they came, where they were going, and whether they had seen Ulysses. The old man answered: "We come from our island Corcyra, and are going to Epirus for a cargo of merchandise. Ulysses, as you must already know, visited our country, but has since departed."

"Who," added Telemachus immediately, "is yonder sorrowful-looking man, that seems to seek the most desolate places to walk in while waiting for your vessel to leave?"

"He is a stranger, and unknown to us," replied the old man; "but they say that his name is Cleomenes; that he was born in Phrygia; that an oracle had predicted to his mother before his birth that he would become a king, provided he did not remain in

his own country; and that, if he did remain there, the gods would visit their anger upon the Phrygians in a cruel pestilence. As soon as he was born, his parents handed him over to sailors, who carried him to the island of Lesbos. He was secretly brought up there at the expense of his native country, which was so greatly interested in keeping him exiled. Soon he grew up, strong and handsome, of an agreeable disposition, and well skilled in manly exercises; he also applied himself, with great genius, industry, and taste, to the sciences and the fine arts; but no country will suffer his presence. The prediction of the oracle became generally known: wherever he went, he was at once recognised: in every region kings feared him as the usurper of their crown. Thus has he been a wanderer from his youth, and can find no corner of the world where he is free to remain. Often has he gone among people the most remote from his own; but hardly does he arrive in a city, before his birth and the oracle concerning him are discovered. In vain does he conceal himself, and choose the more lonely and obscure walks of life; his talents for war, for letters, and for the most important affairs of state burst forth in spite of himself; some unforeseen occasion for their exercise is ever arising and bringing him into public notice. His merit is his misfortune; for this he is feared, and excluded from every country in which he would make his abode. It is his destiny to be universally esteemed, loved, and admired, but rejected by every part of the known world. He is now no longer a young man, and yet has he been unable to find a single shore either of Asia or of Greece where he might be allowed to live in peace. He appears unambitious, and does not run after fortune: too happy would he be had the oracle never promised him royalty. He has no hope of ever again visiting his native land; for he knows that his arrival would but bring grief and tears into every household. The royalty even for which he suffers does not appear desirable in his eyes. In spite of himself, he runs after it, driven by a sad fatality from kingdom to kingdom; and it seems ever to fly before him, mocking him even to old age, a fatal present from the gods sent to trouble his early years and to be the cause of care at a time when man most needs repose. He is going, he says, to find in Thrace some savage and lawless people whom he may bring together and govern for a few years; after which, the oracle being fulfilled, the most flourishing kingdoms will no longer fear him. He then proposes to retire to a little Carian village and devote himself to agriculture, his favourite occupation. He is a wise and temperate man, fearing the gods,

knowing man well, and knowing also how to be at peace even with those whom he does not respect. This is all I have been told concerning the stranger in whom you are interested.

GIL BLAS AND THE ARCHBISHOP; OR, THE DANGER OF GIVING ADVICE.

ALAIN RÉNÉ LE SAGE, a French play writer and translator from the Spanish, best known as the author of "Gil Blas:" 1668–1747.

Archbishop.—What is your business with me, my friend?

Gil Blas.—I am the young man who was recommended to you by your nephew, Don Fernando.

Arch.—Oh! you are the person of whom he spoke so handsomely. I retain you in my service; I regard you as an acquisition. Your education, it would seem, has not been neglected; you know enough of Greek and Latin for my purpose, and your handwriting suits me. I am obliged to my nephew for sending me so clever a young fellow. So good a copyist must also be a grammarian. Tell me, did you find nothing in the sermon you transcribed for me which shocked your taste? no little negligence of style, or impropriety of diction?

Gil B.—O sir! I am not qualified to play the critic; and if I were, I am persuaded that your grace's compositions would defy censure.

Arch.—Ahem! well, I do flatter myself that not many flaws could be picked in them. But, my young friend, tell me what passages struck you most forcibly.

Gil B.—If, where all was excellent, any passages, more particularly moved me, they were those personifying hope, and describing the good man's death.

Arch.—You show an accurate taste and delicate appreciation. I see your judgment may be relied upon. Give yourself no inquietude, Gil Blas, in regard to your advancement in life. I will take care of that. I have an affection for you, and, to prove it, I will now make you my confidant. Yes, my young friend, I will make you the depositary of my most secret thoughts. Listen to what I have to say. I am fond of preaching, and my sermons are not without effect upon my hearers. The conversions of which I am the humble instrument ought to content me. But—shall I confess my weakness?—my reputation as a finished orator is what

gratifies me most. My productions are celebrated as at once vigorous and elegant. But I would of all things avoid the mistake of those authors who do not know when to stop—I would produce nothing beneath my reputation; I would retire seasonably, ere that is impaired. And so, my dear Gil Blas, one thing I exact of your zeal, which is, that when you shall find that my pen begins to flag and to give signs of old age in the owner, you shall not hesitate to apprise me of the fact. Do not be afraid that I shall take it unkindly. I cannot trust my own judgment on this point; self-love may mislead me. A disinterested understanding is what I require for my guidance. I make choice of yours, and mean to abide by your decision.

Gil B.—Thank Heaven, sir, the period is likely to be far distant when any such hint shall be needed. Besides, a genius like yours will wear better than that of an inferior man; or, to speak more justly, your faculties are above the encroachments of age. Instead of being weakened, they promise to be invigorated by time.

Arch.—No flattery, my friend. I am well aware that I am liable to give way at any time, all at once. At my age, certain infirmities of the flesh are unavoidable, and they must needs affect the mental powers. I repeat it, Gil Blas, so soon as you shall perceive the slightest sympton of deterioration in my writings, give me fair warning. Do not shrink from being perfectly candid and sincere, for I shall receive such a monition as a token of your regard for me.

Gil B.—In good faith, sir, I shall endeavour to merit your confidence.

Arch.—Nay, your interests are bound up with your obedience in this respect; for if, unfortunately for you, I should hear in the city a whisper of a falling off in my discourses—an intimation that I ought to stop preaching—I should hold you responsible, and consider myself exempted from all care for your fortunes. Such will be the result of your false discretion.

Gil B.—Indeed, sir, I shall be vigilant to observe your wishes, and to detect any blemish in your writings.

Arch.—And now tell me, Gil Blas, what does the world say of my last discourse? Think you it gave general satisfaction?

Gil B.—Since you exact it of me in so pressing a manner to be frank——

Arch.—Frank? Oh, certainly, by all means; speak out, my young friend.

Gil. B.—Your grace's sermons never fail to be admired; but——

Arch.—But—well? Do not be afraid to let me know all.

Gil B.—If I may venture the observation, it seemed to me that your last discourse did not have that effect upon your audience which your former efforts have had. Perhaps your grace's recent illness——

Arch.—What, what! Has it encountered, then, some Aristarchus?

Gil B.—No, sir, no. Such productions as yours are beyond criticism. Everybody was charmed with it, but since you have demanded it of me to be frank and sincere—I take the liberty to remark that your last discourse did not seem to me altogether equal to your preceding. It lacked the strength—the—do you not agree with me, sir?

Arch.—Mr Gil Blas, that discourse, then, is not to your taste?

Gil B.—I did not say that, sir. I found it excellent—only a little inferior to your others.

Arch.—So! now I understand. I seem to you to be on the wane—eh? Out with it! you think it about time that I should retire?

Gil B.—I should not have presumed, sir, to speak so freely, but for your express commands. I have simply rendered you obedience; and I humbly trust that you will not be offended at my hardihood.

Arch.—Offended! Oh! not at all, Mr Gil Blas, I utter no reproaches. I don't take it at all ill that you should speak your sentiments; it is your sentiment only that I find ill. I have been duped in supposing you to be a person of intelligence—that is all.

Gil B.—But, sir, if, in my zeal to serve you, I have erred in——

Arch.—Say no more,—say no more! You are yet too raw to discriminate. Know that I never composed a better sermon than that which has had the misfortune to lack your approbation. My faculties, thank Heaven, have lost nothing of their vigour. Hereafter I will make a better choice of an adviser. Go, tell my treasurer to count you out a hundred ducats, and may Heaven conduct you with that sum. Adieu, Mr Gil Blas. I wish you all manner of prosperity—with a little more taste.

THE ACADEMY OF LAGADO.

JONATHAN SWIFT, Dean of St Patrick's, Dublin, the most powerful of English prose satirists: 1667–1745. From "Gulliver's Travels."

In the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained, the

professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses; which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive, and confirmed in me the old observation that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth.

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance, whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and political body, can there be anything more evident than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured, by the same prescriptions? . . . . This doctor therefore proposed that upon the meeting of a senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate, feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should on the fourth day return to the senate house, attended by their apothecaries, stored with proper medicines; and, before the members sat, administer to each of them, lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apophlegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them at the next meeting.

This project could not be of any great expense to the public, and might, in my poor opinion, be of much use for the despatch of business in those countries where senates have any share in the legislative power; beget unanimity, shorten debates, open a few

mouths which are now closed, and close many more which are now open; curb the petulancy of the young, and correct the positiveness of the old; rouse the stupid, and damp the pert.

Again, because it is a general complaint that the favourites of princes are troubled with short and weak memories, the same doctor proposed, that whoever attended a first minister, after having told his business with the utmost brevity, and in the plainest words, should, at his departure, give the said minister a tweak by the nose, or a kick in the belly, or tread on his corns, or lug him thrice by both ears, or run a pin into his body, or pinch his arms black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness; and at every levee day repeat the same operation, until the business were done or absolutely refused.

He likewise directed that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public.

EDUCATION.

JOSEPH ADDISON, statesman, poet, and the most elegant of the essayists of the Augustan age of English literature: 1672-1719.

I CONSIDER a human soul, without education, like marble in the quarry; which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us, that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero; the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lies hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a

proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

It is an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed there are, even in these parts, many poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped; sometimes rough hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to great elegancy; but seldom meet with any, to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

Sir Richard Steele, one of the most delightful of English essayists, and friend of Addison, whom he assisted in the publication of the *Spectator* and *Guardian:* 1675–1729.

Under the title of this paper, I do not think it foreign to my design to speak of a man born in Her Majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life so uncommon, that it is doubtful whether the like has happened to any other of the human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity, from the fame of his having lived four years and four months alone in the island of Juan Fernandez. I had the pleasure, frequently, to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England, in the year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company, for the space of but one evening, is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy, and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep, and perform all offices of life in fellowship and

company. He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had an irreconcilable difference; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place, than in a crazy vessel, under a disagreeable commander. His portion was a sea-chest, his wearing-clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, and other books of devotion; together with pieces that concerned navigation, and his mathematical instruments.

Resentment against his officer, who had ill-used him, made him look forward on this change of life as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off; at which moment his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once. He had in provisions for the sustenance of life, but the quantity of two meals. The island abounding only with wild goats, cats, and rats, he judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief by finding shell-fish on the shore, than seeking game with his gun. He accordingly found great quantities of turtle, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies. The necessities of hunger and thirst were his greatest diversions from the reflections on his lonely condition. When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything; for the supports of his body were easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man, during the interval of craving bodily appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, scarcely able to refrain from doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason, and frequent reading the Scriptures, and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months, he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition. When he had made this conquest, the vigour of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant cheerful serene sky, and a temperate air, made his life one continual feast, and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He, now taking delight in everything, made the hut in which he lay, by ornaments which he cut down from a spacious wood on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bower, fanned with continual breezes and gentle aspirations of wind, that made his repose after the chase equal to the most sensual pleasures.

I forgot to observe, that during the time of his dissatisfaction, monsters of the deep, which frequently lay on the shore, added to the terrors of his solitude; the dreadful howlings and voices seemed too terrible to be made for human ears: but upon the recovery of his temper, he could with pleasure not only hear their voices, but approach the monsters themselves with great intrepidity. He speaks of sea-lions, whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing or breaking the limbs of a man, if he approached them. But at that time his spirits and life were so high, that he could act so regularly and unconcerned, that merely from being unruffled in himself, he killed them with the greatest ease imaginable; for observing that though their jaws and tails were so terrible, yet the animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their middle, and as close to them as possible, and he despatched them with his hatchet at will.

The precaution which he took against want, in case of sickness, was to lame kids when very young so as that they might recover their health, but never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers about his hut; and as he was himself in full vigour, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running up a promontory, and never failed of catching them but on a descent.

His habitation was extremely pestered with rats, which gnawed his clothes and feet when sleeping. To defend himself against them, he fed and tamed numbers of young kittens, who lay about his bed, and preserved him from the enemy. When his clothes were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together the skins of goats, with which he clothed himself, and was inured to pass through woods, bushes, and brambles, with as much carelessness and precipitance as any other animal. It happened once to him that, running on the summit of a hill, he made a stretch to seize a goat, with which, under him, he fell down a precipice, and lay senseless for the space of three days, the length of which he measured by the moon's growth since his last observation. This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant, that he never had a moment heavy on his hand; his nights were untroubled, and his days joyous, from the practice of temperance and exercise. It was his manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the faculties of speech, and to utter himself with greater energy.

When I first saw him, I thought if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discerned that he had been much

separated from company, from his aspect and gestures; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his looks, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ship, which brought him off the island, came in, he received them with the greatest indifference with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to help and refresh them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him; familiar discourse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.

This plain man's story is a memorable example that he is happiest who confines his want to natural necessities; and he that goes further in his desires, increases his wants in proportion to his acquisitions; or, to use his own expression, "I am now worth eight hundred pounds, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing."

THE SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

Dr Samuel Johnson, the most successful of the high-sounding Latin-English writers of the eighteenth century, celebrated as a lexicographer, as the editor of the *Rambler* and *Idler*, and as the author of "Rasselas," and "Lives of the Poets:" 1709–1784.

The natural advantages which arise from the position of the earth which we inhabit, with respect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation, by which it has been discovered that no other conformation of the system could have given such commodious distributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.

It may be perhaps observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a being, placed here only for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitted vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay who yet intend sometime to fulfil them. It was, therefore, necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness

of hesitation wakened into resolve; that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see on every side reminds us of the lapse of time and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other; the rotation of seasons diversifies the year; the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines and sets; and the moon every night changes its form.

The day has been considered as an image of the year, and a year as the representation of life. The morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth; the noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood. The evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night, with its silence and darkness, shows the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed; and the winter points out the time when life shall cease, with its hopes and pleasures.

He that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus silently along, passes on through undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course. If one hour were like another; if the passage of the sun did not show that the day is wasting; if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year, quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobserved. If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession, but should live thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future, without will, and, perhaps, power to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already lost with that which may probably remain.

But the course of time is so visibly marked, that it is even observed by the savage, and by nations who have raised their minds very little above animal instinct. There are human beings whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of none that have not names for day and night, for summer and winter.

Yet it is certain that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many, who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer, which he delays to combat.

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprise us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom; and, after an absence of twenty years, wonder at our return to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The traveller visits in age those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment in his old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who proposes his own happiness, reflect that while he forms his purpose the day rolls on, and "the night cometh when no man can work."

THE DEAD ASS.

LAURENCE STERNE, rector of Sutton, author of "The Sentimental Journey," and "Tristram Shandy:" 1713-1768.

"AND this," said he, (putting the remains of a crust into his wallet,) "and this should have been *thy* portion," said he, "hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me." I thought, by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child, but it was to his ass; and to the very ass we had seen dead on the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more *true* touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again as if to eat it, held it sometime in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—looked wistfully at the little arrangements he had made, and then gave a sigh.

The *simplicity* of his grief drew numbers about him, and La

Fleur among the rest, while the horses were getting ready: as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the farthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when the ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so *old* and *poor* a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but, having in one week lost two of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if Heaven would not take *him* from him also, he would go in gratitude to St Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far in his story, he stopped, to pay nature her tribute, and wept bitterly.

He said Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a *patient partner* of his journey; that it had eaten the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a *friend.*

Everybody who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern; La Fleur offered him money. The mourner said he did not want it—it was not the *value* of the ass, but the *loss* of him. The ass, he said he was assured, loved him; and, upon this, told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days, during which time the ass had sought *him* as much as he had sought the *ass*, and that neither had scarce eaten or drank till they met.

"Thou hast *one* comfort, friend," said I, "at least, in the loss of thy poor beast; I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him."—"Alas!" said the mourner, "I thought so when he was alive, but now he is dead I think otherwise. I fear the weight of *myself* and my *afflictions* together, have been too much for him; they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for." Shame on the world! (said I to myself.) Did we but love *each other* as this poor soul loved his *ass*, 'twould be something.

A VISIT TO WESTMINSTER HALL.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, the unfortunate man of letters, the elegant poet, author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" and numerous essays and historical works: 1728–1774. The following extract is from his "Citizen of the World."

I HAD some intentions lately of going to visit Bedlam, the place where those who go mad are confined. I went to wait upon the man in black to be my conductor, but I found him preparing to go to Westminster Hall, where the English hold their courts of justice. It gave me some surprise to find my friend engaged in a law-suit, but more so when he informed me that it had been depending for several years.

"How is it possible," cried I, "for a man who knows the world to go to law? I am well acquainted with the courts of justice in China; they resemble rat-traps, every one of them; nothing more easy to get in, but to get out again is attended with some difficulty, and more cunning than rats are generally found to possess!"

"Faith," replied my friend, "I should not have gone to law but that I was assured of success before I began; things were presented to me in so alluring a light that I thought by barely declaring myself a candidate for the prize, I had nothing more to do but to enjoy the fruits of the victory. Thus have I been upon the eve of an imaginary triumph every term these ten years, have travelled forward with victory ever in my view, but ever out of reach. However, at present I fancy we have hampered our antagonist in such a manner that, without some unforeseen demur, we shall this very day lay him fairly on his back."

"If things be so situated," said I, "I don't care if I attend you to the courts, and partake in the pleasure of your success. But, prithee," continued I, as we set forward, "what reasons have you to think an affair at last concluded which has given you so many disappointments?"

"My lawyer tells me," returned he, "that I have Salkeld and Ventris strong in my favour, and that there are no less than fifteen cases in point."

"I understand," said I, "those are two of your judges who have already declared their opinion."

"Pardon me," replied my friend, "Salkeld and Ventris are lawyers who, some hundred years ago, gave their opinion on cases similar to mine; these opinions which make for me my lawyer is to cite, and those opinions which look another way are cited by

the lawyer employed by my antagonist. As I observed, I have Salkeld and Ventris for me, he has Coke and Halls for him, and he that has most opinions is most likely to carry his cause."

"But where is the necessity," cried I, "of prolonging a suit by citing the opinions and reports of others, since the same good sense which determined lawyers in former ages may serve to guide your judges at this day. They, at that time, gave their opinions only from the light of reason, your judges have the same light at present to direct them, let me even add a greater, as in former ages there were many prejudices from which the present is happily free. If arguing from authorities be exploded from every other branch of learning, why should it be particularly adhered to in this? I plainly foresee how such a method of investigation must embarrass every suit, and even perplex the student; ceremonies will be multiplied, formalities must increase, and more time will thus be spent in learning the arts of litigation, than in the discovery of right."

"I see," cries my friend, "that you are for a speedy adminstration of justice; but all the world will grant that the more time that is taken up in considering any subject, the better it will be understood. Besides, it is the boast of an Englishman that his property is secure, and all the world will grant that a deliberative administration of justice is the best way to secure his property. Why have we so many lawyers but to secure our property? why so many formalities but to secure our property? Not less than one hundred thousand families live in opulence, elegance, and ease, merely by securing our property.'

"To embarrass justice," returned I, "by a multiplicity of laws, or to hazard it by a confidence in our judges, are, I grant, the opposite rocks on which legislative wisdom has ever split. In one case, the client resembles that emperor who is said to have been suffocated with the bed-clothes which were only designed to keep him warm; in the other, to that town which let the enemy take possession of its walls in order to show the world how little they depended upon aught but courage for safety.—But bless me, what numbers do I see here—all in black—how is it possible that half this multitude find employment?"

"Nothing so easily conceived," returned my companion, "they live by watching each other. For instance, the catchpole watches the man in debt, the attorney watches the catchpole, the counsellor watches the attorney, the solicitor the counsellor, and all find sufficient employment."

"I conceive you," interrupted I; "they watch each other, but it is the client that pays them all for watching. It puts me in mind of a Chinese fable, which is entitled 'Five Animals at a Meal':—'A grasshopper, filled with dew, was merrily singing under a shade. A whangam that eats grasshoppers had marked it for its prey, and was just stretching forth to devour it; a serpent that had for a long time fed only on whangams, was coiled up to fasten on the whangam; a yellow bird was just upon the wing to dart upon the serpent; a hawk had just stooped from above to seize the yellow bird; all were intent on their prey and unmindful of their danger. So the whangam ate the grasshopper, the serpent ate the whangam, the yellow bird the serpent, and the hawk the yellow bird; when sousing from on high, a vulture gobbled up the hawk, grasshopper, whangam, and all, in a moment.'"

I had scarce finished my fable, when the lawyer came to inform my friend that his cause was put off till another term, that money was wanting to retain, and that all the world was of opinion that the very next hearing would bring him off victorious. "If so, then," cries my friend, "I believe it will be my wisest way to continue the cause for another term; and, in the meantime, my friend here and I will go and see Bedlam. Adieu!

THE SIEGE OF TORQUILSTONE.

Sir Walter Scott, the greatest historical novelist of any age, celebrated also as a poet and a historian: 1771–1832. The following extract is from "Ivanhoe."

With patient courage, Rebecca took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle my eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe, "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone-walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself, for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "does he blench from the helm, when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now, he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back! Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed, hand to hand, and man to man. It is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds."

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca looked again, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down! he is down!"

"Who is down," cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca faintly, then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness, "But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca, "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men

supply their places in assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe, "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? Who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering, "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better."

"Do the false yeomen give way?" exclaimed the knight.

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle, stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

"By St John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern-gate shakes," continued Rebecca, "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat. O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge, the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

ADVANTAGES OF STUDYING LATIN AND GREEK.

SYDNEY SMITH, canon of St Paul's, first editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and a vigorous essayist: 1771–1845.

LATIN and Greek are useful, as they inure children to intellectual difficulties, and make the life of a young student what it ought to be, a life of considerable labour. We do not, of course, mean to confine this praise exclusively to the study of Latin and Greek, or suppose

that other difficulties might not be found which it would be useful to overcome; but though Latin and Greek have this merit in common with many arts and sciences, still they have it; and, if they do nothing else, they at least secure a solid and vigorous application, at a period of life which materially influences all other periods. To go through the grammar of one language thoroughly is a great use for the mastery of every other grammar; because there obtains, through all languages, a certain analogy to each other in their grammatical construction. Latin and Greek have now mixed themselves etymologically with all the languages of modern Europe, and with none more than our own; so that it is necessary to read these two tongues for other objects than themselves.

The ancient languages are, as mere inventions—as pieces of mechanism—incomparably more beautiful than any of the modern languages of Europe; their mode of signifying time and case by terminations, instead of auxiliary verbs and particles, would of itself stamp their superiority. Add to this the copiousness of the Greek language, with the fancy, harmony, and majesty of its compounds, and there are quite sufficient reasons why the classics should be studied for the beauties of language. Compared to them merely as vehicles of thought and passion, all modern languages are dull, ill-contrived, and barbarous.

That a great part of the Scriptures have come down to us in the Greek language is of itself a reason, if all others were wanting, why education should be planned so as to produce a supply of Greek scholars.

The cultivation of style is very justly made a part of education. Everything which is written is meant either to please or to instruct. The second object it is difficult to effect without attending to the first; and the cultivation of style is the acquisition of those rules and literary habits which sagacity anticipates, or experience shows to be the most effectual means of pleasing. Those works are the best which have longest stood the test of time, and pleased the greatest number of exercised minds. Whatever, therefore, our conjectures may be, we cannot be so sure that the best modern writers can afford as good models as the ancients; we cannot be certain that they will live through the revolutions of the world, and continue to please in every climate, under every species of government, through every stage of civilization. The moderns have been well taught by their masters; but the time is hardly yet come when the necessity for such instruction no longer exists. We may still borrow descriptive power from Tacitus; dignified perspicuity from

Livy; simplicity from Cæsar; and from Homer, some portion of that light and heat which, dispersed into ten thousand channels, has filled the world with bright images and illustrious thoughts. Let the cultivator of modern literature addict himself to the purest models of taste which France, Italy, and England could supply, he might still learn from Virgil to be majestic, and from Tibullus to be tender; he might not yet look upon the face of nature as Theocritus saw it, nor might he reach those springs of pathos with which Euripides softened the hearts of his audience. In short, it appears to us that there are so many excellent reasons why a certain number of scholars should be kept up in this, and in every civilized country, that we should consider every system of education from which classical education was excluded, as radically erroneous, and completely absurd.

LORENZO DE MEDICI.

HENRY HALLAM, "the most judicial of our great modern historians," author of the "View of Europe during the Middle Ages;" "Constitutional History of England;" and "Introduction to the Literature of Europe:" 1778-1859.

THE influence of Lorenzo de Medici extended over literature from 1470 to his death in 1492. Nor was mere philology the sole or the leading pursuit to which so truly noble a mind accorded its encouragement. He sought in ancient learning something more elevated than the narrow though necessary researches of criticism. In a villa overhanging the towers of Florence, on the steep slope of that lofty hill, crowned by the mother city, the ancient Fiesole, in gardens which Tully might have envied, with Ficino, Landino, and Politian at his side, he delighted his hours of leisure with the beautiful visions of Platonic philosophy, for which the summer stillness of an Italian sky appears the most congenial accompaniment. Never could the sympathies of the soul with outward nature be more finely touched, never could more striking suggestions be presented to the philosopher and the statesman. Florence lay beneath them, not with all the magnificence that the latter Medici had given her, but, thanks to the piety of former times, presenting almost as varied an outline to the sky. One man, the wonder of Cosmo's age, Brunelleschi, had crowned the beautiful city with the vast dome of its cathedral, a structure unthought of in Italy before, and rarely surpassed since. It seemed, amidst clustering towers of inferior churches, an emblem of the Catholic hierarchy under its supreme head—like Rome itself, imposing, unbroken, unchangeable,

radiating with equal expansion to every part of the earth, and directing its convergent curves to heaven. Round this were numbered, at unequal heights, the Baptistery, with its gates, as Michael Angelo called them, worthy of paradise; the full and richly-decorated belfry of Giotto; the Church of the Carmine, with the frescoes of Mazaccio; those of Santa Maria Novella, in the language of the same great man, beautiful as a bride; of Santa Croce, second only in magnificence to the Cathedral of St Mark; and of San Spirito, another grand monument of the genius of Brunelleschi; with the numerous convents that rose within the walls of Florence, or were scattered immediately about them. From these the eye might turn to the trophies of a republican government that was rapidly giving way before the citizen-prince who now surveyed them.

The prospect, from an elevation, of a great city in its silence, is one of the most impressive, as well as beautiful, we ever behold. But far more must it have brought home thoughts of seriousness to the mind of one who, by the force of events, and the general condition of his family—and his own was involved in the dangerous necessity of governing without the right, and, as far as might be, without the semblance of power—one who knew the vindictive and unscrupulous hostility which, at home and abroad, he had to encounter. If thoughts like these could bring a cloud over the brow of Lorenzo, unfit for the object he sought in that retreat, he might restore its serenity by other scenes which his garden commanded. Mountains, bright with various hues, and clothed with wood, bounded the horizon; and on most sides, at no great distance, but embosomed in these, were other villas and domains of his own; while the level country bore witness to the agricultural improvements, the classic diversion of a statesman's cares. The same curious spirit that led him to fill his garden at Carregi with exotic flowers of the East, the first instance of a botanical collection in Europe, had introduced a new animal from the same regions. Herds of buffaloes, since naturalized in Italy, whose dingy hide, bent neck, curved horns, and lowering aspect, contrasted with the grayish hue and full mild eye of the Tuscan oxen, pastured in the valley down which the yellow Arno steals silently through its long reaches to the sea.

THE MOST HORRIBLE BATTLE.

WASHINGTON IRVING, the most justly celebrated of American humorists, a biographer and historian of some note: 1783–1859. This extract is taken from his "History of New York."

"Now had the Dutchmen snatched a huge repast, and, finding themselves wonderfully encouraged and animated thereby, prepared to take the field. Expectation, says the writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript—Expectation now stood on stilts. The world forgot to turn round, or rather stood still, that it might witness the affray; like a fat, round-bellied alderman, watching the combat of two chivalric flies upon his jerkin. The eyes of all mankind, as usual in such cases, were turned upon Fort Christina. The sun, like a little man in a crowd at a puppet-show, scampered about the heavens, popping his head here and there, and endeavouring to get a peep between the unmannerly clouds that obtruded themselves in his way. The historians filled their ink-horns—the poets went without their dinners, either that they might buy paper and goose quills, or because they could not get anything to eat. Antiquity scowled sulkily out of its grave, to see itself outdone—while even Posterity stood mute, gazing in gaping ecstasy of retrospection on the eventful field. The immortal deities who whilom had seen service at the "affair" of Troy—now mounted their feather-bed clouds, and sailed over the plain, or mingled among the combatants in different disguises, all itching to have a finger in the pie. Jupiter sent off his thunderbolt to a noted coppersmith, to have it furbished up for the direful occasion. The noted bnlly, Mars, stuck two horse-pistols into his belt, shouldered a rusty firelock, and gallantly swaggered along as a drunken corporal; while Apollo trudged in the rear, as a bandy-legged fifer, playing most villanously out of tune.

On the other side, the ox-eyed Juno, who had gained a pair of black eyes over night, in one of her curtain lectures with old Jupiter, displayed her haughty beauties on a baggage-waggon. Minerva, as a brawny gin suttler, tucked up her skirts, brandished her fists, and swore most heroically, in exceeding bad Dutch, (having but lately studied the language,) by way of keeping up the spirits of the soldiers; while Vulcan halted as a club-footed blacksmith, lately promoted to be a captain of militia. All was silent horror, or bustling preparation: War reared his horrid front, gnashed loud his iron fangs, and shook his direful crest of bristling bayonets. And now the mighty chieftains marshalled out their hosts. Here stood stout Risingh, firm as a thousand rocks—incrusted with stockades,

and entrenched to the chin in mud batteries. His artillery consisted of two swivels and a carronade, loaded to the muzzle, the touch-holes primed, and a whiskered bombardier stationed at each, with lighted match in hand, waiting the word. His valiant infantry lined the breastwork in grim array, each having his moustaches fiercely greased, and his hair pomatumed back, and queued so stiffly, that he grinned above the ramparts like a grisly death's head.

Then came on the intrepid Peter—his brows knit, his teeth set—his fists clenched—almost breathing forth volumes of smoke, so fierce was the fire that raged within his bosom. His faithful squire, Van Corlær, trudged valiantly at his heels, with his trumpet gorgeously bedecked with red and yellow ribbons, the remembrances of his fair mistresses at the Manhattoes. Then came waddling on the sturdy chivalry of the Hudson with a host of worthies, whose names are too crabbed to be written, or if they could be written, it would be impossible for man to utter them—all fortified with a mighty dinner, and to use the words of a great Dutch poet—

"Brimful of wrath and cabbage!"

For an instant the mighty Peter paused in the midst of his career, and mounting on a stump, addressed his troops in eloquent low Dutch, exhorting them to fight like *duyvels*, and assuring them that, if they conquered, they should get plenty of booty—if they fell they should be allowed the unparalleled satisfaction, while dying, of reflecting that it was in the service of their country—and after they were dead, of seeing their names inscribed in the temple of renown, and handed down, in company with all the other great men of the year, for the admiration of posterity. Finally, he swore to them, on the word of a governor, (and they knew him too well to doubt it for a moment,) that if he caught any mother's son of them looking pale, or playing craven, he would curry his hide till he made him run out of it, like a snake in spring time. Then lugging out his trusty sabre, he brandished it three times over his head, ordered Van Corlær to sound a tremendous charge, and shouting the word, "St Nicholas and the Manhattoes!" courageously dashed forward. His warlike followers, who had employed the interval in lighting their pipes, instantly stuck them in their mouths, gave a furious puff, and charged gallantly, under cover of the smoke. And now commenced the horrid din, the desperate struggle, the maddening ferocity, the frantic desperation, the confusion and self-abandonment of war. Dutchman and Swede commingled, tugged,

panted, and blowed. The heavens were darkened with a tempest of missives. Bang! went the guns—whack! struck the broad-swords—thump! fell the cudgels—crash! went the musket-stocks—blows—kicks—cuffs—scratches—black eyes and bloody noses swelling the horrors of the scene! Thick-thwack, cut and hack, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy, hurly-burly, head over heels, rough and tumble!—Dunder and blexham! swore the Dutchman—Splitter and splutter! cried the Swedes—Storm the works! shouted Hardkopig Peter—Fire the mine! roared stout Risingh—Tantararara! twanged the trumpet of Anthony Van Corlær—until all voice and sound became unintelligible—grunts of pain, yells of fury, and shouts of triumph, commingled in one hideous clamour. The earth shook, as if struck with a paralytic stroke—trees shrunk aghast, and withered at the sight—rocks burrowed in the ground like rabbits,—and even Christina Creek turned from its course, and ran up a mountain in breathless terror!

VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY, one of the best of modern English essayists, and author of the "Confessions of an English Opium Eater:" 1786-1859.

[The writer represents himself as riding on the outside of an English mail-coach in the uncertain light of early morning. The driver has fallen asleep, and the horses are flying over the road at a furious rate.]

BEFORE us lay an avenue, straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the umbrageous trees, which rose in a regular line from either side, meeting high overhead, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this gothic aisle, a light, reedy gig, in which were seated a young man, and by his side a young lady. The little carriage is creeping on at one mile an hour; and the parties within it are naturally bending down their heads. Between them and eternity, to all human calculation, there is but a minute and a half. I shouted—and the young man heard me not. A second time I shouted—and now he heard me, for now he raised his head.

Here, then, all had been done that, by me, *could* be done; more on *my* part was not possible. Mine had been the first step: the second was for the young man: the third was for God. Sudden had been the call upon him, and sudden was his answer to the call. He saw, he heard, he comprehended, the ruin that was coming

down; already its gloomy shadow darkened above him; and already he was measuring his strength to deal with it. What a sublime thing does courage seem, when some fearful crisis on the great deeps of life carries a man, as if running before a hurricane, up to the giddy crest of some mountainous wave, from which, accordingly, as he chooses his course, he descries two courses, and a voice says to him audibly, "This way lies hope; take the other way, and mourn for ever!"

Yet, even then, amidst the raving of the seas and the frenzy of the danger, the man is able to confront his situation—is able to retire for a moment into solitude with God, and to seek all his counsel from *Him*. For seven seconds, it might be, of his seventy, the stranger settled his countenance steadfastly upon us, as if to search and value every element in the conflict before him. For five seconds more he sat immovably, like one that mused on some great purpose. For five he sat with eyes upraised, like one that prayed in sorrow, under some extremity of doubt, for wisdom to guide him toward the better choice.

Then suddenly he rose, stood upright, and, by a sudden strain upon the reins, raising his horse's forefeet from the ground, he slewed him round on the pivot of his hind-legs so as to plant the little equipage in a position nearly at right angles to ours. Thus far his condition was not improved; except as a first step had been taken toward the possibility of a second. If no more were done, nothing was done; for the little carriage still occupied the very centre of our path, though in an altered direction. Yet even now it may not be too late; fifteen of the twenty seconds may still be unexhausted; and one bound forward may avail to clear the ground.

Hurry, then, hurry, for the flying moments—*they* hurry! Oh, hurry, hurry, my brave young man! for the cruel hoofs of our horses—*they* also hurry! Fast are the flying moments, faster are the hoofs of our horses. Fear not for *him*, if human energy can suffice; faithful was he that drove to his terrific duty; faithful was the horse to his command. One blow, one impulse, given with voice and hand by the stranger, one rush from the horse, one bound as if in the act of rising to a fence, landed the docile creature's forefeet upon the crown or arching centre of the road. The larger half of the little equipage had then cleared our overtowering shadow: *that* was evident even to my own agitated sight.

But it mattered little that one wreck should float off in safety, if upon the wreck that perished were embarked the human freightage. The rear part of the carriage—was that certainly beyond the line of

absolute ruin? What power could answer the question? Glance of eye, thought of man, wing of angel, which of these had speed enough to sweep between the question and the answer, and divide the one from the other? Light does not tread upon the steps of light more indivisibly than did our all-conquering arrival upon the escaping efforts of the gig.

That must the young man have felt too plainly. His back was now turned to us; not by sight could he any longer communicate with the peril; but by the dreadful rattle of our harness too truly had his ear been instructed—that all was finished as regarded any further effort of *his*. Already in resignation he had rested from his struggle; and perhaps in his heart he was whispering, "Father, which art above, do Thou finish in heaven what I on earth have attempted." We ran past them faster than ever mill-race in our inexorable flight.

Oh, raving of hurricanes that must have sounded in their young ears at the moment of our transit! With the swingle-bar we had struck the off-wheel of the little gig, which stood rather obliquely, and not quite so far advanced as to be accurately parallel with the near-wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. From my elevated station I looked down, and looked back upon the scene, which in a moment told its tale, and wrote all its records on my heart for ever. The horse was planted immovably with his forefeet upon the paved crest of the central road. He of the whole party was alone untouched by the passion of death.

The little caney carriage—partly, perhaps, from the dreadful torsion of the wheels in its recent movement, partly from the thundering blow we had given to it—as if it sympathized with human horror, was all alive with tremblings and shiverings. The young man sat like a rock. He stirred not at all. But *his* was the steadiness of agitation frozen into rest by horror. As yet he dared not to look around; for he knew that, if anything remained to do, by him it could no longer be done.

But the lady! Oh! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing! Figure to yourself the elements of the case; suffer me to recall before your minds the circumstances of the unparalleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night—from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight—suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation—suddenly as

from the ground yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death, the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors, and the tiger roar of his voice.

The moments were numbered. In the twinkling of an eye our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle; at right angles we wheeled into our former direction; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams for ever.

NELSON.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, a French poet, traveller, and historian of considerable celebrity: born 1790.

AMONG the illustrious men who have filled the foremost ranks in national contests, we have always felt most interested and dazzled by heroes of the sea. The immensity, the power, the motion, the terrible attributes of the element on which they combat, seem to elevate them above the standard of humanity. This is not a vain, imaginative delusion, but a just estimate of their glory. The variety and extent of natural and acquired faculties which must of necessity be united in the same individual, to constitute a great naval leader, astonish the mind, and raise the perfect sailor beyond all comparison above ordinary warriors. The latter require only the single firmness which faces fire unmoved—the former must be endowed with the double valour which equally braves death and the fury of the elements. But the self-possession which suffices on shore will hardly be found efficient on the ocean. All the resources of intelligence must be combined with courage in the chief who directs the manœuvre, or the broadside, from the quarter-deck of an admiral's vessel, or any other man-of-war. He must be endowed with science to steer her course by the heavenly bodies; unwearied vigilance to preserve his ship from storms and quicksands; skill in handling the sails which regulate the immense machine like a master-key; prompt daring to rush into fire through tempests, to seek one death through another; self-possession which dictates when to strike, or how to parry the decisive blow; devotedness which rises under the certainty of destruction, and sacrifices a ship to save a fleet; the ascendency of a master-mind which forces all to look for safety in a single voice; decision which acts with the infallibility of inspiration; obedience which yields up strong conviction to superior authority; discipline which bows to the equality of established laws; a calm

aspect with a beating heart to inspire confidence in inferiors; manly grace and dignity in demeanour, to preserve, in the close intercourse of a crowded ship, the *prestige* which generals on shore maintain by seclusion and reserve, and which naval commanders must keep up in hearty and close communion; a prudent boldness, assuming the risk of responsibility in sudden emergencies, when a moment or a manœuvre may decide the fate of an empire. Disasters which cannot be foreseen or calculated, dark nights which scatter the squadron, storms which swallow up the vessels, fires which consume them, currents which run them aground, calms which neutralize them, rocks which dash them in pieces—to foresee, provide for, and endure all these contingencies with the stoicism of a mind that fights hand to hand with destiny; a narrow deck, with few witnesses, for the field of battle; a thankless glory, always ready to disappear, which is lost in a moment, and frequently never reaches the ears of your country; a death far distant from all you love; a coffin shrouded in the depths of the ocean, or cast overboard as a fragment of shipwreck. This is an epitome of the sailor—a hundred dangers for a single ray of glory—ten heroes concentrated in a single man. Such were the great naval warriors of France, of Spain, of England—such was Nelson, the first and last of those Titans of the sea.

THE SEASONS IN CANADA.

Sir Francis Bond Head, formerly Governor of Upper Canada, and author of several books of travel: born 1793.

However deeply prejudiced an Englishman may be in favour of his own country, I think it is impossible for him to cross the Atlantic without admitting that in both the northern and southern hemispheres of the new world, nature has not only outlined her works on a larger scale, but has painted the whole picture with brighter and more costly colours than she has used in delineating and in beautifying the old world.

The heavens of America appear infinitely higher, the sky is bluer, the clouds are whiter, the air is fresher, the cold is intenser, the moon looks larger, the stars are brighter, the thunder is louder, the lightning is vivider, the wind is stronger, the rain is heavier, the mountains are higher, the forests bigger, and the plains broader.

In the continent of North America, the climate, comparatively speaking, regardless of latitude, is both hot and cold; and thus, for

instance in Canada, while the summer is as roasting as that of the Mediterranean, and occasionally as broiling as that of the West Indies, the winter is that of the capitals of Norway and Sweden; indeed the cold of the Canada winter must be felt to be imagined, and when felt can no more be described by words than colours to a blind man, or music to a deaf one.

The four seasons of the year in Canada exhibit pictures strikingly contrasted with each other.

In the summer the excessive heat, the violent paroxysms of thunder, the parching drought, the occasional deluges of rain, the sight of bright red, bright blue, and other gaudily-plumaged birds, of the brilliant humming-bird, and of innumerable fireflies, that at night appear like the reflection upon earth of the stars shining above them in the heavens, would almost persuade the emigrant that he is living in the tropics.

As autumn approaches, the various trees of the forests assume hues of every shade, of red, yellow, and brown, of the most vivid description. The air gradually becomes a healthful mixture of sunshine and frost, and the golden sunsets are so many glorious assemblages of clouds—some like mountains of white wool, others of the darkest hues—and of broad rays of yellow, of crimson, and of golden light, which, without intermixing, radiate upwards to a great height from the point of the horizon, at which the deep red luminary is about to disappear. As the winter approaches the cold daily strengthens, and before the branches of the trees and the surface of the country becomes white, every living being seems to become sensible of the temperature that is about to arrive.

The gaudy birds, humming-birds, and fireflies depart first, then follow the pigeons, the wild fowl fly away to the lakes, until scarcely a bird remains to be seen in the forest. Several of the animals seek refuge in warmer regions, and even the shaggy bear, whose coat seems warm enough to resist any degree of cold, instinctively looks out in time for a hollow tree, into which he may leisurely climb, to hang in it during the winter as inanimate as a flitch of bacon from the ceiling of an English farm-house; and even many fishes make their deep-water arrangements for not coming to the surface of the rivers and harbours during the period they are covered with ice.

Notwithstanding the cheerful brightness of the winter's sun, I always felt that there was something indescribably appalling in all these precautions of beasts, birds, and fishes; and yet it is with pride that one observes that, while the birds of the air and the

beasts of the field, one after another, are seen retreating before the approaching winter, like women and children before an advancing army, the Anglo-Saxon race stand firm; and indeed they are quite right to do so, inasmuch as when the winter does arrive, it turns out to be a season of hilarity and healthful enjoyment.

Not only is the whole surface of the ground, including roads and paths of every description, beautifully macadamized with a covering of snow, over which every man's horse, with tinkling bells, can draw him and his family in a sleigh, but every harbour becomes a national play-ground to ride on, and every river an arterial road to travel on.

In all directions running water congeals. The mill-wheel becomes covered with a frozen torrent in which it remains as in a glass case; and I have even seen small waterfalls begin to freeze on both sides until the cataract, arrested in its fall by the power of Heaven, is converted for the season into a solid mirror.

Although the temperature of the water in the great lakes is very far below freezing, yet the restless air, and the rise and fall of the waves prevent their congelation. As a trifling instance, however, of their disposition to do so, I may mention that during the two winters I was at Toronto, I made it a rule, from which I never departed, to walk every morning to the end of a long wooden pier that ran out into the unfrozen waters of the lake. In windy weather, and during extreme cold, the water, in dashing against this work, rose in the air; but before it could reach me, it often froze, and thus, without wetting my cloak, the drops of ice used to fall harmless at my feet.

But although the great lake, for want of a moment's tranquillity, cannot congeal, yet for hundreds of miles along its shores, the waves as they break on the ground instantly freeze; and this operation continuing by night as well as by day, the quiet shingled beach is converted throughout its length into high, sharp, jagged rocks of ice, over which it is occasionally difficult to climb.

THE PROVINCE OF GENIUS.

THOMAS CARLYLE, an eccentric but vigorous writer of the German school, the historian of the French Revolution, and biographer of Frederic the Great: born 1795.

TASTE, if it mean anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern,

and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever, or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen. This surely implies, as its chief condition, not any given external rank or situation, but a finely-gifted mind, purified into harmony with itself, into keenness and justness of vision; above all, kindled into love and generous admiration.

Is culture of this sort found exclusively among the higher ranks? We believe it proceeds less from without than within, in every rank. The charms of nature, the majesty of man, the infinite loveliness of truth and virtue, are not hidden from the eye of the poor, but from the eye of the vain, the corrupted and self-seeking, be he poor or rich. In all ages, the humble minstrel, a mendicant, and lord of nothing but his harp and his own free soul, had intimations of those glories, while to the proud baron in his barbaric halls they were unknown.

Such is our hypothesis of the case. But how stands it with the facts? Are the fineness and truth of sense manifested by the artist found, in most instances, to be proportionate to his wealth and elevation of acquaintance? Are they found to have any perceptible relation either with the one or the other? We imagine not. Whose taste in painting, for instance, is truer or finer than Claude Lorraine's? And was not he a poor colour-grinder; outwardly, the meanest of menials?

Where, again, we might ask, lay Shakespeare's rent-roll; and what generous peer took him by the hand, and unfolded to him the "open secret" of the universe; teaching him that this was beautiful, and that not so? Was he not a peasant by birth, and by fortune little better; and was it not thought much, even in the height of his reputation, that Southampton allowed him equal patronage with the zanies, jugglers, and bearwards of the time? Yet compare his taste even as it regards the negative side of things; for, in regard to the positive and far higher side, it admits no comparison with any other mortal's. Compare it, for instance, with the taste of Beaumont and Fletcher, his contemporaries, men of rank and education, and of fine genius like himself. Tried even by the nice, fastidious, and in great part, false and artificial delicacy of modern times, how stands it with the two parties; with the gay, triumphant men of fashion, and the poor, vagrant link-boy? Does the latter sin against, we shall not say taste, but etiquette, as the former do? For one line, for one word, which some Chesterfield might wish blotted from the first, are there not, in the others, whole pages and scenes which with palpitating heart he would hurry into deepest night? This, too,

observe, respects not their genius but their culture; not their appropriation of beauties, but their rejection of deformities—by supposition, the grand and peculiar result of high breeding! Surely, in such instances, even that humble supposition is ill borne out.

The truth of the matter seems to be, that, with the culture of a genuine poet, thinker, or other aspirant to fame, the influence of rank has no exclusive, or even special, concern. For men of action, for senators, public speakers, political writers, the case may be different; but of such we speak not at present. Neither do we speak of imitators and the crowd of mediocre men to whom fashionable life sometimes gives an external inoffensiveness, often compensated by a frigid malignity of character.

We speak of men who, from amid the perplexed and conflicting elements of their everyday existence, are to form themselves into harmony and wisdom, and show forth the same wisdom to others that exist along with them. To such a man, high life, as it is called, will be a province of human life certainly, but nothing more. He will study to deal with it as he deals with all forms of mortal being; to do it justice, and to draw instruction from it. But the light will come from a loftier region, or he wanders for ever in darkness.

Is he poor? So also were Homer and Socrates; so was Samuel Johnson; so was John Milton. Shall we reproach him with his poverty, and infer that because he is poor he must likewise be worthless? God forbid that the time should ever come when he, too, shall esteem riches the synonym of good! The spirit of Mammon has a wide empire, but it cannot and must not be worshipped in the Holy of holies.

Nay, does not the heart of every genuine disciple of literature, however mean his sphere, instinctively deny this principle, as applicable either to himself or another? Is it not rather true, as D'Alembert has said, that for every man of letters who deserves that name the motto and the watchword will be—Freedom, Truth, and even this same Poverty? and that, if he fear the last, the two first can never be made sure to him?

THE RUINED LODGE.

Thomas Chandler Haliburton, a Nova Scotian judge, the author of many humorous works of fiction, under the name of "Sam Slick:" 1800–1865.

After leaving Halifax, the road to Windsor winds for ten miles

round the margin of Bedford Basin, which is connected with the harbour by a narrow passage at the dockyard. It is an extensive and magnificent sheet of water, the shores of which are deeply indented with numerous coves, and well-sheltered inlets of great beauty.

At the distance of seven miles from the town is a ruined lodge, built by his royal highness the late Duke of Kent, when commander-in-chief of the forces in this colony, once his favourite summer residence, and the scene of his munificent hospitalities. It is impossible to visit this spot without the most melancholy feelings. The tottering fence, the prostrate gates, the ruined grottoes, the long and winding avenues, cut out of the forest, overgrown by rank grass and occasional shrubs, and the silence and desolation that pervaded everything around, all bespeak a rapid and premature decay, recall to mind the untimely fate of its noble and lamented owner, and tell of fleeting pleasures, and the transitory nature of all earthly things. I stopped at a small inn in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of strolling over it for the last time ere I left the country, and for the indulgence of those moralizing musings which at times harmonize with our nerves, and awaken what may be called the pleasurable sensations of melancholy.

A modern wooden ruin is of itself the least interesting, and at the same time the most depressing, object imaginable. The massive structures of antiquity that are everywhere to be met with in Europe exhibit the remains of great strength, and, though injured and defaced by the slow and almost imperceptible agency of time, promise to continue thus mutilated for ages to come. They awaken the images of departed generations, and are sanctified by legend and by tale. But a wooden ruin shows rank and rapid decay, concentrates its interest on one family or one man, and resembles a mangled corpse, rather than the monument that covers it. It has no historical importance, no ancestral record. It awakens not the imagination. The poet finds no inspiration in it, and the antiquary no interest. It speaks only of death and decay, of recent calamity, and vegetable decomposition. The very air about it is close, dank, and unwholesome. It has no grace, no strength, no beauty, but looks deformed, gross, and repulsive. Even the faded colour of a painted wooden house, the tarnished gilding of its decorations, the corroded iron of its fastenings, and its crumbling materials, all indicate recent use and temporary habitation. It is but a short time since this mansion was tenanted by its royal master, and in that brief space how great has been the devastation of the elements! A

few years more, and all trace of it will have disappeared for ever. Its very site will soon become a matter of doubt. The forest is fast reclaiming its own, and the lawns and ornamented gardens, annually sown with seeds, scattered by the winds from the surrounding woods, are relapsing into a state of nature, and exhibiting in detached patches a young growth of such trees as are common to the country.

As I approached the house, I noticed that the windows were broken out, or shut up with rough boards, to exclude the rain and snow; the doors supported by wooden props instead of hinges, which hung loosely on the panels; and that long luxuriant clover grew in the eaves, which had been originally designed to conduct the water from the roof, but, becoming choked with dust and decayed leaves, had afforded sufficient food for the nourishment of coarse grasses. The portico, like the house, had been formed of wood, and the flat surface of its top, imbibing and retaining moisture, presented a mass of vegetable matter, from which had sprung up a young and vigorous birch-tree, whose strength and freshness seemed to mock the helpless weakness that nourished it. I had no desire to enter the apartments; and, indeed, the aged ranger, whose occupation was to watch over its decay, and to prevent its premature destruction by the plunder of its fixtures and more durable materials, informed me that the floors were unsafe. Altogether, the scene was one of a most depressing kind.

A small brook, which had by a skilful hand been led over several precipitous descents, performed its feats alone and unobserved, and seemed to murmur out its complaints, as it hurried over its rocky channel to mingle with the sea; while the wind, sighing through the umbrageous wood, appeared to assume a louder and more melancholy wail, as it swept through the long vacant passages and deserted saloons, and escaped in plaintive tones from the broken casements. The offices, as well as the ornamental buildings, had shared the same fate as the house. The roofs of all had fallen in, and mouldered into dust; the doors, sashes, and floors had disappeared; and the walls only, which were in part built of stone, remained to attest their existence and use. The grounds exhibited similar effects of neglect, in a climate where the living wood grows so rapidly, and the dead decays so soon, as in Nova Scotia. An arbour, which had been constructed of lattice-work, for the support of a flowering vine, had fallen, and was covered with vegetation; while its roof alone remained, supported aloft by limbs of trees that, growing up near it, had become entangled in its net-work. A

Chinese temple, once a favourite retreat of its owner, as if in conscious pride of its preference, had offered a more successful resistance to the weather, and appeared in tolerable preservation; while one small surviving bell, of the numerous ones that once ornamented it, gave out its solitary and melancholy tinkling as it waved in the wind. How sad was its mimic knell over pleasures that were fled for ever!

The contemplation of this deserted house is not without its beneficial effect on the mind; for it inculcates humility to the rich, and resignation to the poor. However elevated man may be, there is much in his condition that reminds him of the infirmities of his nature, and reconciles him to the decrees of Providence. "May it please your majesty," said Euclid to his royal pupil, "there is no regal road to science. You must travel in the same path with others, if you would attain the same end." These forsaken grounds teach us in similar terms this consolatory truth, that there is no exclusive way to happiness reserved even for those of the most exalted rank. The smiles of fortune are capricious, and sunshine and shade are unequally distributed; but though the surface of life is thus diversified, the end is uniform to all, and invariably terminates in the grave.

Ruins, like death, of which they are at once the emblem and the evidence, are apt to lose their effect from their frequency. The mind becomes accustomed to them, and the moral is lost. The picturesque alone remains predominant, and criticism supplies the place of reflection. But this is the only ruin of any extent in Nova Scotia, and the only spot either associated with royalty, or set apart and consecrated to solitude and decay. The stranger pauses at a sight so unusual, and inquires the cause; he learns with surprise that this place was devoted exclusively to pleasure; that care and sorrow never entered here; and that the voice of mirth and music was alone heard within its gates. It was the temporary abode of a prince,—of one, too, had he lived, that would have inherited the first and fairest empire in the world. All that man can give or rank enjoy awaited him; but an overruling and inscrutable Providence decreed, at the very time when his succession seemed most certain, that the sceptre should pass into the hands of another. This intelligence interests and excites his feelings. He enters, and hears at every step the voice of nature proclaiming the doom that awaits alike the prince and the peasant. The desolation he sees appals him. The swallow nestles in the empty chamber, and the sheep find a noon-day shelter in the banqueting-room, while the ill-

omened bat rejoices in the dampness of the mouldering ruins. Everything recalls a recollection of the dead; every spot has its record of the past; every path its footstep; every tree its legend; and even the universal silence that reigns here has an awful eloquence that overpowers the heart. Death is written everywhere. Sad and dejected, he turns and seeks some little relic, some small memorial of his deceased prince, and a solitary, neglected garden-flower, struggling for existence among the rank grasses, presents a fitting type of the brief existence and transitory nature of all around him. As he gathers it, he pays the silent but touching tribute of a votive tear to the memory of him who has departed, and leaves the place with a mind softened and subdued, but improved and purified, by what he has seen.

A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, a distinguished politician and novelist: born 1805. From "Contarini Fleming."

A SPANISH bull-fight taught me fully to comprehend the rapturous exclamation of "Panem et Circenses!" The amusement apart, there is something magnificent in the assembled thousands of an amphitheatre. It is the trait in modern manners which most effectually recalls the nobility of antique pastimes.

The poetry of a bull-fight is very much destroyed by the appearance of the cavaliers. Instead of gay, gallant knights bounding on caracoling steeds, three or four shapeless, unwieldy beings, cased in armour of stuffed leather, and looking more like Dutch burgomasters than Spanish chivalry, enter the list on limping rips. The bull is, in fact, the executioner for the dogs; and an approaching bull-fight is a respite for any doomed steed throughout all Seville.

The tauridors, in their varying, fanciful, costly, and splendid dresses, compensate in a great measure for your disappointment. It is difficult to conceive a more brilliant band. These are ten or a dozen footmen, who engage the bull unarmed, distract him as he rushes at one of the cavaliers by unfolding, and dashing before his eyes, a glittering scarf, and saving themselves from an occasional chase by practised agility, which elicits great applause. The performance of these tauridors is, without doubt, the most graceful, the most exciting, and the most surprising portion of the entertainment.

The ample theatre is nearly full. Be careful to sit on the shady side. There is the suspense experienced at all public entertainments, only here upon a great scale. Men are gliding about, selling fans and refreshments; the governor and his suite enter their box; a trumpet sounds!—all is silent.

The knights advance, poising their spears, and for a moment trying to look graceful. The tauridors walk behind them, two by two. They proceed around and across the lists; they bow to the vice-regal party, and commend themselves to the Virgin, whose portrait is suspended above.

Another trumpet! A second and a third blast! The governor throws the signal; the den opens, and the bull bounds in. That first spring is very fine. The animal stands for a moment still, staring, stupefied. Gradually his hoof moves; he paws the ground; he dashes about the sand. The knights face him, with their extended lances, at due distance. The tauridors are still. One flies across him, and waves his scarf. The enraged bull makes at the nearest horseman; he is frustrated in his attack. Again he plants himself, lashes his tail, and rolls his eye. He makes another charge, and this time the glance of the spear does not drive him back. He gores the horse: rips up its body: the steed staggers and falls. The bull rushes at the rider, and his armour will not now preserve him; but just as his awful horn is about to avenge his future fate, a skilful tauridor skims before him, and flaps his nostrils with his scarf. He flies after his new assailant, and immediately finds another. Now you are delighted by all the evolutions of this consummate band; occasionally they can save themselves only by leaping the barriers. The knight, in the meantime, rises, escapes, and mounts another steed.

The bull now makes a rush at another horseman; the horse dexterously veers aside. The bull rushes on, but the knight wounds him severely in the flank with his lance. The tauridors now appear, armed with darts. They rush, with extraordinary swiftness and dexterity, at the infuriated animal, plant their galling weapons in different parts of his body, and scud away. To some of their darts are affixed fire-works, which ignite by the pressure of the stab. The animal is then as bewildered as infuriate; the amphitheatre echoes to his roaring, and witnesses the greatest efforts of his rage. He flies at all, staggering and streaming with blood; at length, breathless and exhausted, he stands at bay, his black, swollen tongue hanging out, and his mouth covered with foam.

'Tis horrible! Throughout, a stranger's feelings are for the bull, although this even the fairest Spaniard cannot comprehend. As it is now evident that the noble victim can only amuse them by his death, there is a universal cry for the matador; and the matador, gaily dressed, appears amid a loud cheer. The matador is a great artist. Strong nerves must combine with great quickness and great experience to form an accomplished matador. It is a rare character, highly prized; their fame exists after their death, and different cities pride themselves on producing or possessing the most eminent.

The matador plants himself before the bull, and shakes a red cloak suspended over a drawn sword. This last insult excites the lingering energy of the dying hero. He makes a violent charge: the mantle falls over his face, the sword enters his spine, and he falls amid thundering shouts. The death is instantaneous, without a struggle, and without a groan. A car, decorated with flowers and ribbons, and drawn by oxen, now appears, and bears off the body in triumph.

I have seen eighteen horses killed in a bull-fight, and eight bulls; but the sport is not always in proportion to the slaughter. Sometimes the bull is a craven, and then, if, after recourse has been had to every mode of excitement, he will not charge, he is kicked out of the arena, amid the jeers and hisses of the audience. Every act of skill on the part of the tauridors elicits applause; nor do the spectators hesitate, if necessary, to mark their temper by a contrary method. On the whole, it is a magnificent but barbarous spectacle; and, however disgusting the principal object, the accessories of the entertainment are so brilliant and interesting that, whatever may be their abstract disapprobation, those who have witnessed a Spanish bull-fight will not be surprised at the passionate attachment of the Spanish people to their national pastime.

DEATH OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, as a novelist, disputes the palm with Dickens. His principal novels are, "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Newcomes:" 1811–1865. This extract is from his lectures on the "Four Georges."

ALL the world knows the story of his malady: all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing

imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg—amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast,—the star of his famous Order still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless, he became utterly deaf. All light, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had, in one of which the queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

What preacher need moralize on this story: what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. "O brothers," I said to those who heard me first in America—"O brothers, speaking the same dear mother tongue—O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together, as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and cries, "Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!"

> "Vex not his ghost!—oh! let him pass—he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer!"

Hush, strife and quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!"

THE DEATH OF THE LITTLE SCHOLAR.

CHARLES DICKENS, the most popular of living novelists, and graphic delineator of London life: born 1812. The accompanying extract is from the "Old Curiosity Shop."

WITHOUT further preface he conducted them into his little schoolroom, which was parlour and kitchen likewise, and told them they were welcome to remain under his roof till morning. The child looked round the room as she took her seat. The chief ornaments of the walls were certain moral sentences, fairly copied in good round text, and well-worked sums in simple addition and multiplication, evidently achieved by the same hand, which were plentifully pasted round the room; for the double purpose, as it seemed, of bearing testimony to the excellence of the school, and kindling a worthy emulation in the bosoms of the scholars. "Yes," said the schoolmaster, observing that her attention was caught by these specimens, "that's beautiful writing, my dear." "Very, sir," replied the child modestly; "is it yours?" "Mine!" he returned, taking out his spectacles, and putting them on, to have a better view of the triumphs so dear to his heart; "I couldn't write like that now-a-days. No: they are all done by one hand; a little hand it is; not so old as yours, but a very clever one."

As the old schoolmaster said this, he saw that a small blot of ink had been thrown upon one of the copies; so he took a penknife from his pocket, and, going up to the wall, carefully scratched it out. When he had finished, he walked slowly backward from the writing, admiring it as one might contemplate a beautiful picture, but with something of sadness in his voice and manner, which quite touched the child, though she was unacquainted with its cause.

"A little hand, indeed," said the poor schoolmaster. "Far beyond all his companions in his learning and his sports too. How did he ever come to be so fond of me? That I should love him is no wonder, but that he should love me——" And there the schoolmaster stopped, and took off his spectacles to wipe them, as though they had grown dim. "I hope there is nothing the matter, sir," said Nelly, anxiously.

"Not much, my dear," returned the schoolmaster: "I hoped to have seen him on the green to-night. He was always foremost among them. But he 'll be there to-morrow."

"Has he been ill?" asked the child, with a child's quick sympathy.

"Not very. They said he was wandering in his head yesterday,

dear boy, and so they said the day before. But that 's a part of that kind of disorder ; it 's not a bad sign—not at all a bad sign."

The child was silent. He walked to the door, and looked wistfully out. The shadows of night were gathering, and all was still.

"If he could lean on somebody's arm, he would come to me, I know," he said, returning into the room. "He always came into the garden to say good-night. But perhaps his illness has only just taken a favourable turn, and it 's too late for him to come out, for it 's very damp, and there 's a heavy dew. It 's much better he shouldn't come to-night."

. . . . . .

The next day, towards night, an old woman came tottering up the garden as speedily as she could, and, meeting the schoolmaster at the door, said he was to go to Dame West's directly, and had best run on before her. He and the child were on the point of going out together for a walk, and, without relinquishing her hand, the schoolmaster hurried away, leaving the messenger to follow as she might.

They stopped at a cottage door, and the schoolmaster knocked softly at it with his hand. It was opened without loss of time. They passed into an inner room, where his infant friend, half dressed, lay stretched upon a bed.

He was a very young boy; quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprang up, threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying out that he was his dear, kind friend.

"I hope I always was. I meant to be, God knows," said the poor schoolmaster.

"Who is that?" said the boy, seeing Nell. "I am afraid to kiss her, lest I should make her ill. Ask her to shake hands with me."

The sobbing child came closer up, and took the little languid hand in hers. Releasing his again after a time, the sick boy laid him gently down.

"You remember the garden, Harry," whispered the schoolmaster, anxious to rouse him, for a dulness seemed gathering upon the child, "and how pleasant it used to be in the evening? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon, my dear, very soon now, won't you?"

The boy smiled faintly, so very, very faintly, and put his hand upon his friend's gray head. He moved his lips, too, but no voice came from them; no, not a sound.

In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices, borne upon the evening air, came floating through the open window.

"What's that?" said the sick child, opening his eyes.

"The boys at play upon the green."

He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm dropped powerless down.

"Shall I do it?" said the schoolmaster.

"Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. "Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way."

He raised his head, and glanced from the fluttering signal to his idle bat, that lay, with slate and book, and other boyish property, upon a table in the room. And then he laid him down softly once more, and asked if the little girl were there, for he could not see her.

She stepped forward, and pressed the passive hand that lay upon the coverlet. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though they were man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face towards the wall, and fell asleep.

The poor schoolmaster sat in the same place, holding the small, cold hand in his, and chafing it. It was but the hand of a dead child. He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down.

SOME NOTES ON POETRY AND CRITICISM.

From Collier's "English Literature."

When we turn from Milton's "Paradise Lost" to Macaulay's "History of England," we perceive at once a difference in the language of the two. The one we call poetry; the other, prose. And when we recollect that we do not talk—at least, most of us do not talk—to our friends in the same style as that in which Milton describes the Council of Infernal Peers, or Macaulay the Relief of Londonderry, we perceive that language assumes a third—its lowest form—in the conversation that prevails around our dinner-tables, or upon our pleasant country walks. Of the three shapes that language takes—poetry, literary prose, colloquial prose—poetry is, undoubtedly, the chief.

Take English poetry, in the common sense of the word, as a peculiar form of language. We find that it differs from prose mainly in having a *regular succession of accented syllables.* In short, it possesses *metre* as its chief characteristic feature. Every line is divided into so many *feet*, composed of short and long syllables, arranged according to certain laws of prosody. With a regular footfall the voice steps or marches along the line, keeping time like the soldier on drill or the musician among his bars. In many languages syllables have a *quantity*, which makes them intrinsically long or short; but in English poetry that syllable alone is long on which an *accent* falls. Poets, therefore, in the use of that license which they have or take, sometimes shift an accent to suit their measure. The *inversion of the order of words*, within certain

limits, is a necessary consequence of throwing language into a metrical form. Poetry, then, differs from prose, in the first place, in having metre; and, as a consequence of this, in adopting an unusual arrangement of words and phrases. The object of inverting the order, however, is often not so much to suit the metre as to give additional emphasis or rhetorical effect.

But we find more than this in poetry, else poetry and verse are one and the same thing. That they are *not*, we know to our cost, when we are compelled to wade through some of those productions which throng our booksellers' windows at times—without, all *mauve* and gleaming gold—within, all barrenness and froth.

We must have, in addition to the metrical form, the use of uncommon words and turns of expression, to lift the language above the level of written prose. Shakespeare, instead of saying, as he would, no doubt, have done in telling a ghost story to his wife, "The clock then striking one," puts into the mouth of the sentinel Bernardo, "*The bell then beating one.*" When Thomson describes the spring-ploughing, the ox becomes a *steer*, the plough is the *shining share*, and the upturned earth appears in his verse as the *glebe*. The use of periphrase (the round-about mode of expression) here comes largely to the poet's aid. Birds are *children of the sky, songsters of the grove, tuneful choirs*, &c.; ice is a *crystal floor*, or a *sheet of polished steel*. These are almost all figurative forms, and it is partly by the abundant use of *figures* that the higher level of speech is gained.

Yet there is something beyond all this. Smoothly the metre may flow on, without a hitch or hindrance; brilliantly the tropes may cluster in each shining line; lofty as a page of the *Rambler* may be the tone of the faultless speech; yet, for all, the composition may fall short of true poetry. There is a something—an essence—which most of us can feel when present, or at once detect the lack of, which is yet entirely undefinable. We are as little able to define the essence of poetry as to describe the fragrance of a rose, or the nature of that mysterious fluid which shows itself in a flash of lightning, and draws the needle towards the north. Let us be content to enjoy the sweet effect of that most subtle cause, which has baffled the acutest thinkers in their attempts to give it "a local habitation and a name." Lying, as it does, in the thought, we can no more express it in words than we can assign a shape or colour to the human soul. It is the electric fluid of the soul, streaming always through the world of thought and speech and writing, flashing out occasionally into grand thunder-bursts of song and the light-

ning play of true genius. Some minds are highly charged with the brilliant essence—*positive* minds, an electrician would call them; others are *negative* to the last degree. Some minds, as good conductors, can easily receive and give out the flow of thought; very many have no conducting power at all, being incapable alike of enjoying the pleasures of poetry, or of communicating those pleasures to other minds.

All poetry, as far as its form goes, may be classed, for purposes of convenience, under three heads — Epic, Dramatic, and Lyric. Blair defines the epic poem to be "a recital of some illustrious enterprise in a poetic form." To this it may be added that the epic poem is generally composed in the highest form of verse that the prosody of the language possesses—in a word, in the *heroic* measure of the tongue. Milton's "Paradise Lost" is undoubtedly the great epic of the English tongue, founded upon one of the loftiest themes that could employ any pen, and written in that stately blank verse, that noble iambic pentameter, which holds the place in our tongue that is held in Greek and Latin by the hexameter of the "Iliad" and the "Æneid."

Dramatic poetry assumes the form that we commonly call a play, breaking into the two branches,—tragedy and comedy. We can easily single out a great example here among our English authors; for one name—that of Shakespeare—stands far above the crowd of his brother dramatists. Without being at all strictly true, there is a good deal of sense in a familiar mode of distinguishing tragedy from comedy—namely, that a tragedy completes its plot with the death of the principal characters, while a comedy is sure to end in their marriage. The tragedy, like the epic poem, generally adopts the leading measure of the tongue; the language of prose better suits the lower level of comedy, which depicts the scenes of everyday life, rather than the great sufferings or great crimes that form the proper material for a tragic poem. A tragedy, in its usual form, contains five acts, each act consisting of a variable number of scenes. The third, or central act, is the natural place for the *crisis* of the plot; and the fifth for the *catastrophe*, or wind-up smash of the whole. Thus, in "Hamlet," the play-scene and the fencing-scene are so arranged that we have a central point as well as a final point of interest; and in "Julius Cæsar," the murder at the Capitol and the battle of Philippi are placed upon the same artistic principle. By writers of the artificial school much attention is paid to preserving the three unities of action, place, and time. The need of making all the incidents tend to one great centre of the plot, and thus preserving the unity of action, is very manifest; for

nothing is more confusing than the attempt to carry on several plots within the same play. But the need of sticking always to one place, and of confining the time supposed to pass in the dramatic story to the few hours actually spent in the representation of the play, does not so manifestly appear, when we find our greatest dramatist continually violating both of these unities, without in the least marring the effect of his magnificent creations.

Of lyric poetry, which is chiefly composed of songs and short poems, such as might be set to music, the works of Robert Burns afford our finest example. Thomas Moore, too, in his "Irish Melodies," has given us some splendid lyrics; but there is in these considerably more of the artificial than we find in the sweet fresh verses of the Ayrshire peasant.

We have used the word "school" in speaking of poetry. It is applied, as well in literature as in art, to a set of men whose works are founded on a certain known principle, which appears in all as a distinctive feature. Thus we have that metaphysical or unnatural school, of which the poet Donne was head-boy; we have the artificial or French school, represented by Dryden and Pope; the transition school, of which Thomson, Gray, and Collins are good specimens; the Lake school, deriving its name from the fact that its founders, Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, lived for the most part among the lakes of northern England; and the German school, of which Tennyson and Longfellow are the modern exemplars. These are the "schools" to which most frequent reference is made by critics.

We close this rambling chapter with another note. Two metaphysical words, objective and subjective, have been much used of late in reference to the poetic treatment of a theme. The former expresses chiefly the picturing of outward life, as perceived by the senses of the observer, or realized by his fancy: of this style, Scott is one of the greatest masters. The latter denotes that kind of poetry which gives, instead of the outward scene, the various thoughts and feelings excited by it in the poet's mind. For example, let a *deserted house* be the subject. The objective poet paints the moss-grown steps—the damp-stained walls—the garden tangling with a wilderness of weeds—the rusty hinges of the door—the broken or dirt-incrusted panes of the closed windows; while the subjective poet broods over the probable history of its scattered tenants, or, attracted by a solemn remembrance, conjures up the image of a human body—this house of clay we all inhabit—deserted by its immortal inmate—its eyes, "those windows of the soul," closed and sealed up in the long sleep of death.

EPIC POETRY AND THE ILIAD.

The Epic is the exclusive property of the Indo-European race. Other families of mankind have their songs and legends, but no other has ever achieved the feat of composing in verse a continuous narrative, a tale or epos. The Eastern branch of this race contributes the epics of India and Persia. Ancient Europe presents us with the Iliad of Greece and the Æneid of Rome. The Middle Ages were illumined in the regions of Spain and Germany by the production of the Cid and the lay of the Niebelungen. And Modern History furnishes us, from four widely different sources, with the great epics of Portugal, Italy, England, and France. All of these we shall take up in turn. The first, however, to demand our attention is that which has served as a model to at least five of its brethren, the renowned Iliad of the poet Homer.

Homer is generally supposed to have lived between eight and nine hundred years before the Christian era. Seven Greek cities have claimed the honour of his birth-place. It appears, at any rate, that he was an Asiatic Greek, and many incline to the belief that Smyrna was his native place. Nothing definite is known of his history, and it has even been denied that the Iliad and Odyssey were the work of one man so called.

Dr Schmitz says,—"The Trojan war is the noblest and most celebrated of all the enterprises of the heroic age, and this renown it owes to the immortal poem of the Iliad, the work of Homer. The story is briefly this:—Aphrodite, the goddess of Love, had promised to Paris, the son of Priam, king of Troy, the most beautiful wife, because he had adjudged to her the prize of beauty. This wife was no other than Helen, the daughter of Zeus and Leda, who was then married to Menelaus, king of Sparta, and brother of Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ. Paris, when on a visit to Menelaus, violated the laws of hospitality by carrying off Helen with many treasures; and the Trojans, when called upon to surrender her, refused to comply with the request. Such conduct called for revenge: all the chiefs of Greece, looking upon the outrage as committed against them, united, under the supreme command of Agamemnon, for a common expedition against Troy. Although Agamemnon was the king of kings, swift-footed Achilles, the son of the goddess Thetis, surpassed him and all others in heroic courage and valour. In nearly twelve hundred ships, the heroes and their followers sailed across to the coast of Asia, and besieged the city for a period of ten years. The

Trojans, among whom Hector, a son of Priam, was the chief champion, defended themselves manfully, and sometimes threatened the Greeks with destruction. This happened during the time when Achilles took no part in the contest, because he thought himself wronged by Agamemnon. The Trojans were assisted by auxiliaries from various parts of Asia Minor, and even from the far distant east. The great gods also took part in the war, some favouring the Greeks and others the Trojans. But in the tenth year of the contest, Troy fell through the well-known stratagem of the wooden horse, according to the common belief, in the year B.C. 1184."

Gavin Douglas, the Earl of Surrey, Chapman, Pope, and Cowper, have translated the Iliad into the English language; the latest and most correct translation, however, is that of the present Earl of Derby, from which the following extract, describing the meeting of Hector and Andromache is taken:—

So spoke the ancient dame; and Hector straight
Through the wide streets his rapid steps retraced.
But when at last the mighty city's length
Was traversed, and the Scæan gates were reach'd,
Whence was the outlet to the plain, in haste
Running to meet him came his priceless wife,
Eëtion's daughter, fair Andromache;
Eëtion, who from Thebes Cilicia sway'd,
Thebes, at the foot of Placos' woody heights.
His child to Hector of the brazen helm
Was given in marriage: she it was who now
Met him, and by her side, the nurse who bore,
Clasp'd to her breast, his all unconscious child,
Hector's loved infant, fair as morning star;
Whom Hector called Scamandrius, but the rest
Astyanax, in honour of his sire,
The matchless chief, the only prop of Troy.
Silent he smiled as on his boy he gazed:
But at his side Andromache, in tears,
Hung on his arm, and thus the chief address'd:
"Dear lord, thy dauntless spirit will work thy doom:
Nor hast thou pity on this thy helpless child,
On me forlorn, to be thy widow soon:
For thee will all the Greeks with force combined
Await and slay: for me 'twere better far,
Of thee bereft, to lie beneath the sod;
Nor comfort shall be mine, if thou be lost,
But endless grief; to me nor sire is left,
Nor honour'd mother; fell Achilles' hand
My sire Eëtion slew, what time his arms
The populous city of Cilicia razed—
The lofty-gated Thebes; he slew indeed.
But stripp'd him not; he reverenced the dead;

And o'er his body, with his armour burnt,
A mound erected; and the mountain nymphs,
The progeny of ægis-bearing Jove,
Planted around his tomb a grove of elms.
There were seven brethren in my father's house;
All in one day they fell, amid their herds
And fleecy flocks, by fierce Achilles' hand.
My mother, Queen of Placos' wooded height,
Brought with the captives here, he soon released
For costly ransom; but by Dian's shafts
She, in her father's house, was stricken down.
But, Hector, thou to me art all in one,
Sire, mother, brethren! thou my wedded love!
Then, pitying us, within the tower remain,
Nor make thy child an orphan, and thy wife
A hapless widow; by the fig-tree here
Array thy troops; for here the city wall,
Easiest of access, most invites assault.
Thrice have their boldest chiefs this point assail'd,
The two Ajaces, brave Idomeneus,
Th' Atridæ both, and Tydeus' warlike son,
Or by the prompting of some heaven-taught seer,
Or by their own advent'rous courage led."
To whom great Hector of the glancing helm:
"Think not, dear wife, that by such thoughts as these
My heart has ne'er been wrung; but I should blush
To face the men and long-robed dames of Troy,
If, like a coward, I should shun the fight.
Nor could my soul the lessons of my youth
So far forget, whose boast it still has been
In the fore-front of battle to be found,
Charged with my father's glory and mine own.
Yet in my inmost soul too well I know,
The day must come, when this our sacred Troy,
And Priam's race, and Priam's royal self,
Shall in one common ruin be o'erthrown."

THE ÆNEID.

In the great period of Roman literature, the Augustan age, as it was called, after the first emperor of Rome, the poet Virgil emulated the verse of Homer, and supplied, from the materials afforded by popular legends and oral tradition concerning the early history of his race, an epic poem, which has survived the decay of his nation and language, and given to his name a just immortality.

This great epic takes up the Homeric narrative from the siege of Troy, and proceeds to relate the adventures of Æneas, the pious son

of Venus and Anchises, and son-in-law of Priam, king of Troy, after the fall of that city. Bringing the Trojan exile, in the course of his wanderings, to Italy, Virgil makes of him the father of the Latin race and the founder of the mighty empire, which, in the poet's day, was at its greatest height of prosperity.

The following passage from Dryden's translation of the second book contains Æneas's account to Dido, queen of Carthage, of Hector's apparition to himself after the Greeks had possessed themselves of Troy :—

'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
When Hector's ghost before my sight appears.
A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bathed in tears;
Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
Through the bored holes; his body black with dust;
Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils
Of war triumphant in Æacian spoils,
Or him who made the fainting Greeks retire,
And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.
His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore,
And all the wounds he for his country bore
Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran.
I wept to see the visionary man,
And, while my trance continued, thus began :—
"O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
Oh, long expected by thy friends! from whence
Art thou so late return'd for our defence?
Do we behold thee wearied as we are
With length of labours and with toils of war?
After so many funerals of thy own,
Art thou restored to thy declining town?
But say, what wounds are these? What new disgrace
Deforms the manly features of thy face?"
To this the spectre no reply did frame,
But answer'd to the cause for which he came,
And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
This warning, in these mournful words, express'd :—
"O goddess born! escape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes already have possess'd the wall;
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name—
More than enough to duty and to fame.
If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone.

Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate:
From their assistance happier walls expect,
Which, wandering long, at last thou shalt erect."
He said, and brought me from their blest abodes,
The venerable statues of the gods,
With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir,
The wreaths and reliques of the immortal fire.

THE RAMAYANA.

"The two great epics of India are the 'Mahabharata,' or tale of the great Indian (Bharatan) race, and the 'Ramayana,' or history of the demigod Rama. These two poems, which comprise all the history, and half the mythology of India before the time of Alexander, are known to us only in forms which give no clue whatsoever to their date. They are, doubtless, late recensions of the earlier epics, and the language in which they have come down to us is that of a few centuries only before our own era. Yet there can be little doubt of their higher antiquity."

Of these epics, the Ramayana is by far the grandest and most popular in India. It relates that Dasharatha, an ancient king of Oude, by the favour of the gods, was presented with two sons, Rama and Bharata. The mother of Bharata, jealous of Kanshalya, the favourite wife of the king, and mother of Rama, procures the banishment of the latter by urging upon Dasharatha an old promise which he had made her. "Refusal is impossible. Rama leaves the royal city of Oude, and the blow brings the old king's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." The remainder of this long poem is occupied with the adventures, love, and heroic achievements of the hero Rama, and it ends with his conquering all his enemies and returning in triumph to his kingdom.

"The most touching episode is the story which King Dasharatha relates to his favourite wife on his deathbed, to account by fatality for the misfortunes which have brought him low." It is thus translated in Griffith's "Ancient Indian Poetry":—

On the childless king smote sadly the rash deed his hand had done;
Sorrowing spake he to Kanshalya, sighing, weeping for her son,—
"Surely each one reaps the harvest of his actions here below,
Virtuous deed shall bear him blessing, sin shall ever bring forth woe;
For a deed of boyish rashness falls on me this evil day,
As a young child tasting poison eats his death in heedless play.
'Twas the time of early summer, swelling my young soul with love,
When the sun, the earth-dews gathering, shone yet mildly from above;

Balmy cool the air was breathing, welcome clouds were floating by,
Frogs and bees in merry gladness swell'd the joyous peacock's cry;
Their wing-feathers wet with bathing, birds slow flying to the trees
Rested in the topmost branches, fann'd by the soft summer breeze;
Like the great deep, many twinkling, gold shot with gay peacock's sheen,
Gleaming with the fallen rain-drops, sea-bright all the hills were seen.
With my bow, in that glad season, to Surayu forth I drove,
To assay my archer prowess in a dark and stately grove;
There I lay in ambush, hoping that a deer might come to drink,
Lordly elephant or tiger, hidden nigh the river's brink.
Hark! a sound of gurgling water fell at eve upon my ear,
In the darkness, sight-defying, truly 'twas a sound of fear!
Eager to lay low the monster, forth a glittering shaft I drew;
Poison'd as fell serpent's venom, to the mark the arrow flew;
Then I heard a bitter wailing, and a voice, "Ah me! ah me!"
Of one wounded, falling, dying—calling out in agony,
Writhing on the bank in anguish, with a plaintive voice cried he,
'Ah! wherefore has this arrow smitten a poor, harmless devotee?
Here at eve to fill my pitcher, to a common stream came I;
In whose sight have I done evil? by whose arrow do I die?
'Tis not my own death that pains me—from my aged parents torn,
Long their stay and only succour—'tis for their sad fate I mourn.
Who will feed my aged parents? Heedless youth, whoe'er thou art,
Thou hast murder'd father, mother, offspring, all with one fell dart.'
When I heard that cry of anguish, struck with horror at the sound,
From my hand my bows and arrows quickly cast I on the ground;
Rushing forward, mind-distracted, by the river's bank I spied,
Lying low, a young ascetic, with my shaft deep in his side,
With his matted hair dishevell'd, and his pitcher cast away,
From his side the life-blood ebbing, smear'd with dust and gore he lay."

. . . . . .

The dying man beseeches the king to inform his parents of his sad fate. Dasharatha does so, and in the following lines gives the father's expression of anguish, and denunciation of the cause of his misery:—

"Guiltless son by sinner murder'd, join thine own allotted band
In the heaven of slaughter'd spirits, slain on earth by other's hand;
Hasten to thy blissful mansion, welcomed shalt thou be by those
Who fell nobly here in battle, with their bold front to their foes.
Thou shalt dwell among those bless'd up in Indra's paradise,
Who have risen by holy study, or by penance to the skies.
No one of thy race and lineage shall for aye unhappy be,
But the wretch whose rash hand slew thee,—he shall sink to misery.'

. . . . . .

Duly were the sad rites ended, by the parents' loving care,
And once more the sage address'd me, as I stood a suppliant there,—
'By thy hand am I bereaved of my only child, O king!
Let the same hand slay the father, death no longer has a sting.
But—for thou hast slain my darling—cruel king! thy breast shall know
Something of the pangs I suffer, a bereaved father's woe;
Thus I lay my curse upon thee, for this thing that thou hast done,
As I mourn for my beloved, thou shalt sorrow for a son.'
Thus the childless hermit cursed me, and straightway the aged pair

To the funeral pile ascended, and breathed out their spirits there.
Lady! this sad deed is weighing on my soul right heavily,
Now I feel that curse's power, 'tis this day fulfill'd on me!"
And at midnight the old king died.

THE "SHAH NAMEH."

Adapted from "CHAMBERS's Repository."

ABOUT the tenth century, when the power of the Abbasides had begun to decline, and many of the finest provinces of the Moslem Empire were erected into independent states, the arts of elegance revived in Persia, the language was restored, and there was hardly a prince or governor of a city who had not poets and literati in his train. One of the most distinguished of these patrons of letters was Mahmood, sultan of Ghizna. To this favoured seat of the Muses repaired the peasant Ferdusi, conscious of high poetic talent, and burning for an opportunity of distinguishing himself. His numerous rivals were obliged to stand aside; and to him the sultan committed the execution of a long cherished project—the composition of a poetical history of Persia, from the foundation of the monarchy till the Moslem conquest. A mass of materials, consisting of oral traditions collected by a previous poet, and, it is said, of some written records which had escaped the mandate of Omar, were placed at his disposal, and his reward was to be a *dinar* for every distich. The task occupied thirty years; the work, entitled the "Shah Nameh" included 60,000 distichs, and secured the immortality of Ferdusi as the Homer of Persia.

The following lines, in which Sâm, one of the heroes of the epic, relates the particulars of a conflict with human foes, are considered to contain a specimen of descriptive power little inferior to that of the Greek bard:—

O mighty king, when first the foe we view'd,
We saw a people vigorous and rude;
Not lions, who in lonely forests stray,
Not prowling tigers, are so fierce as they;
And nothing can their power of flight exceed—
Not even of Araby the generous steed,
Of our approach, when first the rumour spread,
Their state was seized with universal dread;
In every house and tower dismay appear'd,
And only lamentable groans were heard,
At length their bands in martial order pass,
Their helmets shining with resplendent brass,

Part in a vale, part on a mount were seen,
And part were stretch'd along th' extensive green,
With dreadful spears! The dust that o'er them came
Obscured the glories of the solar beam!
So seem black ants, when studiously they fill
With stores of gather'd corn the sandy hill;
Or as a multitude of gnats appear
With restless buzzing, grating to the ear—
So burst they forward! Cercius led them on,
Grandson of Salmus, he the foremost shone;
Upon the mountain height, the cypress-tree,
Or lofty pine, not taller was than he!
My Persians trembled as he came apace;
A sudden paleness spread o'er every face.
This I observed, and, brandishing my lance,
Heading my men, commanded their advance.
My horse flew forward, senseless of the reins,
Like a wild elephant on Ethiop's plains.
'Twas then returning ardour fired each soul;
'Twas then my troops rush'd on to glory's goal.
As seems the rising and the falling Nile,
Which makes the parsimonious farmer smile,
Whene'er the ground of fat manure receives,
As the flood rolls in undulating waves—
So seem'd the cover'd far-extending plain;
That moving army seem'd a floating main.
The noise in motion of our clattering arms,
The wary ears of Cercius soon alarms.
With clamour great he took a circling course,
Seeming at me alone to turn his horse.
He hoped to load me with a captive chain,
Or in my gore his flaming sabre stain.
Fruitless attempt! My bow I, aiming, bent,
And many a life-destroying arrow sent.
Like fire I saw my missile weapons fly,
Or like the lambent lightning in the sky.
Approaching, he of our delay complains,
Menacing death, or more ignoble chains;
But like a boisterous whirlwind when we closed,
Shield was to shield, and helm to helm opposed.
Just as he rose to aim a deadly blow,
I nimbly charged on the gigantic foe,
With skill superior gave a powerful wound,
Where studs of pearls his glittering sword-belt bound;
And then, exerting my collected force,
I tore the chieftain from his foaming horse!
Prostrate he falls—his ponderous arms resound,
While he, with madness raging, bites the ground;
Then in his snowy breast, my sword transfix'd—
The flowing crimson with the herbage mix'd;
I saw the last expiring gasp he made,
Gliding unhappy to the sombre shade.

Their general slain, the foe without delay
Took flight—nor rocks nor hills impede their way,
Joy for our conquest through all Persia runs,
While sad Hyrcania mourns her slaughter'd sons.
O best of kings! whose power is firmly laid,
Who touch'st the stars with thy exalted head,
Thus shall they fall who dare to disobey
Thy sovereign mandate and imperial sway!

THE NIEBELUNGEN LIED.

Adapted from GOSTICK'S "German Literature."

THE Niebelungen Lied, or song, is the national epic of the Germans, first rescued from oblivion in the twelfth century. The following is a sketch of the plot:—A young prince of Burgundy, named Siegfried, having overcome the race of the Niebelungen in battle, and possessed himself of their vast treasures in gold and gems, married Kriemhilde, a beautiful princess, the sister of Gunther, king of Burgundy. The wife of King Gunther, having some secret cause of enmity against Siegfried, treacherously procures his death at the hands of Hagen, her husband's most noted warrior. Thirteen years afterwards, the widowed Kriemhilde retires from Burgundy, and marries Etzel, or Attila, king of the Huns, in order to avenge her murdered Siegfried. To carry out her project of revenge, she invites the Burgundian king and his court to visit Attila's dominions beyond the Danube. After many misfortunes and prophetic warnings, the party arrives, and is richly entertained, but, in the midst of the festivities, the queen persuades her knights to attack the Burgundians. A dreadful and sanguinary contest follows, in which the two brothers of the king, and the whole of the Burgundian party, except himself and Hagen, who had buried Siegfried's treasure in the Rhine, perished. Dietrich of Berne, the chief of Etzel's warriors, now summons the Burgundian king and his hero to surrender; but they answer with scorn, although exhausted and almost fainting. Dietrich challenges each of them to single combat, overcomes them, and binds them fast, wishing to spare their lives. When he leads his prisoners to the queen, he earnestly entreats her to let them live. The following is the conclusion of the poem:—

The queen went first to Hagen, and look'd on him with hate;
"Receive my terms at once," said she, "before it is too late.

My Niebelungen treasure to me at last restore,
Then Gunther and yourself may see fair Burgundy once more."

Then spoke the fearless Hagen, "Your talking is in vain;
For I have sworn that buried deep your treasure shall remain,
While one of Gunther's family still lives to claim the throne;
So cease to ask—do what you will—my secret is my own."

Then turning to a follower Queen Kriemhilde bade him go
To the cell where Gunther lay and strike the fatal blow;
And Hagen cried with sorrow when he saw the servant bring
The head of Kriemhilde's brother, the brave Burgundian king.

He look'd on it a moment, then with bitterness he said,
"Gunther, Gemot, and Giselher, thy brothers all, are dead;
But never shalt thou know, destroyer of thy race,
What I alone can tell, thy treasure's hiding-place."

"Then be it so," said Kriemhilde; "you have at last restored
To me one costly treasure, my Siegfried's noble sword."
She drew it from its scabbard, struck off the hero's head,
And Etzel cried aloud to see the mighty Hagen dead.

"Without revenge he shall not die," said ancient Hildebrand
"I will not see a hero fall beneath a woman's hand."
He drew his sword against the queen, and smote her in the side,
So Kriemhilde fell beneath the blow, and, 'mid her kinsmen, died.

Thus vainly was the life-blood of many heroes shed;
Dietrich and Etzel, left alone, lamented o'er the dead;
And in dismal wailings ended the banquet of the king:
Thus love doth evermore its dole and sorrow bring.

I cannot tell you more—how, when the news was spread,
Fair ladies, knights and squires, were weeping for the dead:
What afterwards befell, 'tis not my task to say,
For here my story ends—the Niebelungen lay.

"THE CID."

The second of the mediæval epics is the poem of "The Cid," it having been composed about the middle of the twelfth century.

The subject of this poem is Ruy or Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, the great Christian champion of Spain against the Moors, in the eleventh century. He gained his surname of "The Cid" from the Moorish title "Es Sayd," (the lord,) applied to him by five generals whom he had vanquished and taken prisoners. The poem abounds with narrations of great interest, concerning the early periods of Spanish history, and the life of the hero whom it celebrates.

The accompanying passage from Southey's "Chronicle of the Cid," describes the challenge offered by Pero Bermuez, a near relation of Rodrigo, to the Infantes, or Counts of Carion, who had grievously maltreated the daughters of the hero, to whom they had lately been married.

The Cid looked at Bermuez, that was sitting at his foot:
"Speak thou, Peter the Dumb, what ails thee to sit mute?
My daughters and thy nieces are the parties in dispute.
Stand forth and make reply, if thou wouldst do them right;
If I should rise to speak, thou canst not hope to fight."
Peter Bermuez rose, somewhat he had to say,
The words were strangled in his throat, they could not find their way,
Till forth they came at once, without a stop or stay:
"Cid, I 'll tell you what, this always is your way!
You 've always served me thus; whenever we have come
To meet here in the Cortes, you call me Peter the Dumb.
I cannot help my nature; I never talk nor rail;
But when a thing is to be done, you know I never fail.
Fernando you have lied, you have lied in every word:
You have been honour'd by the Cid, and favour'd and preferr'd.
I know of all your tricks, and can tell them to your face:
Do you remember in Valencia, the skirmish and the chase?
You ask'd leave of the Cid to make the first attack:
You went to meet the Moor, but you soon came running back.
I met the Moor and kill'd him, or he would have killèd you:
I gave you up his arms and all that was my due.
Up to this very hour I never said a word.
You praised yourself before the Cid and I stood by and heard,
How you had kill'd the Moor, and done a valiant act,
And they believed you all, but they never knew the fact.
You are tall enough and handsome, but cowardly and weak;
Thou tongue without a hand, how can you dare to speak?
There 's the story of the lion, should never be forgot:
Now, let us hear, Fernando, what answer you have got?
The Cid was sleeping in his chair, with all his knights around,
The cry went forth along the hall, that the lion was unbound,
What did you do, Fernando? like a coward as you were,
You shrunk behind the Cid, and crouch'd beneath his chair.
We press'd around the throne, to shield our lord from harm,
Till the good Cid awoke; he rose without alarm;
He went to meet the lion, with his mantle on his arm;
The lion was abash'd the noble Cid to meet,
He bow'd his long mane to the earth, his muzzle at his feet.
The Cid by the neck and mane drew him to his den,
He thrust him in the hutch and came out to the hall again:
He found his knights, his vassals, and all his valiant men;
He ask'd for his brave sons-in-law, and neither one was there.
I defy you for a coward, and a traitor as you are;
For the daughters of the Cid, you have done them great unright,

In the wrong that they have suffer'd, you stand dishonour'd quite.
Although they are but women, and each of you a knight,
I hold them worthier far, and here my word I plight,
Before the king, Alfonso, upon this plea to fight;
If it be God his will, before the battle part
Thou shalt avow it with thy mouth, like a traitor as thou art."

THE LUSIAD.

This epic is the production of Camoëns, a Portuguese nobleman, and distinguished mariner. It was written in the latter half of the sixteenth century.

"It appears to have been the object of the author to produce a work altogether national. It was the exploits of his fellow-countrymen that he undertook to celebrate. But though the great object of the poem is the recital of the Portuguese conquests in the Indies, the author has very happily succeeded in embracing all the illustrious actions performed by his compatriots in other quarters of the world, together with whatever of splendid and heroic achievement, historical narration, or popular fables could supply."

In the following lines, the translator, Mickle, elegantly renders Camoëns's description of the appalling vision that met the eyes of Vasco de Gama on rounding the Cape of Good Hope:—

I spoke, when rising through the darken'd air,
Appall'd we saw a hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lower'd;
An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
Erect up rose his hairs of wither'd red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoin'd, his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings scared,
The inward anguish of his soul declared.
His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
Shot livid fires. Far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the cavern'd shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold gliding horrors thrill'd the hero's breast;
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confess'd
Wild dread; the while with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began:

"O you, the boldest of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,

Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these, my waves, advance your fearless prows,
Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,
Who, 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves, explore
Where never hero braved my rage before;
Ye sons of Lusus, who, with eyes profane,
Have view'd the secrets of my awful reign,
Have pass'd the bounds which jealous Nature drew
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view,
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And bursting soon, shall o'er your race descend.

"With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage;
The next proud fleet that through my drear domain,
With daring search shall hoist the streaming vane,
That gallant navy, by my whirlwinds toss'd,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast:
Then he who first my secret reign descried,
A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive. Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O Lusus! oft shalt thou thy children wail;
Each year thy shipwreck'd sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy shected masts shall strew my shore."

. . . . . .

He spoke, and deep a lengthen'd sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanish'd from the view;
The frighten'd billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolong'd the dismal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.
High to the angel host whose guardian care
Had ever round us watch'd, my hands I rear,
And heaven's dread King implore. As o'er our head
The fiend dissolved, an empty shadow, fled;
So may his curses by the winds of heaven
Far o'er the deep, their idle sport, be driven!

THE "JERUSALEM DELIVERED."

SISMONDI'S "Literature of the South of Europe.'

WHILE men of the first reputation in Italy failed in the gigantic enterprise of producing an epic poem, a young man of twenty-one years of age, scarcely known by a romantic poem called "Rinaldo," commenced writing at the court of Ferrara, whither he had been lately invited, that "Jerusalem Delivered," which has placed its author

by the side of Homer and Virgil, and has elevated him, perhaps, above all modern poets. Torquato Tasso, whose misfortunes equalled his glory, devoted sixteen years to the composition of this poem, of which seven editions appeared in the same year, (1580,) almost all without the concurrence of the author.

The merit of Tasso consists in his having chosen the most engaging subject that could have inspired a modern poet. History presents us with the remarkable fact of a mighty contest between the people who were destined to exalt the human race to its highest pitch of civilization, and those who would have reduced it to the most degrading barbarism. This was the struggle between the Christians and Saracens during the wars of the Crusades.

The twelfth canto is considered to be the most beautiful in the whole work, the central figures being Clarinda, the heroine of the Saracenic army, and Tancred, a renowned Christian warrior. The combat between the two lovers, who do not recognise each other under the shades of night, is the masterpiece of Tasso. The combat itself is painted with matchless force of colouring. But when Clarinda is mortally wounded by her lover, the pathetic attains its greatest height, and poetry has nothing to offer more affecting.

But lo! the fated moment now was come,
The moment, charter'd with Clarinda's doom:
Great Tancred's sword her beauteous bosom tore;
Deep lodged the greedy blade, and drank her virgin gore:
Her robe, of golden tissue, that represt
Th' ambitious heavings of her snowy breast,
With the warm stream was fill'd; cold death assail'd
Her bloodless frame; her languid footsteps fail'd:
Tancred with threats the falling fair pursues,
His conquest urges, and his blows renews.
She raises, as she falls, her voice of woe,
And from her lips life's latest accents flow,
Th' infusion of the Spirit from on high—
Spirit of Faith, of Hope, of Charity!
New virtue, by th' Almighty Father given;
For, if in life she spurn'd the laws of heaven,
He will'd, at least, that in her dying hour
Her contrite soul should own her Saviour's power.
"Friend, I am conquer'd; thou hast pardon free,
And pardon I demand in death from thee;
Not on this frame, which no base fear can know,
But on my parting spirit mercy show:
'Tis for my sinful soul I bid thee pray;
Let rites baptismal wash my guilt away."
From her pale lips these languid words that fell,
Such sweetness breathed, divine, ineffable,

As to the hero's heart resistless crept;
His enmity was hush'd, his anger slept,
And straight, compell'd by some mysterious force,
Unbidden tears gush'd copious from their source.
Emerging from the hill, a scanty brook,
Not far remote, its murmuring progress took:
Thither the soul-struck warrior ran, to fill
His hollow helmet at the limpid rill,
Then hasten'd to perform the sad demand;
Some conscious instinct shook his trembling hand,
As from her face, till now unknown, he drew
The helm that cover'd it; he saw, he knew:—
All power of speech—of motion—then was gone;
Ah! cruel sight! ah! knowledge, but unknown!
Nor yet he died; in that momentous hour,
Collecting all the remnant of his power,
Deep in his soul his sorrows he suppress,
And for the solemn office arm'd his breast,
That she whom late his murderous steel had slain,
By water's saving power might live again.
As from his tongue Salvation's accents came,
New joy transform'd the virgin's dying frame,
A smile of gladness o'er her features pass'd,
And, sweetly tranquil as she breathed her last,
She seem'd to say, "Earth's vain delusions cease;
Heaven opens on my eyes; I part in peace."

THE "PARADISE LOST."

This immortal poem, the greatest of all epics, ancient or modern, whether we regard the grandeur and sublimity of its subject, or the beauty and completeness of its execution, is one of the highest contributions which the English language has made to the Republic of Letters. Its composition occupied some of the later years of its blind and infirm author, the now world-renowned but then much neglected John Milton. It was published in 1665, a few years after the restoration of the unworthy Charles II. The subject of the poem is thus stated by the poet himself, in his invocation to the Muse:—

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death unto the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heavenly Muse.——

The following lines from the opening of the sixth book contain part of Raphael's account to Adam of the arrival of the unfallen

seraph, Abdiel, at the highest Heaven or Mount of God, after the defection of Satan and his angels.

All night the dreadless angel, unpursued,
Through Heaven's wide champaign held his way; till morn,
Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by His throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through heaven
Grateful vicissitudes like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the heaven, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the morn,
Such as in highest heaven, array'd in gold
Empyreal; from before her vanish'd night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain,
Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
War he perceived, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among those friendly powers, who him received
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fallen, yet one
Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice,
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard:
"Servant of God, well done! well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach far more to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care,
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
Judged thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorn'd thou didst depart; and to subdue
By force, who reason for their law refuse;
Right reason for their law, and for their King
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,
And thou in military prowess next,
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible, lead forth my armèd saints
By thousands and by millions ranged for fight,

Equal in number to that godless crew
Rebellious; then with fire and hostile arms
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heaven
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide,
His fiery chaos to receive their fall."

THE HENRIADE.

The latest, and, by far, the weakest of modern national epics is the Henriade of Voltaire. It derives its name—as the Iliad from Ilium or Troy, the Æneid from the hero Æneas, and the Lusiad from the Lusiados or Portuguese people—from the good King Henri IV., the idol of the French monarchy, whose deeds it professes to celebrate. Although, like the great epics of Rome and Portugal, Italy and England, it is framed after the model of the Iliad, it is but a feeble and artificial imitation of Homer's immortal poem, and would not have survived to posterity had it not been the only composition of the kind which French literature has to boast. The extract that follows is from the eighth canto, and paints the horrors of the War of the League, as displayed in the combat between D'Ailly and his son, at the battle of Ivry.

Terror and death on all sides D'Ailly bore,
D'Ailly, renown'd in thirty years of war,
Who, 'mid the horrors of this civil strife,
Despite his age, new valour brings to life.
One warrior only to his threatening blows,
A youthful hero, dares his strength oppose,
Who, on this memorable, bloody day,
The dread career of arms did first essay.

. . . . . .

Through flaming whirlwinds, clouds of dust and smoke,
Where D'Ailly raged, his warlike fury broke,
O'er wounded, dead and dying, now they speed,
Each warrior urging on his foaming steed;
Far from the ranks, they dart across the plain,
Where clotted gore has left its deadly stain;
Bloody, and clad in steel, with lance in rest,
In direful shock, each strikes his foeman's breast;
Earth trembles while the spears in splinters fly;
As two dark clouds that, in a sultry sky,
Bearing within thunder and death combined,
Clash in the heavens and fly upon the wind,

From whose dread union vivid lightnings break,
The thunderbolt is form'd, and mortals quake—
Quick leaping from their steeds, scarce taking breath,
These hapless warriors seek another death.
Now gleams in either hand the trenchant blade—
There Discord ran—nor War's fierce demon stayed.
Death, pale and bloody—in the strife they close—
Infatuates, suspend your headstrong blows!—
But fatal courage arms them for the fray;
To other's heart each seeks the nearest way,
That foeman's heart which neither warrior knows.
Their glittering armour shines with frequent blows,
On either breastplate mimic lightnings flash,
And blood spouts forth from many a fearful gash:
Helmet and buckler, with defensive power
Meeting the steel, delay the fatal hour;
Amazed at such resistance, each admires
His rival's heart that glows with valorous fires.
At length, the veteran D'Ailly, by a blow,
Lays at his feet his young and generous foe.
His eyes are closed for ever to the day;
Prone in the dust, his helmet rolls away;
D'Ailly beholds his face—O wretch, undone!
He folds him in his arms—alas! his only son.

THE DRAMA.

The drama is not the exclusive possession, or even the invention, of any one race. The natural love of imitation has given birth to it in lands widely separated from each other. The ancient Indians and Chinese, the Peruvians even, originated the drama as well as the Greeks, although the latter people first brought it to any degree of perfection. The origin of the Grecian drama may be traced back to a period far beyond that at which authentic history begins. It arose out of the annual festivals in honour of Bacchus, celebrated in the Doric states of Greece. At first the rustic singers at these festivals sang their own rude and extemporaneous verses. Subsequently poets were employed to prepare parts and choruses which were committed to memory by the worshippers, or revellers, as they might more appropriately be termed. To the primitive chorus and dance succeeded the recitative and dialogue, ascribed to Thespis, a native of Attica, who lived in the sixth century before the Christian era; then followed the use of a separate edifice for dramatic representations, and the employment of costumes and scenery. In this gradual manner did the dramatic art rise from small beginnings to

the pitch of perfection which we behold in the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and the comedies of Aristophanes and Menander.

The Roman drama was a mere copy of that of Greece, and never attained among that ruder and more practical people the same degree of popularity as their gladiatorial shows. Plautus, Terence, and Seneca, are the most notable of Latin dramatic authors.

Modern dramatic poetry had its origin in the Mysteries and Moralities first introduced into Europe by pilgrims from the Holy Land. The Mysteries were exhibitions of Scripture scenes and events, the parts being frequently performed by ecclesiastics, and often abounding in the greatest blasphemies and absurdities. The Moralities were allegorical dramas, in which virtues and vices were personified and brought upon the stage, for the amusement of a barbarous and easily satisfied audience. Mysteries and Moralities were acted in England as late as the sixteenth century, under the titles of Miracle Plays and Moral Plays; in France, and especially in Germany, they held sway till a much later period. From such feeble beginnings has arisen the dramatic literature of modern Europe, boasting such names as Shakespeare and Calderon, Molière, Schiller, and Alfieri, names with which those of antiquity will hardly bear comparison.

SCENE FROM "PROMETHEUS CHAINED."

ÆSCHYLUS; the greatest of Greek dramatists, a native Athenian, and one of the heroes of Marathon: B.C. 525–456.

In this drama, in many respects the grandest production of Æschylus, the subject is Prometheus, punished for having been the benefactor of men in stealing for them fire from the skies.

Chorus. Speak now, and let us know the whole offence
Jove charges thee withal; for which he seized,
And with dishonour and dire insult loads thee.
Unfold the tale; unless, perhaps, such sorrow
Irks thee to tell.

Prometheus. To tell or not to tell
Irks me the same; which way I turn is pain.
When first the gods their fatal strife began,
And insurrection raged in heaven—some striving
To cast old Kronos from his hoary throne,
That Jove might reign, and others to crush i' the bud
His swelling mastery—I wise counsel gave
To the Titans, sons of primal heaven and earth;
But gave in vain. Their dauntless, stubborn souls
Spurn'd gentle ways, and patient-working wills,

Weening swift triumph with a blow. But me,
My mother, Themis, not once, but oft, and earth
(One shape of various names) prophetic told
That violence and rude strength in such a strife
Were vain—craft haply might prevail. This lesson
I taught the haughty Titans, but they deign'd,
Scarce with contempt, to hear my prudent words.
Thus baffled in my plans, I deemed it best,
As things then were, leagued with my mother, Themis,
To accept Jove's proffer'd friendship. By my counsels
From his primeval throne was Kronos hurl'd
Into the pit Tartarean, dark, profound,
With all his troop of friends. Such was the kindness
From me received by him who now doth hold
The masterdom of heaven; these the rewards
Of my great zeal: for so it hath been ever,
Suspicion 's a disease that cleaves to tyrants,
And they who love most are the first suspected.
As for your question, for what present fault
I bear the wrong that now afflicts me, hear.
Soon as he sat on his ancestral throne
He called the gods together, and assign'd
To each his fair allotment, and his sphere
Of sway supreme; but, ah! for wretched man!
To him nor part nor portion fell: Jove vow'd
To blot his memory from the earth, and mould
The race anew. I only of the gods
Thwarted his will; and but for my strong aid,
Hades had whelm'd, and hopeless ruin swamp'd
All men that breathe. Such were my crimes; these pains
Grievous to suffer, pitiful to behold,
Were purchased thus; and mercy 's now denied
To him whose crime was mercy to mankind:
And here I lie, in cunning torment stretch'd,
A spectacle inglorious to Jove.

Chor. An iron heart were his, and flinty hard,
Who on thy woes could look without a tear,
Prometheus; I had liefer not so seen thee,
And seeing thee, fain would call my eyesight liar.

Pro. Certes no sight am I for friends to look on.

Chor. Was this thy sole offence?

Pro. I taught weak mortals
Not to foresee harm, and forestall the fates.

Chor. A sore disease to anticipate mischance:
How didst thou cure it?

Pro. Blind hopes of good I planted
In their dark breasts.

Chor. That was a boon, indeed,
To ephemeral man.

Pro. Nay, more, I gave them fire.

Chor. And flame-faced fire is now enjoy'd by mortals.

Pro. Enjoy'd, and of all acts the destined mother.

Chor. And is this all the roll of thy offendings
That he should rage so fierce? Hath he not set
Bounds to his vengeance?
Pro. None, but his own pleasure.
Chor. And when shall he please? Vain the hope; thou see'st
That thou hast err'd; and that thou gav'st to us
No pleasure brings, to thee excess of pain.
Of this enough. Seek now to cure the evil.
Pro. 'Tis a light thing for him whose foot 's unwarp'd
By misadventure's meshes to advise
And counsel the unfortunate. But I
Foreknew my fate, and if I err'd, I err'd
With conscious purpose, purchasing man's weal
With mine own grief. I knew I should offend
The Thunderer, though deeming not that he
Would perch me thus to pine 'twixt earth and sky,
Of this wild wintry waste sole habitant.

FROM "MILES GLORIOSUS;" OR, "THE BRAGGART CAPTAIN."

PLAUTUS, the earliest and most popular of classical Roman comedians: B.C. 227–184. Translated by Riley in Bohn's Library.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Pyrgopolinices, the braggart captain. *Artotrogus*, a parasite.

Pyrg. Take ye care that the lustre of my shield is more bright than the rays of the sun are wont to be at the time when the sky is clear; that, when occasion comes, the battle being joined, amid the fierce ranks right opposite, it may dazzle the eyesight of the enemy. But I wish to console this sabre of mine, that it may not lament or be downcast in spirits, because I have thus long been wearing it keeping holiday, which so longs right dreadfully to make havoc of the enemy. But where is Artotrogus?

Arto. Here he is; he stands close by the hero, valiant and successful, and of princely form. Mars could not dare to style himself a warrior so great, nor compare his prowess with yours.

Pyrg. Him you mean whom I spared on the Gorgonidarian plains, where Bumbomachides Clytanestoridysarchides, the grandson of Neptune, was the chief commander?

Arto. I remember him; him, I suppose you mean, with the golden armour, whose legions you puffed away with your breath, just as the wind blows away leaves, or the reed-thatched roof.

Pyrg. That, on my troth, was really nothing at all.

Arto. Faith, that really was nothing at all in comparison with other things I could mention—[*aside*]—which you never did. If any person ever beheld a more perjured fellow than this, or one more full of vain boasting, faith, let him have me for himself, I'll resign myself for his slave.

Pyrg. Where are you?

Arto. Lo! here am I. I' troth, in what a fashion it was you broke the fore-leg of even an elephant in India with your fist.

Pyrg. How?—the fore-leg?

Arto. I meant to say the thigh.

Pyrg. I struck the blow without an effort.

Arto. Troth, if, indeed, you had put forth your strength, your arm would have passed right through the hide, the entrails, and the frontispiece of the elephant.

Pyrg. I don't care for these things just now.

Arto. I' faith, 'tis really not worth the while for you to tell me of it, who know right well your prowess. [*Aside.*] 'Tis my appetite creates all these plagues. I must hear him right out with my ears, that my teeth mayn't have time to grow, and whatever lie he shall tell, to it I must agree.

Pyrg. What was it I was saying?

Arto. Oh, I know what you were going to say just now. I' faith, 'twas bravely done; I remember its being done.

Pyrg. What was that?

Arto. Whatever it was you were going to say.

Pyrg. How cleverly you do suit your mind to my own mind.

Arto. 'Tis fit that I should know your inclinations studiously, so that whatever you wish should first occur to me.

Pyrg. What do you remember?

Arto. I do remember this. In Cilicia, there were a hundred and fifty men, a hundred in Cryphiolathronia, thirty at Sardis, sixty men of Macedon, whom you slaughtered altogether in one day.

Pyrg. What is the sum total of these men?

Arto. Seven thousand.

Pyrg. It must be as much: you keep the reckoning well.

Arto. Yet I have none of them written down; still so I remember it was.

Pyrg. By my troth, you have a right good memory.

Arto. [*Aside.*] 'Tis the flesh-pots give it a fillip.

Pyrg. So long as you shall do such as you have done hitherto, you shall always have something to eat: I will always make you a partaker at my table.

Arto. Besides, in Cappadocia, you would have killed five hundred men altogether at one blow, had not your sabre been blunt.

Pyrg. I let them live because I was quite sick of fighting.

Arto. Why should I tell you what all mortals know, that you, Pyrgopolinices, live alone upon the earth with valour, beauty, and achievement most unsurpassed?

. . . . . .

Pyrg. It seems that it is time for us to go to the Forum, that I may count out their pay to those soldiers whom I have enlisted of late. For King Seleucus entreated me with most earnest suit that I would raise and enlist recruits for him. To that business have I resolved to devote my attention this day.

Arto. Come, let 's be going then.

Pyrg. Guards! follow me. [*Exeunt.*

FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

SHAKESPEARE. See for notice, "Music.

SCENE—*The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear *me* speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him;
And public reasons shall be render'd
Of Cæsar's death.

Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY, *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart—That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

1*st Cit.* We 'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
1st Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to *bury* Cæsar, not to *praise* him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interr'd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious:
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff!
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious:
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once—not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
1st Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
2d Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3d Cit. There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
4th Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor as do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4th Cit. We 'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii;—
Look! in this place ran Cassius's dagger through:
See! what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
While bloody treason flourish'd over us.
Oh! now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1st Cit. Oh piteous spectacle!

2d Cit. We will be revenged: revenge; about—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That loved my friend, and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

TRIAL SCENE FROM THE "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

SHAKESPEARE.

Duke. Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?
Portia. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Por. Is thy name Shylock?
Shylock. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Can not impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not.
Antonio. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what *compulsion* must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bassanio. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum. If that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, or a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be; there's no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establish'd;
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! Yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor; here it is.
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath—an oath; I have an oath in heaven.
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge.
You know the law; your exposition
Has been most sound. I charge thee by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily do I beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O most noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare thy bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond—doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart; those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?
Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio! fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth;
To view, with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you; speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose a friend;
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little—there is something else—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh.
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

Unto the state of Venice.
Gratiano. O upright judge! Mark, Jew! — O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shall see the act:
For as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew!—a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bas. Here is the money.
Por. Soft;
The Jew shall have all justice—soft!—no haste—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge! a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But a just pound of flesh. If thou takest more,
Or less than just a pound—be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel—a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bas. I have it ready for thee, here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I! a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it?
I 'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien,
That, by direct or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou standest;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life

Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

SHAKESPEARE.

SCENE V. ACT II.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, "Welcome."

Speed. Come on, you madcap; I'll to the ale-house with you presently; when, for one shot of fivepence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What! are they broken?

Launce. No; they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understood thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou sayest?

Launce. Ay, and what I do, too; look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But, tell me true; will 't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog. If he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail, it will; if he say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou—that my master has become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou ass, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee my master has become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale-house with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

SCENE FROM "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR."

BEN JONSON, the contemporary of Shakespeare, one of the most classical of English dramatists, and poet-laureate: 1573–1637.

Captain Bobadil, a braggart soldier of fortune.
E. Knowell, friend of Downright, who has threatened to cudgel Matthew.
Matthew and *Stephen*, silly admirers of Bobadil.

Bob. I will tell you, sir, by the way of private and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one half—nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Know. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more to myself throughout the land; gentlemen they should be, of good spirit, strong and able constitution. I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have; and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccato, your imbroccato, your passado, your montanto, till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March or thereabouts, and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us. Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too. And thus we would kill every man his twenty a day, that 's twenty score; twenty score, that 's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand, forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentlemanlike carcase to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood—that is, civilly by the sword.

E. Know. Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Know. I would not stand in Downright's state, then, an you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me; if he were here now, by this welkin I would not draw my weapon on him. Let this gentleman do his mind; but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him!

Mat. Faith, and I 'll have a fling at him at my distance.

E. Know. Ods so; look where he is! Yonder he goes.

[DOWNRIGHT *crosses the stage.*

Down. What peevish luck have I! I cannot meet with these bragging rascals.

Bob. It is not he, is it?

E. Know. Yes, faith, it is he.

Mat. I 'll be hanged, then, if that were he.

E. Know. Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that was he.

Step. Upon my reputation it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so; but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

E. Know. That I think, sir.

Re-enter DOWNRIGHT.

But see, he is come again.

Down. Oh, Pharaoh's foot, have I found you? Come, draw to your tools; draw, gipsy, or I 'll thrash you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me——

Down. Draw your weapon, then.

Bob. Tall man, I never thought on it till now. Body of me! I had a warrant of the peace served on me even now, as I came along, by a water-bearer. This gentleman saw it, Master Matthew.

Down. 'Sdeath! You will not draw, then?

[*Disarms and beats him.* MATTHEW *runs away.*

Bob. Hold! hold! under thy favour, forbear!

Down. Prate again, as you like this! You 'll control the point, you! Your consort is gone; had he stayed, he had shared with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness. I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Know. No, faith, it 's an ill day, captain—never reckon it other. But, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself; that will prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir; I desire good construction in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace. Sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Know. Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet: go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid! an these be your tricks, your passados, and your montantos, I 'll none of them.

FROM THE "INFLEXIBLE PRINCE."

DON PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA, the prince of Spanish dramatists: 1600-1685. Translated by Roscoe.

Don Fernando, brother of the late king of Portugal, captive among the Moors.

Henry, his younger brother, charged to obtain his release by the surrender of Ceuta to the King of Fez.

The King of Fez.

Fer. Henry, forbear! Such words may well abase
Not only him who boasts himself a true
Soldier of Christ, and prince of Portugal,
But even the lowest of barbarians, void
Of Christian faith. My brother, well I deem,
Inserted this condition in his will,
Not that it should be acted to the letter,
But to express how much his noble heart
Desired a brother's freedom. That must be
Obtain'd by other means; by peace or war.
However may a Christian prince restore
A city to the Moors, bought with the price
Of his own blood? for he it was who first,
Arm'd with a slender buckler and his sword,
Planted our country's banner on its walls.
But even if we o'erlook this valiant deed,
Shall we forsake a city that hath rear'd
Within its walls new temples to our God?
Our faith, religion, Christian piety,
Our country's honour, all forbid the deed.
What! shall the dwelling of the living God
Bow to the Moorish crescent? Shall its walls
Re-echo to the insulting coursers' hoof,
Lodged in the sacred courts, or to the creed
Of unbelievers? Where our God hath fix'd
His mansion, shall we drive his people forth?
The faithful, who inhabit our new town,
May, tempted by mischance, haply abjure
Their faith. The Moors may train the Christian youth
To their own barbarous rites; and is it meet
So many perish to redeem one man
From slavery? And what am I but a man?
A man now reft of his nobility;
No more a prince or soldier; a mere slave!
And shall a slave, at such a golden price,
Redeem his life? Look down upon me, king,
Behold thy slave, who asks not to be free;
Such ransom I abjure. Henry, return;
And tell our countrymen that thou hast left
Thy brother buried on the Afric shore,
For life is here indeed a living death!
Christians, henceforth believe Fernando dead;

Moors, seize your slave. My captive countrymen!
Another comrade joins your luckless band;
And king, kind brother, Moors and Christians, all,
Bear witness to a prince's constancy,
Whose love of God, his country, and his faith,
O'erlived the frowns of fortune.

King of Fez. Proud and ungrateful prince, and is it thus
Thou spurn'st my favour, thus repay'st my kindness?
Deniest my sole request? Thou haply here
Thinkest thyself sole ruler, and would'st sway
My kingdom? But, henceforth, thou shalt be
By that vile name thou hast thyself assumed—
A slave! thou shalt be treated as a slave.
Thy brother and thy countrymen shall see
Thee lick the dust, and kiss my royal feet.

DON JUAN AND HIS CREDITOR.

JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN, who surnamed himself Molière, the greatest of French comedians: 1622-1673.

Don Juan; M. Dimanche, the creditor; *Sganarelle*, the valet of Don Juan.

D. Juan. Ah, M. Dimanche, enter; how delighted I am to see you, and how displeased with my servants that they did not admit you at once! I had given orders that I would be at home to nobody; but that order does not apply to you, and you have a right never to find my door shut against you.

M. Dim. I am very much obliged to you, sir.

D. Juan. (Speaking to his lacqueys.) You rascals, I will teach you to leave M. Dimanche in an ante-room. You shall learn who people are.

M. Dim. It is nothing, sir.

D. Juan. What? to tell you that I am not at home, you, M. Dimanche, my best friend?

M. Dim. Your servant, sir. I have come——

D. Juan. Come, quick! a chair for M. Dimanche.

M. Dim. I am very well, sir, as it is.

D. Juan. No, no: I desire to see you seated like myself.

M. Dim. It is unnecessary.

D. Juan. Bring an arm-chair.

M. Dim. You are joking, sir, and——

D. Juan. No, no: I know what is owing to you, and desire that there should be no difference between us.

M. Dim. Sir!——

D. Juan. Come, now, sit down.

M. Dim. There is no need for it, sir, and I have only one word to tell you. I have——

D. Juan. Settle yourself there, I beg of you.

M. Dim. No, sir, I am well enough; I came to——

D. Juan. No, I will not listen to you until you are seated.

M. Dim. Then, sir, I comply with your request. I——

D. Juan. You are looking well, M. Dimanche.

M. Dim. Yes, sir, at your service. I have come——

D. Juan. You have an astonishing fund of health, fresh lips, a blooming complexion, and bright eyes.

M. Dim. I wish to——

D. Juan. How is your good lady, Madame Dimanche?

M. Dim. Very well, sir, thank God.

D. Juan. She is a fine woman.

M. Dim. She is your servant, sir. I came——

D. Juan. And your little daughter, Claudine, how is she?

M. Dim. She could not be better.

D. Juan. What a pretty little girl she is! I love her with all my heart.

M. Dim. You do her too much honour, sir. I——

D. Juan. And little Colin, does he still continue to make as much noise with his drum?

M. Dim. The same as ever, sir. I——

D. Juan. And your little dog, Snap, does he growl as much as formerly, and bite the legs of people who call upon you?

M. Dim. More than ever, sir.

D. Juan. Do not wonder at my seeking for all news concerning your family, for I take a great interest in it.

M. Dim. We are infinitely obliged to you. I——

D. Juan. (Offering him his hand.) Shake hands, M. Dimanche. Are you a friend of mine?

M. Dim. Sir, I am your humble servant.

D. Juan. I am yours with all my heart.

M. Dim. You do me too much honour. I——

D. Juan. There is nothing I would not do for you.

M. Dim. Sir, you show me too much kindness.

D. Juan. And quite disinterestedly, I pray you to understand.

M. Dim. I have not deserved this favour, certainly. But, sir——

D. Juan. Don't mention it! M. Dimanche, without ceremony, now, will you sup with me?

M. Dim. No, sir, I must return immediately. I——

D. Juan. (Rising.) Come! quick, a torch for M. Dimanche; let four or five of my men take their muskets and escort him.

M. Dim. (Rising also.) It is quite unnecessary, sir. I can go very well alone. But—— [*Sganarelle quickly removes the chairs.*

D. Juan. Nonsense! I wish you to have an escort, for I am so much interested in your person; I am your servant, and, what is more, your debtor.

M. Dim. Ah! sir——

D. Juan. It is a fact which I do not conceal, but tell to everybody.

M. Dim. If——

D. Juan. Shall I escort you home?

M. Dim. Ah, sir, you are joking. If, sir——

D. Juan. Embrace me, then, if you please. Again I pray you to be convinced that I am entirely yours, and that there is nothing in the world I would not do to serve you. [*Exeunt.*

FROM "ATHALIE."

JEAN RACINE, next to Corneille (although in some respects superior to him) the greatest of French dramatists: 1639–1699.

Athaliah, mother of Ahaziah, the late king of Judah.
Joash, son of Ahaziah, saved by Jehosheba from the slaughter of the royal family.
Jehosheba, sister of Ahaziah, and wife of the high priest Jehoiada.
Abner, chief officer of Athaliah, favourable to Joash.

ACT II., SCENE VII.—*The Temple at Jerusalem.*

Ath. By what name are you call'd?
Joash. Eliacin.
Ath. Your father?
Joash. I, from birth, 'tis said, have been
An orphan, on God's mercy cast, who ne'er
Have known a living parent's tender care.
Ath. You have no parents?
Joash. They abandon'd me.
Ath. How, and since when?
Joash. Since my nativity.
Ath. Knows no one whence you came? your native shore?
Joash. This temple is my home; I know no more.
Ath. Where were you met with, do your guardians say?
Joash. 'Mid cruel wolves that sought me for their prey.
Ath. Who left you in this temple?
Joash. An unknown
And nameless woman, seen but then alone.
Ath. Whose hands have cared for all your infant years?
Joash. Does God e'er disregard his children's tears?
The little birds from Him receive their food,
And Nature's wide domain proclaims Him God.
Daily I supplicate Him, and am fed
With gifts upon His holy altar laid.
Ath. What prodigy is this—that his young face
Thus troubles me! so sweet a voice, such grace,
Would turn my soul, on hate and vengeance bent,
Almost to—— What if I should now relent!
Abner. Madam, behold, at length, this dreaded foe!
The falsehood of your dreams you now must know;
Unless that pity, which his words awake,
May be the fatal blow that made you quake.
Ath. [*To* JEHOSHEBA.] You leave us?
Jehosh. Since his tale is at an end,
I fear'd his further presence might offend.
Ath. Not so, return. [*To* JOASH.] How do you spend your days?
Joash. They teach me God's great law; His name I praise;
I learn to read the message of the Lord;
And have begun to write the Sacred Word.
Ath. What says this law?
Joash. God must be loved—His name
None may blaspheme without eternal blame;

The orphan He protects, resists the proud,
And vengeance on the murderer has vowed.
Ath. I understand. But those who throng this place
What do they do?
Joash. God's name they praise and bless.
Ath. Does God desire continual praise and prayer?
Joash. No worldly joy may in His temple share.
Ath. What are your pleasures?
Joash. To the priest I bring
The salt and incense for the offering;
The solemn rites of God's house I behold,
And hear his wondrous attributes extoll'd.
Ath. What! have you no more cheerful pastime here?
Poor child, I pity you a lot so drear!
Come to my court; my glory there you 'll see.
Joash. And lose God's goodness from my memory?
Ath. No, if you would remember Him, you may.
Joash. You do not pray to Him.
Ath. Still, you may pray.
Joash. God's name within your palace is unknown.
Ath. I serve my god; and you may serve your own:
They are two mighty gods.
Joash. It cannot be;
For mine is God alone; yours is but vanity.

CATO ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

ADDISON. See for notice, "Prose Literature."

IT must be so!—Plato, thou reason'st well:
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out—an hereafter,
And intimates—eternity to man.
Eternity!—thou pleasing—dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect, lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there 's a power above us—
And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works—he must delight in virtue,
And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when? or where? This world—was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This—in a moment, brings me to an end;
But this—informs me, I shall never die!
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years:
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt, amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds!

GLENALVON AND NORVAL.

JOHN HOME, a Scottish clergyman, and well-known dramatic author: 1722–1808. The extract here given is from his tragedy of "Douglas."

Glenalvon. His port I love: he 's in the proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roared. [*Aside.*
Has Norval seen the troops?

Norval. The setting sun
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale,
And, as the warriors moved, each polish'd helm,
Corslet, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.
The hill they climb'd, and, halting at the top,
Of more than mortal size, towering they seem'd
A host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host
In sounds more lofty talks of glorious war.

Norv. If I should e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir; your martial deeds
Have rank'd you with the great. But mark me, Norval;
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.
Let me, who knows these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honour; seem not to command,
Else they will hardly brook your late-sprung power,
Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

Norv. Sir, I have been accustom'd all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth;
And though I have been told that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skill'd:
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel.
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?

Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.
Norv. My pride!
Glen. Suppress it as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?
Norv. A shepherd's scorn!
Glen. Yes; if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said in secret, you're no match for me—
What will become of you?
Norv. Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?
Glen. Ha! dost thou threaten me?
Norv. Didst thou not hear?
Glen. Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe
Had not been question'd thus; but such as thee——
Norv. Whom dost thou think me?
Glen. Norval.
Norv. So I am.—
And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?
Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy;
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.
Norv. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?
Glen. Thy truth! thou 'art all a lie; and wholly false
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.
Norv. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, or bedrid old,
Perhaps I should revile; but as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.
Did I but fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.
Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee?
Norv. Villain, no more!
Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defied thee in another cause;
But heaven accelerates its vegeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.
Lord Randolph. [*Enters.*] Hold! I command you both! the man that stirs,
Makes me his foe.
Norv. Another voice than thine,
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.
Glen. Hear him, my lord; he's wondrous condescending!
Mark the humility of shepherd Norval!
Norv. Now you may scoff in safety.
Lord Ran. Speak not thus,
Taunting each other, but unfold to me

The cause of quarrel; then I judge betwixt you.
Norv. Nay, my good lord, though I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak: I will not, cannot speak
The opprobrious words that I from him have borne.
To the liege lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage; but even him,
And his high arbitration I'd reject.
Within my bosom reigns another lord;
Honour, sole judge and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favours, and let Norval go
Hence as he came, but not dishonour'd!
Lord Ran. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice;
The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banner o'er her frighted fields;
Suspend your purpose till your country's arms
Repel the bold invader; then decide
The private quarrel.
Glen. I agree to this.
Norv. And I.
Glen. Norval,
Let not our variance mar the social hour,
Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate
Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow;
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.
Norv. Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment:
When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

FROM THE "FIRST BRUTUS."

VITTORIO ALFIERI, the greatest Italian of dramatists: 1749-1803. Translated by Charles Lloyd, London, 1815.

The story upon which this tragedy is founded is familiar to every reader of early Roman history.

Brutus and Collatinus.

Col. Ah! where—ah! where, O Brutus, would'st thou thus
Drag me by force? Quickly restore to me
This sword of mine, which with beloved blood
Is reeking yet. In my own heart——
Bru. Ah! first
This sword, now sacred, in the breast of others
Shall be immerged, I swear to thee. Meanwhile
'Tis indispensable that in this Forum
Thy boundless sorrow, and my just revenge,
Burst unreservedly before the eyes
Of universal Rome.
Col. Ah no! I will

Withdraw myself from every human eye.
To my unparallcled calamity
All remedies are vain : the sword, this sword,
Alone can put an end to my distress.
Bru. O Collatinus, a complete revenge
Would surely be some solace ; and I swear
To thee, that that revenge thou shalt obtain.
Oh, of a chaste and innocent Roman lady
Thou sacred blood, to-day shalt thou cement
The edifice of Roman liberty !
Col. Ah ! could my heart indulge a hope like this,—
The hope, ere death, of universal vengeance !
Bru. Hope ? be assured of it. At length, behold,
The morn is dawning of the wish'd-for day :
To-day, my lofty, long-projected plan
At length may gain a substance and a form.
Thou, from a wrong'd unhappy spouse, may'st now
Become the avenging citizen : e'en thou
Shalt bless that innocent blood : and then if thou
Wilt give thy own, it will not be in vain
For a true country shed,—a country, yes,
Which Brutus will to-day create with thee,
Or die with thee in such an enterprise.
Col. O what a sacred name dost thou pronounce !
I for a genuine country's sake alone,
Could now survive my immolated wife.
Bru. Ah ! then resolve to live ; co-operate
With me in this attempt. A god inspires me ;
A god infuses ardour in my breast,
Who thus exhorts me : "It belongs to thee,
O Collatinus, and to thee, O Brutus,
To give both life and liberty to Rome."
Col. Worthy of Brutus is thy lofty hope :
I should be vile, if I defeated it.
Or, from the impious Tarquins wholly rescued,
Our country shall from us new life obtain,
Or we—but first avenged—with her will fall.

FROM "THE CRITIC."

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. See for notice, "Oratorical Extracts."

Dangle, Sneer, Sir Fretful Plagiary.

Dan. Ah, my dear friend ! we were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful ! admirable !
Sneer. You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful ; never in your life.
Sir F. Sincerely, then, you do like the piece ?
Sneer. Wonderfully !
Sir F. But come, now, there must be something that you think might be mended, eh ? Mr Dangle, has nothing struck you ?

Dan. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to——

Sir F. With most authors it is just so, indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious; but for my part I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece, upon the whole, yet there 's one small objection, which, if you 'll give me leave, I 'll mention.

Sir F. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir F. You surprise me! Wants incident!

Sneer. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir F. Believe me, Mr Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference; but I protest to you, Mr Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded. My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dan. Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient, and the first four acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir F. Rises, I believe you mean, sir——

Dan. No; I don't, upon my word.

Sir F. Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul; it certainly don't fall off, I assure you; no, no, it don't fall off.

Dan. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir F. The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villanous, licentious, abominable, infernal—— Not that I ever read them; no, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dan. You are quite right, for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir F. No; quite the contrary. Their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric; I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer. Why, that 's true; and that attack, now, on you the other day——

Sir F. What? Where?

Dan. Ay! you mean in a paper of Thursday. It was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir F. Oh! so much the better. Ha! ha! ha! I would not have it otherwise.

Dan. Certainly it is only to be laughed at, for——

Sir F. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle, Sir Fretful seems a little anxious——

Sir F. Oh no! Anxious! not I; not the least. I—— But one may as well hear, you know.

Dan. Sneer, do *you* recollect? [*Aside to* SNEER.] Make out something.

Sneer. [*Aside to* DANGLE.] I will. [*Aloud.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir F. Well, and pray, now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever, though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir F. Ha! ha! ha! Very good!

Sneer. That, as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office.

Sir F. Ha! ha! ha! Very pleasant.

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste, but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir F. Ha! ha!

Sneer. In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable if the thoughts were ever suited to the expressions; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic incumbrance of its fine language like a clown in one of the new uniforms.

Sir F. Ha! ha!

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakespeare resemble the mimiery of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir F. Ha!——

Sneer. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you, for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, incumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize.

Sir F. [*After great agitation.*] Now, another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer. Oh, but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir F. I know it. I *am* diverted. Ha! ha! ha! not the least invention! Ha! ha! ha!—very good, very good!

Sneer. Yes; no genius! Ha! ha! ha!

Dan. A severe rogue; ha! ha! ha! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir F. To be sure; for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse, why, one is always sure to hear of it from some good-natured friend or other!

SCENE FROM "GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN."

JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE, one of the greatest of German poets, dramatists, and novelists: 1749–1832. Translated by Sir W. Scott.

The Council-House at Heilbronn. Imperial Commissioners seated at a table. The Captain and the Magistrates of the city attending.

Mag. In pursuance of your order we have collected the stoutest and

most determined of our citizens. They are at hand, in order, at a nod from you, to seize Berlichingen.

Com. We shall have much pleasure in communicating to his imperial majesty the zeal with which you have obeyed his illustrious commands. Are they artizans?

Mag. Smiths, coopers, and carpenters, men with hands hardened by labour; and resolute here. [*Points to his breast.*

Com. 'Tis well!

Enter Sergeant.

Serg. Goetz von Berlichingen waits without.

Com. Admit him.

Enter GOETZ.

Goetz. God save you, sirs! What would you with me?

Com. First, that you consider where you are; and in whose presence.

Goetz. By my faith, I know you right well, sirs.

Com. You acknowledge allegiance?

Goetz. With all my heart.

Com. Be seated. [*Points to a stool.*

Goetz. What, down there? I'd rather stand. That stool smells so of poor sinners, as indeed does the whole apartment.

Com. Stand, then.

Goetz. To business, if you please.

Com. We shall proceed in due order.

Goetz. I am glad to hear it. Would you had always done so!

Com. You know how you fell into our hands, and are a prisoner at discretion.

Goetz. What will you give me to forget it?

Com. Could I give you modesty, I should better your affairs.

Goetz. Better my affairs! could you but do that? To repair is more difficult than to destroy.

Sec. Shall I put all this on record?

Com. Only what is to the purpose.

Goetz. As far as I am concerned you may print every word of it.

Com. You fell into the power of the emperor, whose paternal goodness got the better of his justice, and, instead of throwing you into a dungeon, ordered you to repair to his beloved city of Heilbronn. You gave your knightly parole to appear and await the termination in all humility.

Goetz. Well; I am here, and await it.

Com. And we are here to intimate to you his imperial majesty's mercy and clemency. He is pleased to forgive your rebellion, to release you from the bar, and all well-merited punishment; provided you do, with becoming humility, receive his bounty, and subscribe to the articles which shall be read unto you.

Goetz. I am his majesty's faithful servant, as ever. One word, ere you proceed. My people—where are they? What will be done with them?

Com. We are not bound to account to you.

Goetz. Ah! I forgot that you are not even pledged to perform what you have promised, much less—

Com. Our business is to lay the articles before you. Submit yourself to

the emperor, and you may find a way to petition for the life and freedom of your comrades.

Goetz. Your paper.

Com. Secretary, read it.

Sec. (*reads.*) "I, Goetz von Berlichingen, make public acknowledgment, by these presents, that I, having lately risen in rebellion against the emperor and empire—"

Goetz. 'Tis false! I am no rebel, I have committed no offence against the emperor, and with the empire I have no concern.

Com. Be silent, and hear further.

Goetz. I will hear no further. Let any one arise and bear witness. Have I ever taken one step against the emperor, or against the house of Austria? Has not the whole tenor of my conduct proved that I feel better than any one else what all Germany owes to its head; and especially what the free knights and feudatories owe to their liege lord, the emperor? I should be a villain, could I be induced to subscribe that paper.

Com. Yet we have strict orders to try and persuade you by fair means, or, in case of your refusal, to throw you into prison.

Goetz. Into prison! Me!

Com. Where you may expect your fate from the hands of justice, since you will not take it from those of mercy.

Goetz. To prison! You abuse the imperial power! To prison! That was not the emperor's command. What, ye traitors, to dig a pit for me, and hang out your oath, your knightly honour, as the baits. To promise me permission to ward myself on parole, and then again to break your treaty!

Com. We owe no faith to robbers.

Goetz. Wert thou not the representative of my sovereign, whom I respect even in the vilest counterfeit, thou shouldst swallow that word or choke upon it. I was engaged in an honourable feud. Thou might'st thank God, and magnify thyself before the world, hadst thou ever done as gallant a deed as that with which I now stand charged. (*The Commissioner makes a sign to the Magistrate of Heilbronn, who rings a bell.*) Not for the sake of paltry gain, not to wrest followers or lands from the weak and the defenceless, have I sallied forth. To rescue my page and defend my own person—see ye any rebellion in that? The emperor and his magnates, reposing on their pillows, would never have felt our need. I have, God be praised, one hand left, and I have done well to use it.

Enter a party of Artizans armed with halberds and swords.

Goetz. What means this?

Com. You will not listen. Seize him!

Goetz. Let none come near me who is not a very Hungarian ox. One salutation from my iron fist shall cure him of headache, toothache, and every other ache under the wide heaven! (*They rush upon him. He strikes one down, and snatches a sword from another. They stand aloof.*) Come on! come on! I should like to become acquainted with the bravest among you.

Com. Surrender!

Goetz. With a sword in my hand! Know ye not that it depends but upon myself to make way through all these hares, and gain the open field?

But I will teach you how a man should keep his word. Promise me but free ward, and I will give up my sword and be again your prisoner.

Com. How? Would you treat with the emperor sword in hand?

Goetz. God forbid! only with you and your worthy fraternity! You may go home, good people; you are only losing your time, and here there is nothing to be got but bruises.

Com. Seize him! What! does not your love for the emperor supply you with courage?

Goetz. No more than the emperor supplies them with plaister for the wounds their courage would earn them.

Enter Sergeant, *hastily*.

Officer. The warder has just discovered, from the castle-tower, a troop of more than two hundred horsemen hastening towards the town. Unperceived by us, they have pressed forward from behind the hill, and threaten our walls.

Com. Alas! alas! What can this mean?

A Soldier *enters*.

Soldier. Francis of Sickingen waits at the drawbridge, and informs you that he has heard how perfidiously you have broken your word to his brother-in-law, and how the council of Heilbronn have aided and abetted in the treason. He is now come to insist upon justice, and, if refused it, threatens, within an hour, to fire the four quarters of your town, and abandon it to be plundered by his vassals.

Goetz. My gallant brother!

Com. Withdraw, Goetz. [*Exit* GOETZ.] What is to be done?

Mag. Have compassion upon us and our town! Sickingen is incxorable in his wrath; he will keep his word.

Com. Shall we forget what is due to ourselves and the emperor?

Capt. If we had but men to enforce it; but, situated as we are, a show of resistance would only make matters worse. It is better for us to yield.

Mag. Let us apply to Goetz to put in a good word for us. I feel as though I saw the town already in flames.

Com. Let Goetz approach.

Enter GOETZ.

Goetz. What now?

Com. Thou wilt do well to dissuade thy brother-in-law from his rebellious interference. Instead of rescuing thee he will only plunge thee deeper in destruction, and become the companion of thy fall!

Goetz. [*sees his wife,* Elizabeth, *at the door, and speaks to her aside.*] Go, tell him instantly to break in and force his way hither, but to spare the town. As for these rascals, if they offer any resistance, let him use force. I care not if I lose my life, provided they are all knocked on the head at the same time.

FROM "WALLENSTEIN."

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER, the most popular of German poets, dramatic and lyrical: 1759–1805. Translated by Coleridge.

Von Questenberg, Imperial Envoy. *Oct. Piccolomini*, Lieut-General.
Max. Piccolomini, (his Son) Colonel of Cuirassiers.

Quest. O hear your father, noble youth! hear *him*
Who is at once the hero and the man.
Oct. My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee!
A war of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy school.
Peace hast thou never witness'd! There exists
A higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose,
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,—
These are not they, my son, that generate
The calm, the blissful, and the enduring mighty!
Lo, there! the soldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momently,
With arms and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel!
The motley market fills; the roads, the streams,
Are crowded with new freights, trade stirs and hurries!
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
The tent drops down, the horde renews its march.
Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard
The meadow and down-trodden seed plot lie,
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.
Max. Oh, let the emperor make peace, my father!
Most gladly would I give the blood-stain'd laurel
For the first violet of the leafless spring,
Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journey'd!
Oct. What ails thee? what so moves thee all at once?
Max. Peace have I ne'er beheld? I *have* beheld it.
From thence am I come hither. Oh, that sight,
It glimmers still before me, like some landscape
Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape!
My road conducted me through countries where
The war has not yet reach'd. Life, life, my father—
My venerable father, life has charms
Which we have ne'er experienced. We have been
But voyaging along its barren coasts,
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages,
Nor know ought of the mainland but the bays
Where safeliest they may venture a thieves' landing.
Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals,
Of fair and exquisite, Oh, nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

Oct. [*Attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness.*]
And so your journey has reveal'd this to you?
Max. 'Twas the first leisure of my life. Oh, tell me,
What is the need and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil, which robb'd me of my youth,
Left me a heart unsoul'd and solitary,
A spirit uninform'd, unornamented!
For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,
The invaried, still returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms—
There 's nothing here, there 's nothing in all this
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
This cannot be the sole felicity,
These cannot be man's best and only pleasures.
Oct. Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.
Max. Oh, day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life: when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colours are unfurl'd, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hush'd, and hark!
Now the soft peace march beats, Home, brothers, home!
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all fill'd with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.
Quest. (*Apparently much affected.*) Oh, that you should speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day!

SCENE FROM "ION."

SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, an English Judge, an accomplished scholar, and the most classical of modern dramatists: 1795-1854.

Ion, a captive. *Adrastus*, King of Argos.

Ion. If thou hast ever loved—
Ad. Beware! beware!
Ion. Thou hast! I see thou hast! Thou art not marble,

And thou shalt hear me! Think upon the time
When the clear depths of thy yet lucid soul
Were ruffled with the troublings of strange joy,
As if some unseen visitant from heaven
Touch'd the calm lake and wreath'd its images
In sparkling waves;—recall the dallying hope
That on the margin of assurance trembled,
As loth to lose in certainty too bless'd
Its happy being;—taste in thought again
Of the stolen sweetness of those evening walks,
When pansied turf was air to winged feet,
And circling forests, by ethereal touch
Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky,
As if about to melt in golden light,
Shapes of one heavenly vision; and thy heart,
Enlarged by its new sympathy with one,
Grew bountiful to all!

Ad. That tone! that tone!
Whence came it? from thy lips? It cannot be
The long-hush'd music of the only voice
That ever spake unbought affection to me,
And waked my soul to blessing. O sweet hours
Of golden joy, ye come!—your glories break
Through my pavilion'd spirit's sable folds.
Roll on! roll on! Stranger, thou dost enforce me
To speak of things unbreathed by lip of mine
To human ear: wilt listen?

Ion. As a child.

Ad. Again!—that voice again! Thou hast seen me moved
As never mortal saw me, by a tone
Which some light breeze, enamour'd of the sound,
Hath wafted through the woods, till thy young voice
Caught it to rive and melt me. At my birth
This city, which, expectant of its prince,
Lay hush'd, broke out in clamorous ecstasies;
Yet, in that moment, while the uplifted cups
Foam'd with the choicest product of the sun,
And welcome thunder'd from a thousand throats,
My doom was seal'd. From the hearth's vacant space,
In the dark chamber where my mother lay,
Faint with the sense of pain-bought happiness,
Came forth, in heart-appalling tone, these words
Of me, the nursling—"Woe unto the babe!
Against the life which now begins shall life,
Lighted from thence, be arm'd, and, both soon quench'd,
End this great line in sorrow!" Ere I grew
Of years to know myself a thing accursed,
A second son was born to steal the love
Which fate had else scarce rifled: he became
My parents' hope, the darling of the crew
Who lived upon their smiles, and thought it flattery
To trace in every foible of my youth—

A prince's youth—the workings of the curse;
My very mother—Jove! I cannot bear
To speak it now—look'd freezingly upon me!
Ion. But thy brother!—
Ad. Died. Thou hast heard the lie,
The common lie that every peasant tells
Of me, his master—that I slew the boy.
'Tis false. One summer's eve, below a crag
Which, in his wilful mood, he strove to climb,
He lay a mangled corpse: the very slaves,
Whose cruelty had shut him from my heart,
Now coin'd their own injustice into proofs
To brand me as his murderer.
Ion. Did they dare
Accuse thee?
Ad. Not in open speech:—they felt
I should have seized the miscreant by the throat,
And crush'd the lie half-spoken with the life
Of the base speaker: but the tale look'd out
From the stolen gaze of coward eyes which shrank
When mine have met them; murmur'd through the crowd
That at the sacrifice, or feast, or game,
Stood distant from me; burnt into my soul,
When I beheld it in my father's shudder!
Ion. Did'st not declare thy innocence?
Ad. To whom?
To parents who could doubt me? To the ring
Of grave impostors, or their shallow sons,
Who should have studied to prevent my wish
Before it grew to language; hail'd my choice
To service as a prize to wrestle for;
And whose reluctant courtesy I bore,
Pale, with proud anger, till from lips compress'd
The blood has started? To the common herd,
The vassals of our ancient house, the mass
Of bones and muscles framed to till the soil
A few brief years, then rot unnamed beneath it;
Or, deck'd for slaughter at their master's call,
To smite and to be smitten, and lie crush'd
In heaps to swell his glory or his shame?
Answer to them? No! though my heart had burst,
As it was nigh to bursting! To the mountains
I fled, and on their pinnacles of snow
Breasted the icy wind, in hope to cool
My spirit's fever—struggled with the oak
In search of weariness, and learn'd to rive
Its stubborn boughs, till limbs once lightly strung
Might mate in cordage with its infant stems;
Or on the sea-beat rock tore off the vest
Which burnt upon my bosom, and to air
Headlong committed, clove the water's depth
Which plummet never sounded;—but in vain.

Ion. Yet succour came to thee?
Ad. A blessed one!
Which the strange magic of thy voice revives,
And thus unlocks my soul. My rapid steps
Were in a wood-encircled valley stay'd
By the bright vision of a maid, whose face
Most lovely, more than loveliness reveal'd
In touch of patient grief, which dearer seem'd
Than happiness to spirit sear'd like mine.
With feeble hands she strove to lay in earth
The body of her aged sire, whose death
Left her alone. I aided her sad work;
And soon, two lonely ones by holy rites
Became one happy being. Days, weeks, months,
In streamlike unity flow'd silent by us
In our delightful nest. My father's spies—
Slaves, whom my nod should have consign'd to stripes
Or the swift falchion—track'd our sylvan home,
Just as my bosom knew its second joy,
And, spite of fortune, I embraced a son.
Ion. Urged by thy trembling parents to avert
That dreadful prophecy.
Ad. Fools! did they deem
Its worst accomplishment could match the ill
Which they wrought on me? It had left unharm'd
A thousand ecstacies of passion'd years,
Which, tasted once, live ever, and disdain
Fate's iron grapple! Could I now behold
That son with knife uplifted at my heart,
A moment ere my life-blood follow'd it,
I would embrace him with my dying eyes,
And pardon destiny! While jocund smiles
Wreath'd on the infant's face, as if sweet spirits
Suggested pleasant fancies to its soul,
The ruffians broke upon us—seized the child—
Dash'd through the thicket to the beetling rock
'Neath which the deep sea eddies; I stood still,
As stricken into stone: I heard him cry,
Press'd by the rudeness of the murderer's gripe,
Severer ill unfearing—then the splash
Of waters that shall cover him for ever;
And could not stir to save him!
Ion. And the mother?—
Ad. She spake no word; but clasp'd me in her arms,
And lay her down to die! A lingering gaze
Of love she fix'd on me—none other loved—
And so pass'd from hence. By Jupiter, her look—
Her dying patience glimmers in thy face!
She lives again! She looks upon me now!
There's magic in't. Bear with me—I am childish.

TELL TO HIS NATIVE MOUNTAINS.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, the most diligent and successful of modern dramatic authors. "Virginius" and "William Tell" are his best productions: 1784-1859.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again!—Oh sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are, how mighty, and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine; whose smile
Makes glad—whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice!—I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!
Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow,
O'er the abyss. His broad expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoy'd him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath
And round about; absorb'd, he heeded not
The death that threaten'd him. I could not shoot—
'Twas Liberty! I turn'd my bow aside,
And let him soar away!
Heavens! with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And think the land was free. Yes, it was free—
From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free—
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plough our valleys without asking leave;
Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun.
How happy was I then! I loved
Its very storms. Yes, I have often sat
In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake—
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring, I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own.

—On the wild jutting cliff, o'ertaken oft
By the mountain blast, I 've laid me flat along ;
And while gust follow'd gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
Then I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wish'd me there ;—the thought that mine was free
Has check'd that wish ; and I have raised my head,
And cried in thraldom to that furious wind,
Blow on ! This is the land of liberty !

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE'S DEFENCE OF HIS REBELLION.

HENRY TAYLOR, essayist and author of the dramas "Philip Van Artevelde" and "Edwin the Fair :" born 1802.

YOU speak of insurrections : bear in mind
Against what rule my father and myself
Have been insurgent ; whom did we supplant ?—
There was a time, so ancient records tell,
There were communities, scarce known by name
In these degenerated days, but once far-famed,
Where liberty and justice, hand in hand,
Order'd the common weal ; where great men grew
Up to their natural eminence, and none,
Saving the wise, just, eloquent, were great.
Whom may we *now* call free ? whom great ? whom wise ?
Whom innocent ?—the free are only they
Whom power makes free to execute all ills
Their hearts imagine ; they are only great
Whose passions nurse them from their cradles up
In luxury and lewdness,—whom to see
Is to despise, whose aspects put to scorn
Their station's eminence ; the wise, they only
Who wait obscurely till the bolts of heaven
Shall break upon the land, and give them light
Whereby to walk ; the innocent, alas !
Poor innocency lies where four roads meet,
A stone upon her head, a stake driven through her,—
For who is innocent that cares to live ?
The hand of power doth press the very life
Of innocency out.
What, then, remains,
But in the cause of nature to stand forth,
And turn this frame of things the right side up ?
For this the hour is come, the sword is drawn,
And tell your masters vainly they resist.
Nature, that slept beneath their poisonous drugs,
Is up and stirring, and from north and south,
From east and west, from England and from France,

From Germany, and Flanders, and Navarre,
Shall stand against them like a beast at bay.
The blood that they have shed will hide no longer
In the blood-sloken soil, but cries to heaven.
Their cruelties and wrongs against the poor
Shall quicken into swarms of venomous snakes,
And hiss through all the earth, till o'er the earth,
That ceases then from bissings and from groans,
Rises the song—how are mighty fallen!
And by the peasant's hand! Low lie the proud!
And smitten with the weapons of the poor—
The blacksmith's hammer, and the woodman's axe!
Their tale is told; and for that they were rich,
And robb'd the poor; and for that they were strong,
And scourged the weak; and for that they made laws
Which turn'd the sweat of labour's brow to blood,—
For these their sins the nations cast them out!
These things come to pass
From small beginnings, because God is just.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY:

LYRIC, ELEGIAC, DIDACTIC, DESCRIPTIVE, PASTORAL, SATIRIC, AND HUMOROUS POETRY, BALLADS, AND METRICAL FABLES AND ROMANCES, CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

ODE TO SPRING.

ANACREON, one of the most graceful of Greek lyric poets: B.C. 540-480. It is very doubtful whether he was the author of the odes attributed to him. Translated by Thomas Moore, the distinguished author of "Lalla Rookh," and the "Irish Melodies:" 1779-1852.

SEE the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her spangled wing;
While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way!
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away;
And cultured field, and winding stream,
Are sweetly tissued by his beam.
Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury!

HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON.

From the Greek Anthology, a collection of epigrams by the ancient Greek poets and philosophers. This extract is attributed to CALLISTRATUS, and celebrates the assassination of the tyrant Hipparchus: B.C. 514.

I'LL wreath my sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid the tyrant low,

When patriots, burning to be free,
To Athens gave equality.

Harmodius, hail! though 'reft of breath,
Thou ne'er shalt feel the stroke of death;
The heroes' happy isles shall be
The bright abode allotted thee.

I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid Hipparchus low,
When at Athene's adverse fane
He knelt, and never rose again.

While Freedom's name is understood,
You shall delight the wise and good;
You dared to set your country free,
And gave her laws equality.

CHORUSES IN THE "HECUBA" AND THE "ALCESTIS."

EURIPIDES, the third of the great Greek dramatists, with Æschylus and Sophocles, adorned the age of Pericles: B.C. 480–406. Translated by Anstice.

Hecuba, the wife of Priam, king of Troy, relates the story of its capture by the Greeks.

THE fatal hour was midnight's calm,
When the feast was done, and sleep like balm
Was shed on every eye.
Hush'd was the choral symphony,
The sacrifice was o'er.
My lord to rest his limbs had flung;
His idle spear in its place was hung;
He dreamed of foes no more.
And I, while I lost my lifeless gaze,
In the depth of the golden mirror's blaze,
That my last light task was aiding,
Was wreathing with fillets my tresses' maze,
And with playful fingers braiding.
Then came a shout;
Through the noiseless city the cry rang out,
"Your homes are won if ye scale the tow'r,
Sons of the Greeks! is it not the hour?"

Alcestis, the wife of Admetus, king of Pheræ, freely gave her life to save that of her husband, which the Fates had promised to spare, provided that father, mother, or wife, would consent to die in his stead.

Be patient, for thy tears are vain—
They may not wake the dead again:
E'en heroes of immortal sire,
And mortal mothers born, expire.
Oh, she was dear
While she linger'd here!

She is dear now she rests below;
And thou may'st boast
That the bride thou hast lost
Was the noblest earth can show.

We will not look on her burial sod
As the cell of sepulchral sleep;
It shall be as the shrine of a radiant god,
And the pilgrim shall visit that blest abode
To worship, and not to weep;
And as he turns his steps aside,
Thus shall he breathe his vow:
"Here sleeps a self-devoted bride
Of old, to save her lord she died;
She is a spirit now.
Hail, bright and blest one! grant to me
The smiles of glad prosperity."
Thus shall he own her name divine,
Thus bend him at Alcestis' shrine.

EARLY BALLAD POETRY.

THOMAS BABINGTON, Lord Macaulay, the most popular of modern historians, and celebrated in the poetic world for his "Lays of Ancient Rome:" 1800-1859. From the preface to "Lays of Ancient Rome."

THE Latin literature which has come down to us is of later date than the commencement of the second Punic war, and consists almost exclusively of works fashioned on Greek models. The Latin metres, heroic, elegiac, lyric, and dramatic, are of Greek origin. The best Latin epic poetry is the feeble echo of the Iliad and Odyssey. The best Latin eclogues are imitations of Theocritus. The plan of the most finished didactic poem in the Latin tongue was taken from Hesiod. The Latin tragedies are bad copies of the master-pieces of Sophocles and Euripides. The Latin comedies are free translations from Demophilus, Menander, and Apollodorus. The Latin philosophy was borrowed, without alteration, from the Portico and the Academy; and the great Latin orators constantly proposed to themselves, as patterns, the speeches of Demosthenes and Lysias.

But there was an earlier Latin literature, a literature truly Latin, which has wholly perished—which had, indeed, almost wholly perished, long before those whom we are in the habit of regarding as the greatest Latin writers were born. That literature abounded with metrical romances, such as are found in every country where there is much curiosity and intelligence, but little reading and

writing. All human beings, not utterly savage, long for some information about past times, and are delighted by narratives which present pictures to the eye of the mind. But it is only in very enlightened communities that books are readily accessible. Metrical composition, therefore, which in a highly civilized nation is a mere luxury, is, in nations imperfectly civilized, almost a necessary of life, and is valued less on account of the pleasure which it gives to the ear, than on account of the help which it gives to the memory. A man who can invent or embellish an interesting story, and put it into a form which others may easily retain in their recollection, will always be highly esteemed by a people eager for amusement and information, but destitute of libraries. Such is the origin of ballad-poetry, a species of composition which scarcely ever fails to spring up and flourish in every society, at a certain point in the progress towards refinement. Tacitus informs us that songs were the only memorials of the past which the ancient Germans possessed. We learn from Lucan and from Ammianius Marcellinus, that the brave actions of the ancient Gauls were commemorated in the verses of bards. During many ages, and through many revolutions, minstrelsy retained its influence over both the Teutonic and the Celtic race. The vengeance exacted by the spouse of Attila for the murder of Siegfried was celebrated in rhymes, of which Germany is still justly proud. The exploits of Athelstane were commemorated by the Anglo-Saxons, and those of Canute by the Danes, in rude poems, of which a few fragments have come down to us. The chants of the Welsh harpers preserved, through ages of darkness, a faint and doubtful memory of Arthur. In the Highlands of Scotland may be still gleaned some reliques of the old songs about Cuthullin and Fingal. The long struggle of the Servians against the Ottoman power was recorded in lays full of martial spirit. We learn from Herrera that, when a Peruvian inca died, men of skill were appointed to celebrate him in verses which all the people learned by heart, and sang in public on days of festival. The feats of Kuroglou, the great freebooter of Turkistan, recounted in ballads composed by himself, are known in every village of northern Persia. Captain Beechey heard the bards of the Sandwich Islands recite the heroic achievements of Tamehameha, the most illustrious of their kings. Mungo Park found in the heart of Africa a class of singing men, the only annalists of their rude tribes, and heard them tell the story of the great victory which Damel, the negro prince of the Jaloffs, won over Abdulkader, the Mussulman tyrant of Foota Torra. This species of poetry attained a high degree of excellence

among the Castilians, before they began to copy Tuscan patterns. It attained a still higher degree of excellence among the English and the lowland Scotch, during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. But it reached its full perfection in ancient Greece; for there can be no doubt that the great Homeric poems are generically ballads, though widely indeed distinguished from all other ballads, and, indeed, from almost all other human compositions by transcendent merit.

As it is agreeable to general experience that, at a certain stage in the progress of society, ballad-poetry should flourish, so it is also agreeable to general experience that, at a subseqnent stage in the progress of society, ballad-poetry should be under-valued and neglected. Knowledge advances; manners change; great foreign models of composition are studied and imitated. The phraseology of the old minstrels becomes obsolete. Their versification, which, having received its laws only from the ear, abounds in irregularities, seems licentious and uncouth. Their simplicity appears beggarly when compared with the quaint forms and gaudy colouring of such artists as Cowley and Gongora. The ancient lays, unjustly despised by the learned and polite, linger for a time in the memory of the vulgar, and are at length too often irretrievably lost. We cannot wonder that the ballads of Rome should have altogether disappeared, when we remember how very narrowly, in spite of the invention of printing those of our own country and those of Spain, escaped the same fate. There is, indeed, little doubt that oblivion covers many English songs equal to any that were published by Bishop Percy, and many Spanish songs as good as the best of those which have been so happily translated by Mr Lockhart. Eighty years ago England possessed only one tattered copy of Childe Waters and Sir Cauline, and Spain only one tattered copy of the noble poem of the Cid. The snuff of a candle, or a mischievous dog, might in a moment have deprived the world for ever of any of those fine compositions. Sir Walter Scott, who united to the fire of a great poet the minute curiosity and patient diligence of a great antiquary, was but just in time to save the precious reliques of the Minstrelsy of the Border. In Germany, the lay of the Niebelungs had been long utterly forgotten, when, in the eighteenth century, it was, for the first time, printed from a manuscript in the old library of a noble family. In truth, the only people who, through their whole passage from simplicity to the highest civilization, never for a moment ceased to love and admire their old ballads, were the Greeks.

That the early Romans should have had ballad-poetry, and that this poetry should have perished, is, therefore, not strange. It would, on the contrary, have been strange if it had not come to pass; and we should be justified in pronouncing them highly probable, even if we had no direct evidence on the subject. But we have direct evidence of unquestionable authority.

Ennius, who flourished in the time of the Second Punic War, was regarded in the Augustan age as the father of Latin poetry. He was, in truth, the father of the second school of Latin poetry,—of the only school of which the works have descended to us. But from Ennius himself we learn that there were poets who stood to him in the same relation in which the author of the romance of Count Alarcos stood to Garcilaso, or the author of the "Lytell Geste of Robin Hode" to Lord Surrey. Ennius speaks of verses which the Fauns and the Bards were wont to chant in the old time, when none had yet studied the graces of speech, when none had yet climbed the peaks sacred to the goddesses of Grecian song. "Where," Cicero mournfully asks, "are those old verses now?"

ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS, the greatest writer of Latin lyric poetry, and second only to Virgil among Roman poets: B.C. 65–B.C. 8. Translated by William Cowper, the Christian poet, author of "The Task," &c.: 1721–1800.

EASE is the weary merchant's prayer,
Who ploughs beneath th' Ægean flood,
When neither moon nor stars appear,
Or faintly glimmer through the cloud.

For ease the Mede with quiver graced,
For ease the Thracian hero sighs;
Delightful ease all pant to taste,
A blessing which no treasure buys.

For neither gold can lull to rest,
Nor all a consul's guard beat off
The tumults of a troubled breast,
The cares that haunt a gilded roof.

Happy the man, whose table shows
A few clean ounces of old plate,
No fear intrudes on his repose,
No sordid wishes to be great.

Poor short-lived things, what plans we lay!
Ah, why forsake our native home!
To distant climates speed away;
For self sticks close where'er we roam.

Care follows hard; and soon o'ertakes
The well rigg'd ship, the warlike steed,
Her destined quarry ne'er forsakes,
Not the wind flies with half her speed.

From anxious fears of future ill
Guard well the cheerful, happy now;
Gild e'en your sorrows with a smile,
No blessing is unmix'd below.

Thy neighing steeds and lowing herds,
Thy num'rous flocks around thee graze,
And the best purple Tyre affords
Thy robe magnificent displays.

On me indulgent Heaven bestow'd
A rural mansion, neat and small;
This Lyre;—and as for yonder crowd,
The happiness to hate them all.

THE BUFFOON AND THE COUNTRY-FELLOW.

PHÆDRUS, a freedman of Augustus, the first Roman emperor, and the earliest of Roman fabulists, flourished in the first half of the first century. Translated by Smart.

In every age, in each profession,
Men err the most by prepossession
But when the thing is clearly shown,
Is fairly urged, and fully known,
We soon applaud what we deride,
And penitence succeeds to pride.
A certain noble, on a day,
Having a mind to show away,
Invited by reward the mimes
And play'rs and tumblers of the times,
And built a large commodious stage
For the choice spirits of the age;
But, above all, amongst the rest
There came a genius who profess'd
To have a curious trick in store
That never was perform'd before.
Through all the town this soon got air,
And the whole house was like a fair;
But soon his entry as he made,
Without a prompter or parade;
'Twas all expectance and suspense,
And silence gagg'd the audience.
He, stooping down and looking big,
So wondrous well took off a pig,
All swore 'twas serious and no joke,
For that, or underneath his cloak

He had conceal'd some grunting elf,
Or was a real hog himself.
A search was made—no pig was found—
With thund'ring claps the seats resound,
And pit, and box, and gall'ries roar
With—"O rare! bravo!" and "encore."
Old Roger Grouse, a country clown,
Who yet knew something of the town,
Beheld the mimic of his whim,
And on the morrow challenged him;
Declaring to each beau and belle
That he this grunter would excel.
The morrow came—the crowd was greater—
But prejudice and rank ill-nature
Usurp'd the minds of men and wenches,
Who came to hiss, and break the benches.
The mimic took his usual station,
And squeak'd with general approbation;
Again "encore! encore!" they cry—
"'Tis quite the thing, 'tis very high."
Old Grouse conceal'd, amidst this racket,
A real pig beneath his jacket—
Then forth he came, and with his nail
He pinch'd the urchin by the tail.
The tortured pig, from out his throat,
Produced the genuine native note.
All bellow'd out 'twas very sad!
Sure never stuff was half so bad.
"That like a pig!" each cried in scoff;
"Pshaw! nonsense! blockhead! off! off! off!"
The mimic was extoll'd, and Grouse
Was hissed, and catcall'd from the house.
"Soft ye, a word before I go,"
Quoth honest Hodge; and stooping low,
Produced the pig, and thus aloud
Bespoke the stupid partial crowd:
"Behold, and learn from this poor creature,
How much you critics know of nature!"

FROM THE 13TH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

DECIUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS, a celebrated Roman Satirist: A.D. 40–120. Translated by William Gifford, an eminent English critic, and first editor of the *Quarterly Review*: 1755–1826.

A SPARTAN once the Oracle besought
To solve a scruple which perplex'd his thought,
And plainly tell him if he might forswear
A purse, of old confinèd to his care.
Incensed, the priestess answer'd, "Waverer, No!

Nor shalt thou for the doubt, unpunish'd go."
With that he hasten'd to restore the trust;
But fear alone, not virtue, made him just:
Hence, he soon proved the Oracle divine,
And all the answer worthy of the shrine;
For plagues pursued his race without delay,
And swept them from the earth, like dust, away.
By such dire sufferings did the wretch atone
The crime of meditated fraud alone!
For, IN THE EYE OF HEAVEN a wicked deed
Devised, is done; what, then, if we proceed?
Perpetual fears the offender's peace destroy,
And rob the social hour of all its joy:
Feverish and parch'd he chews, with many a pause,
The tasteless food, that swells beneath his jaws:
Spits out the produce of the Albanian hill,
Mellow'd by age;—you bring him mellower still,
And, lo! such wrinkles on his brow appear,
As if you brought Falernian vinegar!
At night, should sleep his harass'd limbs compose,
And steal him one short moment from his woes,
Then dreams invade; sudden, before his eyes
The violated fane and altar rise;
And (what disturbs him most) your injured shade,
In more than mortal majesty array'd,
Frowns on the wretch, alarms his treacherous rest,
And wrings the dreadful secret from his breast.
These, these are they, who tremble and turn pale
At the first mutterings of the hollow gale!
Who sink with terror at the transient glare
Of meteors, glancing through the turbid air!
Oh, 'tis not chance, they cry; this hideous crash
Is not the war of winds; nor this dread flash
The encounter of dark clouds; but blasting fire,
Charged with the wrath of heaven's insulted sire!
That dreaded peal, innoxious, dies away;
Shuddering, they wait the next with more dismay,
As if the short reprieve were only sent
To add new horrors to their punishment.
Yet more; when the first symptoms of disease,
When feverish heats their restless members seize,
They think the plague by wrath Divine bestow'd,
And feel, in every pang, the avenging God.
Rack'd at the thought, in hopeless grief they lie,
And dare not tempt the mercy of the sky;
For what can such expect! what victim slay,
That is not worthier far to live than they!

DEATH SONG OF REGNAR LODBROG.

REGNAR LODBROG, King of Denmark, famous also as a Scald, or Runic poet; was taken prisoner by Ella, the Saxon king of Northumberland, while ravaging his territory, and died in an English dungeon, about the close of the eighth century. Translated by G. Herbert, London, 1804.

We smote with swords; I hold that all
By destiny or live or fall:
Each his certain hour awaits;
Few can 'scape the ruling Fates.
When I scatter'd slaughter wide,
And launch'd my vessels to the tide,
I deem'd, not I, that Ella's blade
Was doom'd at last to bow my head;
But hew'd in every Scottish bay
Fresh banquets for the beast of prey.

We smote with swords; my parting breath
Rejoices in the pang of death.
Where dwells fair Balder's father dread,
The board is deck'd, the seats are spread!
In Fiolner's court, with costly cheer,
Soon shall I quaff the foaming beer,
From hollow skulls of warriors slain!
Heroes ne'er in death complain;
To Vider's hall I will not bear
The dastard words of weak despair.

We smote with swords; their falchions bright,
(If well they kenn'd their father's plight,
How venom-filled, a viperous brood
Have gnaw'd his flesh and lapp'd his blood,)
Thy sons would grasp, Aslanga dear,
And vengeful wake the battle here.
A mother to my sons I gave
Of sterling worth, to make them brave.

We smote with swords; cold death is near,
My rights are passing to my heir.
Grim stings the adder's forked dart;
The vipers nestle in my heart.
But soon, I wot, shall Vider's wand
Fix'd in Ella's bosom stand.
My youthful sons with rage will swell,
Listening how their father fell:
These gallant boys in peace unbroken
Will never rest, till I be wroken.

We smote with swords; where javelins fly,
Where lances meet, and warriors die,
Fifty times and one I stood
Foremost on the field of blood.
Full young, I 'gan distain my sword,
Nor fear'd I force of adverse lord;

Nor deem'd I then that any arm
By might or guile could work me harm.
Me to their feast the gods must call;
The brave man wails not o'er his fall.

Cease, my strain! I hear a voice
From realms where martial souls rejoice:
I hear the maids of slaughter call,
Who bid me hence to Odin's hall:
High-seated in their bless'd abodes
I soon shall quaff the drink of gods.
The hours of life have glided by;
I fall, but smiling shall I die.

ALPIN'S LAMENT FOR MORAR.

This extract is from the "Songs of Selma," which Macpherson published in 1770, with several other poems, as translations from the Gaelic of a poet named Ossian, who, he pretended, flourished in the third century, It is generally believed that many of these poems are forgeries, and that no such person as Ossian the poet existed. At the same time, there is no doubt that the foundation of many of Macpherson's pieces is to be found in the oral poems and traditions of the Celtic-speaking populations of Scotland and Ireland, which, however, do not date further back than, at most, the eleventh century of our era.

Ryno. The wind and the rain are past; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead! Bent is his head of age; red, his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? why complainest thou as a blast in the wood, as a wave on the lonely shore?

Alpin. My tears, O Ryno, are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art on the hill, fair among the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall like Morar; the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in thy hall unstrung.

Thou were swift, O Morar, as a roe in the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire! Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now! Dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wert so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf; long grass, which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this? Who is this whose head is white with age; whose eyes are red with tears; who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war; he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's renown; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar, weep! but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall be heard thy voice; no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men, thou conqueror in the field! But the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be brightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. The song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar.

PRISON SONG.

Written by RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, King of England, and a famous troubadour, during his imprisonment by the Emperor Henry VI. of Germany in 1192. Translated from the old French in Burney's History of Music.

No wretched captive of his prison speaks,
Unless with pain and bitterness of soul,
Yet consolation from the Muse he seeks,
Whose voice alone misfortune can control.
Where now is each ally, each baron, friend,
Whose face I ne'er beheld without a smile?
Will none, his sovereign to redeem, expend
The smallest portion of his treasures vile?

Though none may blush that, nigh two tedious years,
Without relief, my bondage has endured,
Yet know, my English, Norman, Gascon peers,
Not one of you should thus remain immured:
The meanest subject of my wide domains,
Had I been free, a ransom should have found;
I mean not to reproach you with my chains,
Yet still I wear them on a foreign ground!

Too true it is—so selfish human race!
Nor dead nor captive, friend or kindred find;
Since here I pine in bondage and disgrace,
For lack of gold my fetters to unbind;
Much for myself I feel, yet ah! still more
That no compassion from my subjects flows:
What can from infamy their names restore,
If, while a prisoner, death my eyes should close?

But small is my surprise, though great my grief,
To find, in spite of all his solemn vows,
My lands are ravaged by the Gallic chief,
While none my cause has courage to espouse.

Though lofty towers obscure the cheerful day,
Yet through the dungeon's melancholy gloom,
Kind Hope, in gentle whispers, seems to say,
"Perpetual thraldom is not yet thy doom."

Ye dear companions of my happy days,
Of Chail and Penravin, aloud declare
Throughout the earth, in everlasting lays,
My foes against me wage inglorious war.
Oh, tell them too, that ne'er among my crimes,
Did breach of faith, deceit, or fraud appear;
That infamy will brand to latest times
The insults I receive, while captive here.

Know, all ye men of Anjou and Touraine,
And every bach'lor knight, robust and brave,
That duty, war, and love, alike are vain,
From bonds your sovereign and your friend to save:
Remote from consolation here I lie,
The wretched captive of a powerful foe,
Who all your zeal and ardour can defy,
Nor leaves you aught but pity to bestow.

THE LAMENTATION FOR CELIN.

Translated from the Spanish by JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, son-in-law and biographer of Sir W. Scott. In addition to his Spanish Ballads, he has written some excellent novels and reviews: 1794-1854. This ballad is supposed to have been composed in the fourteenth century.

AT the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barred,
At twilight, at the Vega gate, there is a trampling heard;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe.
What tower is fallen, what star is set, what chief come these bewailing?
"A tower is fallen, a star is set!—Alas! alas for Celin!"

Three times they knock, three times they cry, and wide the doors they throw,
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;
In gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath the hollow porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch;
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,
For all have heard the misery—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Him yesterday, a Moor did slay, of Bencerraje's blood,—
'Twas at the solemn jousting,—around the nobles stood:
The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and fair
Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight to share;
But now the nobles all lament,—the ladies are bewailing,—
For he was Granada's darling knight.—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals, in order two and two,
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view;
Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil,
Between the tambour's dismal strokes, take up their doleful tale;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless bewailing,
And all the people, far and near, cry,—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Oh! lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall,
The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all;
His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies black and dim, upon his burnished mail;
And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing,—
Its sound is like no earthly sound,—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands,—the Moor stands at his door;
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore;
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they strew
Upon their broidered garments, of crimson, green, and blue;
Before each gate the bier stands still,—then bursts the loud bewailing
From door and lattice, high and low,—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people cry,—
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye:
'Twas she that nursed him at her breast,—that nursed him long ago:
She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she well shall know!
With one deep shriek, she through doth break, when her ears receive
their wailing:—
"Let me kiss my Celin ere I die!—Alas! alas for Celin!"

FROM "CONSTANCE, THE MAN OF LAW'S TALE."

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the oldest of English poets, the author of the "Canterbury Tales," 1328-1400. This extract is slightly modernized.

THEN weep, both young and old, in all that place,
When that the king this cursed letter sent,
And Constance, with a pale and deathlike face,
On the fourth day toward the ship she went;
But ne'ertheless she takes in good intent
The will of Christ, and, kneeling on the strand,
She said, Lord, all is welcome from thy hand.

Her little child lay weeping on her arm,
And, kneeling piteously to him, she said,
"Peace, little son, I will do thee no harm;"
With that her 'kerchief from her head she braid,
And o'er his little eyes it softly laid,
And in her arms she lulleth it full fast,
And into heaven up her eyes she cast.

"O little child, alas! what is thy guilt,
That never wroughtest sin as yet, pardie?

Why will thy cruel father have thee spilt?
Oh mercy show, dear constable," quoth she,
"As let my little child dwell here with thee;
And if thou darest not him save from blame,
To kiss him only in his father's name."

Therewith she looketh backward to the land,
And said, "Farewell, my husband, pitiless;"
And up she rose, and walketh down the strand
Toward the ship, her followed all the press;
And aye she prays the child to hold his peace,
And takes her leave, and, holy of intent,
She blessed herself, and in the ship she went.

FROM "THE FAERIE QUEENE."

INVITATION OF DESPAIR TO THE RED CROSS KNIGHT. CANTO IX.

EDMUND SPENSER, the immortal author of the "Faerie Queene," the first part of the Elizabethan age: 1553-1598.

"WHO travels by the weary wandering way,
To come unto his wished-for home in haste,
And meets a flood that doth his passage stay;
Is't not great grace to help him overpast,
Or free his feet that in the mire stick fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbour's good;
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast;
Why wilt not let him pass that long hath stood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the flood?"

"He there does now enjoy eternal rest
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest;
What if some little pain the passage have,
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave;
Is not short pain well borne that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please."

The knight much wondered at his sudden wit,
And said; "The term of life is limited,
Nor may a man prolong, or shorten it:
The soldier may not move from watchful stead,
Nor leave his stand until his captain bid."
"Who life did limit by almighty doom,"
Quoth he, "knows best the terms established;
And he, that points the sentinel his room,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning drum."

SONNET TO ITALY.

This sonnet, next to some of Petrarch's (1304-1374) the finest in the Italian language, is the production of FILICAJA, a patriotic Italian poet and senator: 1642-1707. The translation is that of Roscoe, in "Sismondi's Literature."

ITALIA! thou to whom, in evil hour,
The fatal boon of beauty Nature gave,
Yet on thy front the sentence did engrave,
That ceaseless woe should be thy only dower!
Ah! were that beauty less, or more thy power!
That he who now compels thee to his arms,
Might gaze with cold indifference on thy charms,
Or tremble at thine eye's indignant lower,
Thou should'st not then behold in glittering line,
From the high Alps emoattled throngs descend,
And Gallic hordes pollute thy Po's clear wave;
Nor whilst encompassed close by spears, not thine,
Should'st thou by foreign hands thy rights defend,
Conquering or conquered, evermore a slave.

THOUGHTS ON TIME.

EDWARD YOUNG, chaplain to George II., a philosophical and reflective poet, author of the "Night Thoughts:" 1681-1765.

O TIME! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door;
Insidious Death; should his strong arm arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrear.

Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor,
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aim'd, still nearer the great mark
Of men and angels, virtue more divine.

On all important time, through every age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urged, the man
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour.
"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cried,

Had been an emperor without his crown.
Of Rome? say, rather, lord of human race:
He spoke as if deputed by mankind.

So should all speak; so reason speaks in all:
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,
For rescue from the blessings we possess?
Time, the supreme!—Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adored.

A SUMMER DAWN, FROM "THE SEASONS."

JAMES THOMSON, author of "The Seasons," the "Castle of Indolence," and other classical poems: 1700-1748. His poems are chiefly pastoral.

AND soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east,
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step
Brown Night retires. Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rocks, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoky currents shine,
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes,
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise,
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells,
And from the crowded fold in order drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?

* * * * *

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth and colour'd air,

He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light!
Of all material beings first and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds, in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! May I sing of thee!

THE BARD.

THOMAS GRAY, professor of Modern History at Cambridge, one of the most elegant and classical of minor English poets: 1716-1771.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though, fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state!
Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor even thy virtues, tyrant! shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Gloucester stood aghast in speechless trance—
"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his
quivering lance.
On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes, the poet stood:
(Loose his beard and hoary hair,
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air:)
And, with a master's hand and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre,—
"Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm'd my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries!
"No more I weep. They do not sleep;
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit! They linger yet,
Avengers of their native land;
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hand the tissue of thy line.

"'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race,
Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roof
that ring—
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
"'Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone—he rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born,
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While, proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.'
"Fond, impious man! think'st thou yon
sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me; with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine despair, and sceptred care,
To triumph and to die are mine."
He spoke; and, headlong from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

THE PASSIONS.

WILLIAM COLLINS, the writer of some of the finest odes in the English language: 1721-1759.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,

From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd lay;
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds!—his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits—by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure!
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all her song.
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast, so loud and dread,

Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat.
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each strain'd ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd:
And, now, it courted Love; now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;

And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft, from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound.
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay—
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing—
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulders flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung—
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs, and silvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leap'd up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last, came Joy's ecstatic trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round—
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

KING CHRISTIAN.

A National Song of Denmark.

Johannes Evald, the most popular of Danish lyric poets: 1743-1781.
Translated by Longfellow.

King Christian stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hull and mast,
In mist and smoke.

"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke!"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest roar:
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
From the waves was heard a wail that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark, thunders Tordenskiol,
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark rolling wave,
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms,
My grave!

ODE TO THE ALMIGHTY.

GABRIEL ROMANOVITCH DERZHAVIN, the greatest of Russian lyric poets: 1743–1816.

O THOU ETERNAL ONE! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy—all motion guide,
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God! There is no god beside.
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore,
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone,
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God, and know no more.

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays; but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try

To trace Thy councils, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can mount so high,
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence. Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Spring forth from Thee; of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin—all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art and wert, and shalt be glorious! great
Life-giving, life-sustaining potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasur'd universe surround
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee!
And as the spangles, in the sunny rays,
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to those art as the noon to night!

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost;—
What are a thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I, when heaven's unnumber'd host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd
Against Thy greatness—is a cypher brought
Against infinity? What am I then?—Nought.

Thou art; directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit—guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something fashion'd by Thy hand.
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundary of the spirit land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,

And the next step is Spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god:
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived!—unknown? This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
From out itself alone it could not be.

Creator? yes; Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me. Thou source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Fill'd me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond the little sphere,
Even to its source, to Thee, its author, Thee.

O thought ineffable! O vision blest!
(Though worthless our conception all of Thee)
Yet shall Thy shadow'd image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence. Being wise and good!
'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore,
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears its gratitude.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

ROBERT BURNS, the lyric poet of Scotland: 1759-1796.

OH, MAN! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which ten-fold force give nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, oh, ill-match'd pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap caress'd;

Yet, think not all the rich and great
  Are likewise truly blest;
But, oh! what crowds in every land
  Are wretched and forlorn,
Through weary life this lesson learn,
  That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
  Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves
  Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
  The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
  Makes countless thousands mourn.

Yet let not this too much, my son,
  Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human kind
  Is surely not the best.
The poor, oppress'd, honest man
  Had never sure been born,
Had there not been some recompense
  To comfort those that mourn!

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

GEORGE COLMAN, the younger, a well-known modern comedian: 1762-1836.

A MAN, in many a country town, we know,
  Professing openly with death to wrestle,
Ent'ring the field against the foe,
  Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm no enemies they are,
But meet, just like prize-fighters in a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother;
  So (many a suffering patient saith)
  Though the apothecary fights with death,
Still they 're sworn friends to one another.

A member of the Æsculapian line,
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne;
No man could better gild a pill,
                Or make a bill,
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister,
Or chatter scandal by your bed,
Or draw a tooth out of your head,
                And with "a twister."

His fame full six miles round the country ran—
  In short, in reputation, he was "solus;"

All the old women call'd him "a fine man."—
His name was Bolus.
Benjamin Bolus, though in trade
(Which often will the genius fetter)
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste to cure a phthisic!
Of poetry, though patron-god,
Apollo patronizes physic.
Bolus loved verse, and took so much delight in 't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in 't.
No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels,
In dapper couplets—like Gay's fables,
Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.
Apothecary's verse!—and where 's the treason?
'Tis simply honest dealing—not a crime;
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town—it might be four;
To whom, one evening Bolus sent an article
In pharmacy, that 's call'd cathartical;
And, on the label of the stuff,
He wrote a verse,
Which one would think was clear enough,
And terse:—
"*When taken, to be well shaken.*"
Next morning early, Bolus rose,
And to the patient's house he goes
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had.

It was, indeed, a very sorry hack;
But that 's of course,
For what 's expected from a horse,
With an apothecary on his back!
Bolus arrived, and gave a loudish rap,
Between a single and a double rap—
Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance,
By fiddlers, and by opera singers;
One loud, and then a little one behind,
As if the knocker fell by chance
Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place,
Portending some disaster;
John's countenance as rueful look'd and grim,

As if the apothecary had physick'd him,
And not his master.

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said;—
John shook his head.
"Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that's very odd:
He took the draught?"—John gave a nod.
"Well,—how?—what then?—speak out, you dunce."
"Why, then," says John, "we shook him once."
"Shook him!—how?"—Bolus stammer'd out—
"We jolted him about."

"What? shake a patient, man—a shake won't do."
"No, sir,—and so we gave him two."
"Two shakes—oh! luckless verse!
'Twould make a patient worse!"
"It did so, sir,—and so a third we tried."
"Well! and what then?"—"Then, sir, my master died."

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS, a German lyric poet: 1762-1834.
Translated by Longfellow.

INTO the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shatter'd wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O land! O land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

GINEVRA.

SAMUEL ROGERS, a London banker, author of the "Pleasures of Memory," "Italy," and other poems: 1763-1855.

If thou shouldst ever come to Modena,
Stop at a palace near the Reggio Gate
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; but, before thou go,
Enter the house—prythee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth;
She sits inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said, "Beware!"—her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot—
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!—Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm.

She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire.
Her mother, dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight.
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
And in the lustre of her youth she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there—
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"—
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,

But that she was not! Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long might'st thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something—
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed: and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst—it fell; and lo! a skeleton;
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name! the name of both—
"Ginevra."—There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy!
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever!

PARTING OF DOUGLAS AND MARMION.

Scott. See for notice, "Prose Literature."

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide;
The ancient earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper'd, in an under tone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu;—
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stay'd;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—
"My manors, halls, and towers shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own ;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame with ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied ;
And if thou said'st, I am not peer
To any lord of Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age :
Fierce he broke forth :—"And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscath'd to go?
No, by Saint Bryde of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was his need,
And dash'd the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung ;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending grazed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise ;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim :
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,

He halts, and turns with clench'd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he rein'd his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name—
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed!
At first in heart it liked me ill,
When the king praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Botham, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood,
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried;
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride;
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, philosopher, and poet of the Lake School, one of the most original and indolent of modern geniuses: 1772-1834.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer,
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy,
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused

Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form swell'd vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
Oh struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, oh wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shatter'd, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded, (and the silence came,)
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest hue spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

THE CLOWN AND THE COUNSELLOR.

JAMES and HORACE SMITH, authors of the "Rejected Addresses:" 1775-1839.

A COUNSEL in the Common Pleas,
Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,

Upon the strength of a chance hit
Amid a thousand flippances,
And his occasional bad jokes
In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
Ridiculing, and maltreating
Women or other timid folks,
In a late cause, resolved to hoax
A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
Appear'd expressly meant by fate,
For being quizz'd and play'd upon.
So having tipp'd the wink to those
In the back rows,
Who kept their laughter bottled down
Until our wag should draw the cork,
He smiled jocosely on the clown,
And went to work.

"Well, farmer Numskull, how go calves at York?"
"Why—not, sir, as they do wi' you,
But on four legs instead of two."
"Officer," cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,
"Do, pray, keep silence down below there.
Now look at me, clown, and attend,
Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"
"Yees—very like—I often go there."
"Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic,"
The counsel cried with grin sardonic.

"I wish I 'd known this prodigy,
This genius of the clods, when I,
On circuit, was at York residing.
Now, farmer, do for once speak true,
Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you
Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
Are there as many fools as ever
In the West Riding?"

"Why, no, sir, no; we've got our share,
But not so many as when *you* were there."

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, author of the "Pleasures of Hope," and of the most stirring national odes in the language: 1777-1844.

Wizard. Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,

And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight!
They rally!—they bleed!—for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe, to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albyn! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword o'er Culloden shall wave—
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright!

Wizard. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel: the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling, all lonely!—return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albyn her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Wizard. Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,

And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores:
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters, convulsed, in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims,
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—
Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albyn a destiny meet,
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat,
Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

THE OLD CORPORAL.

PIERRE JEAN BERANGER, the national poet of France, and the most popular of French song-writers: 1780–1857. Translated by John Oxenford, dramatic author and translator: born 1812.

COME, gallant comrades, move apace,
With shoulder'd muskets march away;
I've got my pipe and your embrace:
So quickly give me my *congé*.
Too old I in the service grew,
But rather useful I could be
As father of the drill to you.
March merrily,
And do not weep,
Or sadly creep;
But, comrades, march on merrily

An officer—an upstart swell—
Insulted me,—I broke his head,—
I'm sentenced,—he is getting well:
Your corporal will die instead.
My wrath and brandy fired me so,
I cared for nought, and then, d'ye see,
I served the great man long ago.
March merrily,
And do not weep
Or sadly creep;
But, comrades, march on merrily.

Young conscripts—you, I'm sure will not
Lose legs or arms, a cross to get;
The cross you see me wear, I got
In wars where kings were overset,
You willingly would stand the drink,
Old battle tales to hear from me;
Still glory's something, I should think.
March merrily,
And do not weep,
Or sadly creep;
But, comrades, march on merrily.

You, Robert, who were born and bred
In mine own village—mind your sheep;
Soon April will its beauties shed,
The garden trees cast shadows deep.
At dawn of day, I've sought the wood,
And oh, what pleasures fell to me;
My mother lives,—well, Heaven is good!
March merrily,
And do not weep,
Or sadly creep;
But, comrades, march on merrily.

Who is it that stands blubb'ring there?
Is that the drummer's widow, pray?
In Russia, through the frosty air,
Her son I carried night and day;
Else, like the father in the snows,
They both had died,—her child and she:
She's praying for me, I suppose.
March merrily,
And do not weep,
Or sadly creep;
But, comrades, march on merrily.

Ah, then, my pipe has just gone out;
No, no, I'm merry,—so ne'er mind.
This is our journey's end, no doubt:
My eyes, an' please you, do not bind.
Be careful, friends,—don't fire too low—
I grieve so troublesome to be;

Good-bye,—to Heaven I hope you'll go.
March merrily,
And do not weep,
Or sadly creep;
But, comrades, march on merrily.

A SHIP SINKING.

JOHN WILSON, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. His principal poetical compositions are the "Isle of Palms," and "City of the Plague." His prose works, written under the name of "Christopher North," are deservedly popular: 1785–1854.

HER giant form,
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm would go,
'Mid the deep darkness, white as snow!
But gently now the small waves glide,
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse for ever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!—
Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.
Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried over the deck;
And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down came her mast with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails are draggled in the brine
That gladden'd late the skies,
And her pennant that kiss'd the fair moonshine,
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
Gleam'd softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flash
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral rocks are hurrying down
To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.
Oh! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death;
And sights of home with sighs disturb'd
The sleepers' long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea,
The sailor heard the humming-tree
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore,
That grows before his cottage door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.

His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
Who listen'd, with tears of sorrow and joy,
To the dangers his father had pass'd;
And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
As she look'd on the father of her child
Return'd to her heart at last.
—He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of waters is in his soul.
Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
Unbroken as the floating air;
The ship hath melted quite away,
Like a struggling dream at break of day.
No image meets my wandering eye
But the new-risen sun and the sunny sky.
Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull
Bedims the wave so beautiful;
While a low and melancholy moan
Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

THE PASSAGE.

LUDWIG UHLAND, the most national of modern German poets: born 1787.
Translated by Miss Austen.

MANY a year is in its grave
Since I cross'd this restless wave,
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then, in this same boat, beside,
Sat two comrades, old and tried;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in science wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form,
Pass'd in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn mine eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends who closed their course before me.

Yet what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore—
Let us walk in soul once more!

Take, O boatman, twice thy fee!—
Take,—I give it willingly—
For, invisibly to thee,
Spirits twain have cross'd with me.

MAZEPPA'S DEATH-RIDE.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, the author of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," and many other poems, full of passages of great beauty, but betraying too often the immoral character of the poet: 1788-1824.

"BRING forth the horse!" The horse was brought:
In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled—
'Twas but a day he had been caught;
And snorting with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely but in vain;
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led;
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away!—away!—my breath was gone,
I saw not where he hurried on:
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam'd—away!—away!
The last of human sounds that rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout.
With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein;
And, writhing half my form about,
Hurl'd back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed
Perchance they did not hear or heed;
It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.

Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind.
We speed like meteors through the sky,
Town—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black.
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by—
I could have answer'd with a sigh—

But fast we fled away, away—
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane;
But snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career.
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slacken'd in his speed;
But no, my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became;
Each motion which I made to free
My swoll'n limbs from agony,
Increased his fury and affright;
I tried my voice—'twas faint and low,
But yet it swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang.
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fiercer far than flame.

We near the wild wood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze;
But these were few, and far between,
Set thick with shrubs more young and green;
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak and the hardy pine;
But far apart and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—
The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds already scarr'd with cold—
My bonds forbore to loose their hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop which can tire
The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At day-break winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.

Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,

And perish—if it must be so
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wish'd the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed—
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerved him like the mountain roe:
No faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door,
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewilder'd by the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest paths he pass'd.

The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold—
Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;
What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
I seem'd to sink upon the ground:
But err'd, for I was fastly bound.

My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbb'd awhile, then beat no more;
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprung o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther; he who dies
Can die no more than then I died,
O'ertortured by that ghastly ride.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

BYRON.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,

Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments, which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, and spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee.
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage—what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts;—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm—
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear:
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

BERNARDINE DU BORN.

LYDIA HUNTLY SIGOURNEY, the "Hemans" of America, author of "Pocahontas:" born 1791.

KING HENRY sat upon his throne,
And full of wrath and scorn,
His eye a recreant knight survey'd—
Sir Bernardine du Born.

And he that haughty glance return'd,
Like lion in his lair,
While loftily his unchanged brow
Gleam'd through his crispèd hair.

"Thou art a traitor to the realm,
Lord of a lawless band;
The bold in speech, the fierce in broil,
The troubler of our land.
Thy castles and thy rebel-towers
Are forfeit to the crown,
And thou beneath the Norman axe
Shalt end thy base renown.

"Deign'st thou no word to bar thy doom,
Thou with strange madness fired?
Hath reason quite forsook thy breast?"
Plantagenet inquired.
Sir Bernard turn'd him toward the king,
He blench'd not in his pride;
"My reason fail'd, my gracious liege,
The year Prince Henry died."

Quick at that name a cloud of woe
Pass'd o'er the monarch's brow;
Touch'd was that bleeding chord of love,
To which the mightiest bow.
Again swept back the tide of years,
Again his first-born moved,—
The fair, the graceful, the sublime,
The erring, yet beloved.

And ever cherish'd by his side,
One chosen friend was near,
To share in boyhood's ardent sport,
Or youth's untamed career.
With him the merry chase he sought,
Beneath the dewy morn;
With him in knightly tourney rode,
This Bernardine du Born.

Then in the mourning father's soul,
Each trace of ire grew dim;
And what his buried idol loved
Seem'd cleansed of guilt to him.
And faintly through his tears he spake,
"God send his grace to thee,
And, for the dear sake of the dead,
Go forth—unscathed and free."

I GIVE MY SOLDIER BOY A BLADE.

WILLIAM MAGINN, author of some of the choicest articles in *Blackwood's* and *Fraser's Magazines*, and of Homeric ballads: 1794-1842.

I GIVE my soldier boy a blade,
In fair Damascus fashion'd well;
Who first the glitt'ring falchion sway'd,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not, but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling, base or low,
I give my soldier boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid flood
In which its tempering work was done,
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun;
For country's claim, at honour's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
I give my soldier boy a blade.

The eye which mark'd its peerless edge,
The hand that weigh'd its balanced poise,
Anvil and pinchers, forge and wedge,
Are gone, with all their flame and noise—
And still the gleaming sword remains;
So, when in dust I low am laid,
Remember, by those heartfelt strains,
I gave my soldier boy a blade.

A CHEAP DINNER.

JAMES ROBINSON PLANCHÉ, the author of numerous dramatic, antiquarian, and other works: born in London, 1796.

Two "messieurs" lately from old France come over,
Half-starved, but *toujours gai*,
(No weasels yet were thinner)
Trudged up to town from Dover,
Their slender store exhausted in the way.
Extremely puzzled how to get "von dinner,"
From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,
Our Frenchmen wander'd on their expedition;
Great was their need, and sorely did they grieve—
Stomach and *pocket* in the same condition!
At length, by mutual consent, they parted,
And different ways on the same errand started.
This happen'd on a day most dear to epicures,
When general use
Sanctions the roasting of a savoury goose!

Towards night, one Frenchman, at a tavern near,
Stopp'd, and beheld the glorious cheer!
While greedily he snuff'd the luscious gale in
That from the kitchen-windows was exhaling.
He instant set to work his busy brain,
And snuff'd and long'd, and long'd and snuff'd again.
Necessity 's the mother of invention,
(A proverb I 've heard many mention ;)
So now one moment saw his plan completed,
And our sly Frenchman at a table seated.
The ready waiter at his elbow stands—
"Sir, will you favour me with your commands?
We 've roast and boil'd, sir; choose you those or these?"
"Sare! you are very good, sare! *Vat you please!*"

Quick at the word,
Upon the table smoked the wish'd-for bird!
No time in talking did he waste,
But pounced pell-mell upon it;
Drum-stick and merry-thought he pick'd in haste,
Exulting in the *merry-thought* that won it!
Pie follows goose, and after goose comes cheese :—
"Stilton or Cheshire, sir?"—"*Ah, vat you please!*"
And now, our Frenchman having ta'en his fill
Prepares to go, when—"Sir, your little bill."
"Ah, vat, you 're *Bill!* vell, Mr Bill, good day!
Bon jour, good William."—"No, sir, stay!
My name is Tom, sir—you 've this bill to pay."
"Pay, pay, *ma foi!*
I call for noting, sare,—*pardonnez-moi!*
You bring me vat you call your goose, your sheese ;
You ask a me to eat—I tell you, *vat you please!*"
Down came the landlord; each explain'd the case,
The one with anger, t'other with grimace ;
But Boniface, who dearly loved a jest,
Although sometimes he *dearly* paid for it,
And finding nothing could be done,
(You know that when a man has got no money,
To make him pay some would be rather funny,)
Of a bad bargain made the best,
Acknowledged much was to be said for it;
Took pity on the Frenchman's meagre face,
Then, Briton-like, forgave a fallen foe,
Laugh'd heartily, and let him go.

Our Frenchman's hunger thus subdued,
Away he trotted in a merry mood;
When, turning round the corner of a street,
Who but his countryman he chanced to meet?
To him with many a shrug and many a grin,
He told how he had taken *Jean Bull* in!
Fired with the tale, the other licks his chops,
Makes his *congé*, and seeks this shop of shops.

Entering, he seats himself just at his ease.
"What will you take, sir?"—"Vat you please!"
The waiter look'd as pale as Paris plaster,
And, upstairs running, thus address'd his master:
"These vile *Mounseers* come over sure in pairs;
Sir, there 's another '*vat you please*' down-stairs!"
This made the landlord rather crusty;
"Too much of one thing,"—the proverb 's somewhat musty:
Once to be *done* his anger didn't touch;
But when a *second* time they tried the treason—
It made him *crusty*, sir, and with good reason;
You would be crusty were you *done* so much.

There is a kind of instrument
Which greatly helps a serious argument,
And which, when properly applied, occasions
Some most unpleasant tickling sensations;
'Twould make more clumsy folks than Frenchmen skip,
'Twould *strike* you presently—a stout horsewhip.
This instrument our *Maitre d'Hote*
Most carefully conceal'd beneath his coat;
And, seeking instantly the Frenchman's station,
Address'd him with the usual salutation.
Our Frenchman, bowing to his threadbare knees,
Determined while the iron's hot, to strike it,
Quick with his lesson answers—"Vat you please!"
But scarcely had he let the sentence slip,
When round his shoulders twines the pliant whip.
"Sare, sare! ah, *misericordi! parbleu!*
Oh dear! Monsieur! vat make you use me so?
Vat you call dis?"—"Ah, don't you know,
That 's what I please," said Bony, "how d'ye like it?
Your friend, though I paid dearly for his funning,
Deserved the goose he gain'd, sir, for his cunning;
But you, Monsieur, or else my time I'm wasting,
Are *goose* enough—and only wanted *basting*."

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

JOHN KEATS, the consumptive, a young poet of no mean order, author of "Endymion;" "Eve of St Agnes," &c.: 1796-1821.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains,
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-wing'd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

Oh for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few sad last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away, away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards;
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the queen moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown,
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs;
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad,
In such an ecstasy!
Still would'st thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown;
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades;
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

SONG OF THE DANISH SEA-KING.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, journalist, and author of a work on Scottish Minstrelsy; 1797–1835.

OUR bark is on the waters deep, our bright blades in our hand,
Our birthright is the ocean vast—we scorn the girdled land;
And the hollow wind is our music brave, and none can bolder be
Than the hoarse-tongued tempest raving o'er a proud and swelling sea!

Our bark is dancing on the waves, its tall masts quivering bend
Before the gale, which hails us now with the holloa of a friend;
And its prow is sheering merrily the upcurl'd billows' foam,
While our hearts with throbbing gladness, cheer old Ocean as our home!

Our eagle-wings of might we stretch before the gallant wind,
And we leave the tame and sluggish earth a dim mean speck behind;
We shoot into the untrack'd deep, as earth-freed spirits soar,
Like stars of fire through boundless space—through realms without a shore!

Lords of this wide-spread wilderness of waters, we bound free,
The haugty elements alone dispute our sovereignty;
No landmark doth our freedom let, for no law of man can mete
The sky which arches o'er our head—the waves which kiss our feet!

The warrior of the land may back the wild horse in his pride;
But a fiercer steed we dauntless breast, the untamed ocean tide;
And a nobler tilt our bark careers, as it quells the saucy wave,
While the herald storm peals o'er the deep the glories of the brave.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the wind is up—it bloweth fresh and free,
And every cord, instinct with life, pipes loud its fearless glee ;
Big swell the bosom'd sails with joy, and they madly kiss the spray,
As proudly, through the foaming surge, the Sea-King bears away !

SONG OF THE STARS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, second only to Longfellow among the poets of America : born 1797.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by His mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss by myriads came,
In the joy of youth, as they darted away
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung :
Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie :
Each sun with the worlds that round us roll,
Each planet poised on her turning pole ;
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

For the source of Glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space ;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides,
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides ;
Lo, yonder the living splendours play !
Away on your joyous path, away !

Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass !
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass,
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
When the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

And see where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower !
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews !
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round.

Away, away !—in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, love is brooding, and life is born,

And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres!
To weave the dance that measures the years.
Glide on in the glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament,
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE REGILLUS.

MACAULAY. See for notice, "Early Ballad Poetry."

I.

Ho, trumpets sound a war-note! ho, lictors clear the way!
The knights will ride, in all their pride, along the streets to-day.
To-day the doors and windows are hung with garlands all,
From Castor in the Forum to Mars without the wall.
Each knight is robed in purple, with olive each is crown'd;
A gallant war-horse under each paws haughtily the ground.
While flows the Yellow River, while stands the Sacred Hill,
The proud Ides of Quintilis shall have such honour still.
Gay are the Martian Kalends; December's Nones are gay;
But the proud Ides, when the squadron rides, shall be Rome's whitest day.

II.

Unto the Great Twin Brethren we keep this solemn feast.
Swift, swift the Great Twin Brethren came spurring from the east.
They came o'er wild Parthenius, tossing in waves of pine,
O'er Cirrha's dome, o'er Adria's foam, o'er purple Apennine;
From where with flutes and dances their ancient mansion rings,
In lordly Lacedæmon, the city of two kings,
To where, by Lake Regillus, under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum, was fought the glorious fight.

III.

Now on the place of slaughter are cots and sheep-folds seen,
And rows of vines, and fields of wheat, and apple-orchards green.
The swine crush the big acorns that fall from Corne's oaks;
Upon the turf, by the fair fount, the reaper's pottage smokes.
The fisher baits his angle; the hunter twangs his bow:
Little they think on those strong limbs that moulder deep below:
Little they think how sternly that day the trumpet peal'd;
How in the slippery swamp of blood warrior and war-horse reel'd.
How wolves came with fierce gallop, and crows on eager wings,
To tear the flesh of captains, and peck the eyes of kings:
How thick the dead lay scatter'd under the Porcian height;
How through the gates of Tusculum raved the wild stream of flight;
And how the Lake Regillus bubbled with crimson foam,
What time the thirty cities came forth to war with Rome.

IV.

But, Roman, when thou standest upon that holy ground,
Look thou with heed on the dark rock that girds the dark lake round.
So shalt thou see a hoof-mark stamp'd deep into the flint—
It was no hoof of mortal steed that made so strange a dint;
There to the Great Twin Brethren vow thou thy vows, and pray
That they, in tempest and in flight, will keep thy head alway.

V.

Since last the Great Twin Brethren of mortal eyes were seen,
Have years gone by an hundred and fourscore and thirteen:
That summer a Virginius was consul first in place;
The second was stout Aulus, of the Posthumian race.
The herald of the Latines from Gabii came in state;
The herald of the Latines pass'd through Rome's eastern gate;
The herald of the Latines did in our Forum stand;
And there he did his office, a sceptre in his hand.

VI.

"Hear, senators and people of the good town of Rome,
The thirty cities charge you to bring the Tarquins home;
And if ye still be stubborn to work the Tarquins wrong,
The thirty cities warn you, look that your walls be strong."

VII.

Then spake the consul Aulus, he spake a bitter jest.
"Once the jays sent a message into the eagle's nest:—
'Now yield thee up thine eyrie unto the carrion-kite,
Or come forth valiantly, and face the jays in deadly fight;'
Forth look'd in wrath the eagle; and carrion-kite and jay,
Soon as they saw his beak and claw, fled screaming far away."

. . . . . .

X.

Up rose the glorious morning over the Porcian height,
The proud Ides of Quintilis mark'd evermore with white.
Not without secret trouble our bravest saw the foes;
For girt by threescore thousand spears, the thirty standards rose.
From every warlike city that boasts the Latian name,
Foredoom'd to dogs and vultures, that gallant army came;
From Setia's purple vineyards, from Norba's ancient wall,
From the white streets of Tusculum, the proudest town of all;
From where the witch's fortress o'erhangs the dark blue seas;
From the still glassy lake that sleeps beneath Aricia's trees.—
Those trees in whose dim shadow the ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer, and shall himself be slain;—
From the drear bank of Ufens, where flights of marsh-fowl play,
And buffaloes lie wallowing, through the hot summer's day;
From the gigantic watch-towers, no work of earthly men,
Whence Cora's sentinels o'erlook the never-ending fen,
From the Laurentian jungle, the wild hog's reedy home;
From the green steeps whence Anio leaps, in floods of snow-white foam

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XXXVII.

Sempronius Atratinus sat in the eastern gate,
Beside him were three Fathers, each in his chair of state;
Fabius whose nine stout grandsons that day were in the field,
And Manlius, eldest of the twelve who keep the golden shield;
And Sergius, the high pontiff, for wisdom far renown'd;
In all Etruria's colleges was no such pontiff found;
And all around the portal, and high above the wall,
Stood a great throng of people, but sad and silent all;
Young lads and stooping elders that might not bear the mail,
Matrons with lips that quiver'd, and maids with faces pale.
Since the first gleam of daylight, Sempronius had not ceased
To listen for the rushing of horse-hoofs from the east.
The mist of eve was rising, the sun was hastening down,
When he was aware of a princely pair fast pricking towards the town.
So like they were, men never saw twins so like before;
Red with gore their armour was, their steeds were red with gore.

XXXVIII.

"Hail to the great asylum! Hail to the hill-tops seven!
Hail to the fire that burns for aye, and the shield that fell from heaven,
This day by Lake Regillus, under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum, was fought a glorious fight,
To-morrow your dictator shall bring in triumph home
The spoils of thirty cities, to deck the shrines of Rome!"

XXXIX.

Then burst from that great concourse a shout that shook the towers,
And some ran north, and some ran south, crying, "The day is ours."
But on rode these strange horsemen, with slow and lordly pace;
And none who saw their bearing durst ask their name or race.
On rode they to the Forum, while laurel-boughs and flowers,
From house-tops and from windows, fell on their crests in showers.
When they drew nigh to Vesta, they vaulted down amain,
And washed their horses in the well that springs by Vesta's fane.
And straight again they mounted, and rode to Vesta's door;
Then like a blast, away they pass'd, and no man saw them more.

MARSTON MOOR.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED, author of the "Red Fisherman," and other poems: 1802–1839.

To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the clarion's note is high!
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the big drum makes reply!
Ere this hath Lucas marchèd, with his gallant cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter in our ears.
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas! White Guy is at the door,
And the raven whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.
Up rose the Lady Alice, from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken banner down the narrow turret-stair;

Oh! many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,
As she traced the bright word "Glory" in the gay and glancing thread,
And mournful was the smile which o'er those lovely features ran,
As she said, "It is your lady's gift; unfurl it in the van!"

"It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride,
'Midst the steel-clad files of Skipton, the black dragoons of Pride;
The recreant heart of Fairfax shall feel a sicklier qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady's gew-gaw flaunt proudly on their wing,
And hear her loyal soldiers shout, 'For God and for the King!'"

'Tis soon. The ranks are broken, along the royal line
They fly, the braggarts of the court! the bullies of the Rhine!
Stout Langdale's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is down,
And Rupert sheathes his rapier, with a curse and with a frown,
And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in their flight,
"The German boar had better far have supp'd in York to-night."

The knight is left alone, his steel-cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimson'd o'er with many a gory stain;
Yet still he waves his banner, and cries, amid the rout,
"For Church and King, fair gentlemen! spur on, and fight it out!"
And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a stave,
And now he quotes a stage-play, and now he fells a knave.

God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought of fear;
God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! for fearful odds are here!
The rebels hem thee in, and at every cut and thrust,
"Down, down," they cry, "with Belial! down with him to the dust!"
"I would," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Belial's trusty sword
This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the Lord!"

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower,
The gray-hair'd warder watches from the castle's topmost tower;
"What news? what news, old Hubert?" "The battle's lost and won:
The royal troops are melting, like mists before the sun!
And a wounded man approaches—I 'm blind, and cannot see,
Yet sure I am that sturdy step my master's step must be!"

"I 've brought thee back thy banner, wench, from as rude and red a fray
As e'er was proof of soldier's thew, or theme for minstrel's lay!
Here, Hubert, bring the silver bowl, and liquor *quantum suff.*
I 'll make a shift to drain it yet, ere I part with boots and buff—
Though Guy, through many a gaping wound, is breathing forth his life,
And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife!"

"Sweet! we will fill our money-bags, and freight a ship for France,
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor land's mischance;
For if the worst befall me, why, better axe and rope,
Than life with Lenthal for a king, and Peters for a pope!
Alas! alas! my gallant Guy!—curse on the crop-ear'd boor
Who sent me, with my standard, on foot from Marston Moor!"

AFTER THE BATTLE.

MARIE VICTOR, VICOMTE HUGO, a distinguished French exile, occupying a high position as a poet and a novelist: born 1802. Translated in *Good Words*.

My father, hero of the smile so sweet!
One hussar with him, favourite of his train
For loftiest stature, courage most complete,
After the battle rode across the plain
Thick strewn with dead, whom night was closing round.
His ear midst silence caught a feeble sound:
It was a Spaniard of the vanquish'd host
Dragging his bleeding body on the road,
Gasping for breath, crush'd, livid, dead almost,
And praying—"Water, for the sake of God!"

My father straightway to his hussar lent
The flask then hanging at his saddle-bow;
"Here, give a draught to this poor wounded foe!"
When sudden as the hussar o'er him bent
To reach his lips, the man—half Moor no doubt—
Seized on his pistol, and with frantic yell
Took aim, and fired full at my father's head.
The bullet passed so near, the plumed hat fell,
The fiery charger reared and plunged about.
"Give it him all the same!" my father said.

WHAT IS NOBLE?

CHARLES SWAIN, engraver in Manchester, author of "Metrical Essays;" "Dramatic Chapters," &c.: born 1803.

WHAT is noble?—to inherit
Wealth, estate, and proud degree?—
There must be some other merit
Higher yet than these for me!—
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span,
Fitted to create and centre
True nobility in man.

What is noble?—'tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart,
Link'd to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart:
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow-being,
And, like man, to feel for man!

What is noble?—is the sabre
Nobler than the humble spade?—
There's a dignity in labour
Truer than e'er Pomp array'd!
He who seeks the mind's improvement
Aids the world, in aiding mind!
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one, but all mankind.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes,—
O'er the engine's iron head,—
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whirls its thread:
There is labour, lowly tending
Each requirement of the hour,—
There is genius, still extending
Science, and its world of power!

'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamour,
Of the loom-shed and the mill;
'Midst the clank of steam and hammer,
Great results are growing still!
Though too oft by fashion's creatures,
Work and workers may be blamed,
Commerce need not hide its features,—
Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble?—that which places
Truth in its enfranchised will,
Leaving steps—like angel-traces,
That mankind may follow still!
E'en though scorn's malignant glances
Prove him *poorest* of his clan,
He's the *noble*—who advances
Freedom and the cause of man!

THE BALLAD OF ROU.

BULWER. See for notice, "Architecture."

FROM Blois to Senlis, wave by wave, roll'd on the Norman flood,
And Frank on Frank went drifting down the weltering tide of blood;
There was not left in all the land a castle wall to fire,
And not a wife but wail'd a lord, a child but mourn'd a sire.
To Charles the king, the mitred monks, the mailèd barons flew,
While, shaking earth, behind them strode the thunder march of Rou.

"O king," then cried those barons bold, "in vain are mace and mail;
We fall before the Norman axe, as corn before the hail."
"And vainly," cried the pious monks, "by Mary's shrine we kneel;
For prayers, like arrows, glance aside, against the Norman steel."
The barons groan'd, the shavelings wept, while near and nearer drew,
As death-birds round their scented feast, the raven flags of Rou.

Then said King Charles, "Where thousands fail, what king can stand alone?
The strength of kings is in the men that gather round the throne.
When war dismays my barons bold, 'tis time for war to cease;
When Heaven forsakes my pious monks, the will of Heaven is peace,
Go forth, my monks, with mass and rood, the Norman camp unto,
And to the fold, with shepherd crook, entice this grisly Rou.

"I'll give him all the ocean coast, from Michael Mount to Eure,
And Gille, my child, shall be his bride, to bind him fast and sure;
Let him but kiss the Christian cross, and sheathe the heathen sword,
And hold the lands I cannot keep, a fief from Charles his lord."
Forth went the pastors of the church, the shepherd's work to do,
And wrap the golden fleece around the tiger loins of Rou.

Psalm-chanting came the shaven monks, within the camp of dread;
Amidst his warriors, Norman Rou stood taller by the head.
Out spoke the Frank archbishop then, a priest devout and sage,—
"When peace and plenty wait thy word, what need of war and rage?
Why waste a land as fair as aught beneath the arch of blue,
Which might be thine to sow and reap?—Thus saith the king to Rou:

"'I'll give thee all the ocean coast, from Michael Mount to Eure,
And Gille, my fairest child, as bride, to bind thee fast and sure;
If thou but kneel to Christ our God, and sheathe thy paynim sword,
And hold thy land, the Church's son, a fief from Charles thy lord.'"
The Norman on his warriors look'd—to counsel they withdrew;
The saints took pity on the Franks, and moved the soul of Rou.

So back he strode, and thus he spoke to that archbishop meek:
"I take the land thy king bestows, from Eure to Michael-peak;
I take the maid, or foul or fair, a bargain with the coast;
And for thy creed, a sea-king's gods are those that give the most.
So hie thee back, and tell thy chief to make his proffer true,
And he shall find a docile son, and ye a saint, in Rou."

So o'er the border stream of Epte came Rou the Norman, where,
Begirt with barons, sat the king, enthroned at green St Clair;
He placed his hand in Charles's hand,—loud shouted all the throng;
But tears were in King Charles's eyes—the grip of Rou was strong.
"Now kiss the foot," the bishop said, "that homage still is due;"
Then dark the frown and stern the smile of that grim convert, Rou.

He takes the foot, as if to slavish lips to bring:
The Normans scowl; he tilts the throne, and backward falls the king!
Loud laugh the joyous Norman men—pale stare the Franks aghast;
And Rou lifts up his head as from the wind springs up the mast:
"I said I would adore a God, but not a mortal too;
The foot that fled before a foe let cowards kiss!" said Rou.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. See for notice, "Architecture."

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting;
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

The Honourable CAROLINE ELIZABETH SHERIDAN NORTON, grand-daughter of Sheridan, the celebrated dramatist and statesman, the author of several novels and poetical works: born 1808.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebb'd away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier falter'd, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely; and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun.
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,
My heart leap'd forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage-wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword and mine,)
For the honour of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There 's *another*—not a sister; in the happy days gone by,
You 'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning,
O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning;
Tell her the last night of my life, (for ere this moon be risen
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison,)
I dream'd I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along: I heard, or seem'd to hear,
The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear;

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
That echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we pass'd with friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remember'd walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine;
But we 'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarse; his grasp was childish weak;
His eyes put on a dying look; he sigh'd, and ceased to speak.
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land—was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she look'd down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seem'd to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

ALFRED TENNYSON. See for notice, the commencement of this volume.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church bells sad and slow,
And tread softly, and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die:
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still, he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend and a true, true love,
And the new year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go:
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see:
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die:
We did not laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest
But all his merry quips are o'er;

To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he 'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend;
And the new year blythe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock;
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps; the light burns low;
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die:
Old year, we 'll dearly rue for you,
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin,
Alack! our friend is gone:
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There 's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
And a new face at the door.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, wife of the poet Robert Browning, one of the sweetest and most elegant of female poets: died 1861.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers—
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing towards the west;
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's grief abhorrent draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy—

"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;"
"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak,"
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek.

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,"
And we cannot run or leap—
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces trying to go;
And underneath our heavy eye-lids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For all day, we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark underground—
Or all day we drive the wheels of iron,
In the factories round and round.

For all day the wheels are drawing, turning—
Their wind comes in our faces—
Till our hearts turn—our heads, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places—
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,
All are turning, all the day, and we with all,
And all day the iron wheels are droning;
And sometimes we could pray,
"O ye wheels," (breaking out in a mad moaning,)
"Stop! be silent for to-day!"

MY OWN PLACE.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, author of "Proverbial Philosophy," and innumerable smaller poems: born 1810.

WHOEVER I am, wherever my lot,
Whatever I happen to be,
Contentment and Duty shall hallow the spot
That Providence orders for me:
No covetous straining and striving to gain
One feverish step in advance,—
I know my own place, and you tempt me in vain
To hazard a change and a chance.

I care for no riches that are not my right,
No honour that is not my due;
But stand in my station, by day and by night,
The will of my Master to do;
He lent me my lot, be it humble or high,
And set me my business here,

And whether I live in His service, or die,
My heart shall be found in my sphere.

If wealthy, I stand as the steward of my King,
If poor, as the friend of my Lord,
If feeble, my prayers and my praises I bring,
If stalwart, my pen or my sword;
If wisdom be mine, I will cherish His gift,
If simpleness, bask in His love,
If sorrow, His hope shall my spirit uplift,
If joy, I will throne it above!

The good that it pleases my God to bestow,
I gratefully gather and prize;
The evil,—it can be no evil, I know,
But only a good in disguise;
And whether my station be lowly or great,
No *duty* can ever be mean,
The factory-cripple is fix'd in his fate
As well as a king or a queen!

For Duty's bright livery glorifies all
With brotherhood, equal and free,
Obeying, as children, the heavenly call,
That places us where we should be;
A servant,—the badge of my servitude shines
As a jewel invested by Heaven;
A monarch, remember that justice assigns
Much service, where so much is given.

Away, then, with "helpings" that humble and harm
Though "bettering" trips from your tongue;
Away! for your folly would scatter the charm
That round my proud poverty hung;
I felt that I stood like a man at my post,
Though peril and hardship were there,—
And all that your wisdom would counsel me most
Is—"Leave it; do better elsewhere."

If "better" were better indeed, and not "worse,"
I might go ahead with the rest,
But many a gain and a joy is a curse,
And many a grief for the best:
No!—duties are all the "advantage" I use;
I pine not for praise nor for pelf,
And as to ambition, I care not to choose
My better or worse for myself!

I will not, I dare not, I cannot!—I stand
Where God has ordain'd me to be,
An honest mechanic,—or lord in the land,—
He fitted my calling for me:
Whatever my state, be it weak, be it strong,
With honour, or sweat, on my face,
This, this is my glory, my strength, and my song,
I stand, like a star, in *my place*.

THE RAVEN.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, an ill-starred genius, the most musical and fantastic of American poets: 1811–1849.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder'd, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door;
"'Tis some visitor," I mutter'd, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wish'd the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrill'd me—fill'd me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door.
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came tapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I open'd wide the *door*.
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whisper'd word "Lenore!"—
This I whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word "Lenore!"—
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
"Surely," said I,—"surely that is something at my window lattice;"
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepp'd a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopp'd or stay'd he:
But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my chamber-door—
Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perch'd and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvell'd this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was bless'd with seeing bird above his chamber-door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,
With such a name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he utter'd; not a feather then he flutter'd—
Till I scarcely more than mutter'd; "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said: "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of "Never—never more."

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing,
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burn'd into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion'd velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels He hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff, this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!
Quoth the Raven; "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss'd thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there,—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aiden,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore,
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shriek'd, upstarting,
"Get thee back into the tempest, and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken;
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—never more!

THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS.

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN, late Professor of Rhetoric in Edinburgh University, author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," &c.: 1813-1865.

"IN 1697, the Marquis de Sell was encamped on the Rhine with the French army, to watch the movements of General Stirk and the Germans, who occupied the opposite bank. The Germans had taken possession of an island in the river, from which the French were anxious to drive them; but no boats could be found to carry troops across the stream. At this crisis a corps formed of Scottish officers, who had fought under Viscount Dundee, and who had followed the exiled James to France, volunteered to wade the river and dispossess the Germans. Being joined by two other Scottish companies, they accomplished the task in gallant style though opposed by far superior numbers. From this event the island was called 'The Island of the Scots.'"

"THE stream," he said, "is broad and deep,
And stubborn is the foe;
Yon island strength is guarded well—
Say, brothers, will ye go?
From home and kin for many a year
Our steps have wandered wide,
And never may our bones be laid
Our fathers' graves beside.
No sisters have we to lament,
No wives to wail our fall;
The traitor's and the spoiler's hand
Has reft our hearths of all.
But we have hearts, and we have arms,
As strong to will and dare,

As when our ancient banners flew
Within the northern air.
Come, brothers! let me name a spell
Shall rouse your souls again,
And send the old blood bounding free
Through pulse, and heart, and vein!
Call back the days of bygone years—
Be young and strong once more;
Think yonder stream, so stark and red,
Is one we've crossed before.
Rise, hill and glen! rise, crag and wood!
Rise up on either hand!—
Again upon the Garry's banks,
On Scottish soil we stand!
Again I see the tartans wave,
Again the trumpets ring;
Again I hear our leader's call—
'Upon them, for the King!'
Stay'd we behind, that glorious day,
For roaring flood or linn?
The soul of Græme is with us still—
Now, brothers! will ye in?"

. . . . .

Thick blew the smoke across the stream,
And faster flash'd the flame;
The water plash'd in hissing jets,
As ball and bullet came.
Yet onward push'd the Cavaliers
All stern and undismay'd,
With thousand armèd foes before,
And none behind to aid.
Once, as they near'd the middle stream,
So strong the torrent swept,
That scarce that long and living wall
Their dangerous footing kept.
Then rose a warning cry behind,
A joyous shout before:
"The current 's strong—the way is long—
They 'll never reach the shore!
See! see! they stagger in the midst,
They waver in their line!
Fire on the madmen! break their ranks,
And whelm them in the Rhine!"

Have you seen the tall trees swaying,
When the blast is piping shrill,
And the whirlwind reels in fury
Down the gorges of the hill?
How they toss their mighty branches,
Struggling with the tempest's shock;
How they keep their place of vantage,
Cleaving firmly to the rock?

Even so the Scottish warriors
Held their own against the river;
Though the water flash'd around them,
Not an eye was seen to quiver;
Though the shot flew sharp and deadly,
Not a man relax'd his hold:
For their hearts were big and thrilling
With the mighty thoughts of old.
One word was spoke among them,
And through the ranks it spread—
"Remember our dead Claverhouse!"
Was all the captain said.
Then, sternly bending forward,
They struggled on a while,
Until they clear'd the heavy stream,
Then rush'd towards the isle.

The German heart is stout and true,
The German arm is strong;
The German foot goes seldom back
Where armèd foemen throng:
But never had they faced in field
So stern a charge before,
And never had they felt the sweep
Of Scotland's broad claymore.
Not fiercer pours the avalanche
Adown the steep incline,
That rises o'er the parent-springs
Of rough and rapid Rhine—
Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven,
Than came the Scottish band
Right up against the guarded trench,
And o'er it sword in hand.
In vain their leaders forward press—
They meet the deadly brand!

O lonely island of the Rhine,
Where seed was never sown,
What harvest lay upon thy sands,
By those strong reapers thrown?
What saw the winter moon that night,
As, struggling through the rain,
She pour'd a wan and fitful light
On marsh, and stream, and plain?
A dreary spot with corpses strewn,
And bayonets glistening round;
A broken bridge, a stranded boat,
A bare and batter'd mound;
And one huge watch-fire's kindled pile,
That sent its quivering glare
To tell the leaders of the host
The conquering Scots were there!

And did they twine the laurel-wreath
For those who fought so well?
And did they honour those who lived,
And weep for those who fell?
What meed of thanks was given to them
Let aged annals tell.
Why should they bring the laurel-wreath—
Why crown the cup with wine?
It was not Frenchmen's blood that flow'd
So freely on the Rhine—
A stranger band of beggar'd men
Had done the venturous deed:
The glory was to France alone,
The danger was their meed.
What matter'd it that men should vaunt,
And loud and fondly swear
That higher feat of chivalry
Was never wrought elsewhere?
They bore within their breasts the grief
That fame can never heal—
The deep, unutterable woe,
Which none save exiles feel.
Their hearts were yearning for the land
They ne'er might see again—
For Scotland's high and heather'd hills,
For mountain, loch, and glen—
For those who haply lay at rest
Beyond the distant sea,
Beneath the green and daisied turf,
Where they would gladly be!

DAME FREDEGONDE.

From the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," a series of clever parodies of the productions of living poets, by W. E. Aytoun and Theodore Martin, the translator of many Latin, German, and Danish poems: born 1816.

When folks, with headstrong passion blind,
To play the fool make up their mind,
They 're sure to come with phrases nice,
And modest air, for your advice.
But, as a truth unfailing make it,
They ask, but never mean to take it.
'Tis not advice they want, in fact,
But confirmation in their act.
Now mark what did, in such a case,
A worthy priest, who knew the race.

A dame more buxom, blithe and free,
Than Fredegonde you scarce would see.

So smart her dress, so trim her shape,
Ne'er hostess offer'd juice of grape,
Could for her trade wish better sign;
Her looks gave flavour to her wine,
And each guest feels it as he sips,
Smack of the ruby of her lips.
A smile for all, a welcome glad,—
A jovial, coaxing way she had;
And,—what was more her fate than blame,—
A nine months widow was our dame.
But toil was hard, for trade was good,
And gallants sometimes would be rude.
"And what can a lone woman do?
The nights are long, and eerie too.
Now, Guillot there 's a likely man,
None better draws or taps a can;
He 's just th man, I think, to suit,
If I could bring my courage to 't."
With thoughts like these her mind is cross'd:
The dame, they say, who doubts is lost.
"But then the risk? I 'll beg a slice
Of Father Raulin's good advice."

Prankt in her best, with looks demure,
She seeks the priest; and, to be sure,
Asks if he thinks she ought to wed:
"With such a business on my head,
I 'm worried off my legs with care,
And need some help to keep things square.
I 've thought of Guillot, truth to tell!
He 's steady, knows his business well.
What do you think?" When thus he met her:
"Oh, take him, dear, you can't do better!"
"But then the danger, my good pastor,
If of the man I make the master,
There is no trusting to these men."
"Well, well, my dear, don't have him then!"
"But help I must have, there 's the curse.
I may go farther and fare worse."
"Why, take him, then!" "But if he should
Turn out a thankless ne'er-do-good,—
In drink and riot waste my all,
And rout me out of house and hall?"
"Don't have him, then! But I 've a plan
To clear your doubts, if any can.
The bells a peal are ringing —hark!
Go straight, and what they tell you mark.
If they say 'Yes!' wed, and be blest—
If 'No!' why, do as you think best."

The bells rung out a triple bob;
Oh, how our widow's heart did throb,

As thus she heard their burden go:
"Marry, mar—marry, mar—Guillot!"
Bells were not then left to hang idle:
A week,—and they rang for her bridal.
But, woe the while, they might as well
Have rung the poor dame's parting knell.
The rosy dimples left her cheek,
She lost her beauties plump and sleek;
For Guillot oft'ner kick'd than kiss'd,
And back'd his orders with his fist,
Proving by deeds as well as words,
That servants make the worst of lords.

She seeks the priest, her ire to wreak,
And speaks as angry women speak,
With tiger-look, and bosom swelling,
Cursing the hour she took his telling.
To all, his calm reply was this,—
"I fear you 've read the bells amiss.
If they have led you wrong in aught,
Your wish, not they, inspired the thought.
Just go, and mark well what they say."
Off trudged the dame upon her way,
And sure enough their chime went so,—
"Don't have that knave, that knave Guillot!"

"Too true," she cried, "there 's not a doubt:
What could my ears have been about?"
She had forgot, that, as fools think,
The bell is ever sure to clink.

THE THREE FISHERS.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, a poet and novelist of some note: born 1819.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west,
Away to the west, as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town:
For men must work, and women must weep,
For there 's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;
And they look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the shower,
While the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,

And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come home to the town.
But men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it 's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL, biographer of Queen Mary, and writer of periodical literature in prose and verse.

I LOOK'D far back into other years, and lo! in bright array
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages pass'd away.
It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep falls;
And o'er the antique dial-stones the creeping shadow passed,
And all around the noon-day sun a drowsy radiance cast.
No sound of busy life was heard, save from the cloister dim
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please;
And little reck'd they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs:—
And little even the loveliest thought, before the holy shrine,
Of royal blood and high descent from the ancient Stuart line:
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And as they flew, they left behind a long-continuing light.
The scene was changed. It was the court, the gay court of Bourbon,
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps a thousand courtiers throng:
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry:—
But fairer far than all the rest who bask on fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride!
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun,—
They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-soul'd joy bespeak:
Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine and its flowers?
The scene was changed. It was a bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er the lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast-receding hills, that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept,—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth;
It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends,—
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends,—
The land where her dead husband slept—the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hush'd repose, and the splendours of a throne;
No marvel that the lady wept,—it was the land of France—
The chosen home of chivalry—the garden of romance!

The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark ;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark !
One gaze again—one long, last gaze—" Adieu, fair France, to thee ! "
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea !

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds
That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanch'd her cheek—her smile was sadder now,
The weight of royalty had press'd too heavy on her brow ;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field ;
The Stuart *sceptre* well she sway'd, but the *sword* she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar ;
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal and fierce domestic broils :—
But hark ! the tramp of armed men ! the Douglas' battle-cry !
They come—they come !—and lo ! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye !
And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain—
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain !
Then Mary Stuart dash'd aside the tears that trickling fell :
" Now for my father's arm ! " she said ! " my woman's heart farewell ! "

The scene was changed. It was a lake, with one small lonely isle,
And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatch'd the crown from her ancestral line :—
" My lords, my lords ! " the captive said, " were I but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore to aid my cause and me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart-queen o'er my remorseless foes ! "
A red spot burned upon her cheek—stream'd her rich tresses down,
She wrote the words—she stood erect—a queen without a crown !

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once more :
She stay'd her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching by—
She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing eye.
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away ;
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers—where are they ?
Scatter'd and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and undone ;—
Alas ! to think what she has lost, and all that guilt has won !
Away ! away ! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part ;
Yet vain his speed—for thou dost bear the arrow in thy heart !

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen headsman stood,
And gleam'd the broad axe in his hand, that soon must drip with blood.
With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chain'd the lips and touch'd the hearts of all.
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom,
I saw that grief had deck'd it out—an offering for the tomb !
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone ;
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrill'd with every tone ;

I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold!
I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of mould!
E'en now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper hymn, I mark her holy smile;
E'en now I see her bursting forth upon the bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born!
Alas! the change!—she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block—*alone!*
The little dog that licks her hand—the last of all the crowd
Who sunn'd themselves beneath her glance, and round her footsteps bow'd!
Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is pass'd away!
The bright—the beautiful—is now a bleeding piece of clay!
The dog is moaning piteously; and, as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor!
The blood of beauty, wealth, and power—the heart-blood of a queen,—
The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth has seen,—
Lapp'd by a dog! Go, think of it, in silence and alone;
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne!

HOW'S MY BOY?

SYDNEY DOBELL, author of the "Roman Balder," and other poems: born 1824.

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy—my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sail'd he?"

"My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.
You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have ask'd some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

"How's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no!
Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton!*"
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"
"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him o'er the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down."

"How 's my boy—my boy ?
What care I for the ship, sailor,
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I 'll be bound,
Her owners can afford her !
I say, how 's my John ? "
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."
"How 's my boy—my boy ?
What care I for the men, sailor ?
I 'm not their mother.
How 's my boy—my boy ?
Tell me of him and no other !
How 's my boy—my boy ? "

THE HIGH TIDE.

(ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE, 1571.)

JEAN INGELOW, author of "Popular Tales and Poems :" born 1830.

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three ;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before ;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.' "

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all ;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall :
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes ;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies ;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha ! " calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
Cusha ! Cusha ! all along ;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song—

" Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha ! " calling,
" For the dews will soone be falling ;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow ;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow ;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head ;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrow, sharpe and strong ;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple tower'd from out the greene ;
And lo ! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth ;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The " Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some look'd uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, " And why should this thing be ?
What danger lowers by land or sea ?
They ring the tune of Enderby !

" For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down ;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne :
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring ' The Brides of Enderby ? ' "

I look'd without, and lo ! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main :

He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I mark'd her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He look'd across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre rear'd his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward press'd,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobb'd in the grasses at our feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I mark'd the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church-tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless row'd;

And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glow'd:
And yet he moan'd beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death,
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strew'd wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee:
But each will mourn his own (she saith.)
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

THE STUDENT.

Dublin University Magazine.

"Why burns thy lamp so late, my friend,
Into the kindling day?"
"It is burning so late, to show the gate
That leads to wisdom's way;
As a star doth it shine on this soul of mine,
To guide me with its ray.
Dear is the hour when slumber's power
Weighs down the lids of men;
Proud and alone I mount my throne,
For I am a monarch then!
The great and the sage of each bygone age
Assemble at my call;
Oh! happy am I in my poverty,
For these are my brother's all!
Their voices I hear, so strong and clear,
Like a solemn organ's strain,
Their words I drink, and their thoughts I think,
They are living in me again!
For their sealed store of immortal lore
To me they must unclose:
Labour is bliss with a thought like this;
Toil is my best repose!"

"Why are thy cheeks so pale, my friend,
Like a snow-cloud wan and gray?"

"They were bleached thus white in the mind's clear light,
Which is deepening day by day;
Though the hue they have be the hue of the grave,
I wish it not away!
Strength may depart, and youth of heart
May sink into the tomb;
Little reck I that the flower must die
Before the fruit can bloom.
I have striven hard for my high reward,
Through many a lonely year,
But the goal I reach,—it is mine to teach,—
Stand still, O man, and hear!
I may wreath my name with the brightness of fame,
To shine on history's pages,
It shall be a gem on the diadem
Of the past, for future ages!
Oh, life is a bliss with a hope like this—
I clasp it as a bride!"
Pale grew his cheeks while the student speaks—
He laid him down and died!

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